

# The Nation

VOL. X., No. 10.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1911.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1½d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	399	Cancer Research and Statistics. By the Hon. R. Russell ...	418
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The "Militant" Opposition. By Henry W. Nevinnson ...	419
"The Persian Suppliant" ...	402	Who ought to Vote? By Aneurin Williams ...	420
A Race Against Time ...	403	Calumnies on Indian Students. By R. Bryant Naish ...	420
The "Weather" and the "Barometer" ...	405	POETRY:—	
Criminal Unions and Lawless Trusts ...	406	Conquest. By A. Hugh Fisher ...	420
THE CASE FOR THE INSURANCE BILL. By C. F. G. Masterman. M.P. ...	407	THE WORLD OF BOOKS... ..	422
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
The Cult of Superiority ...	409	A Genius of the Theatre ...	424
A People and its Government ...	411	Rome in Britain ...	426
Pierrot ...	412	Dante for the General Reader ...	428
Near the Stars ...	413	A Tract on Eugenics ...	430
ART:—		A Human Book ...	432
Alfred Stevens. By Roger Fry ...	414	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum... ..	432
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		SUPPLEMENT.	
"The Dean's Defence." By Mrs. Louise Creighton, Rev. A. W. Evans, Rev. John A. Grant, and Anglican... ..	415	A SHORT STUDY:—	
"The Nation" and the Church of England. By A. T. L. G. and Duumvir ...	416	The Wren. A Cornish Legend. By "Q." ...	441
The Censorship and the Labor Party. By T. Bayard Simmons ...	416	REVIEWS:—	
Mr. Barker and the Censorship. By F. F. L. Birrell ...	417	Color Books ...	442
Italy and Austria-Hungary. By Francis H. Skrine ...	417	In Wars and Wilds ...	443
What would happen in War? By Daillusion's Brother and A Banker... ..	417	Beast Books for Boys ...	444
The Case of the "Oldhamia." By A Manchester Man ...	418	For Girls. By A Woman of the Period ...	446

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE King arrived in Bombay on Saturday and was received with warmth by all classes. He was addressed, with the Queen, by the Bombay Corporation, and replied eloquently, describing the growth of the great city from the fishing village as Humphrey Cook found it. He drove in military procession, whose splendor was dimmed by the still more brilliant coloring of the crowds in the streets. On Tuesday, the coming pageant at Delhi was a little marred by two fires, one of which destroyed the splendid marquee set up in the fort for the ceremony of presenting the princes and chiefs; the other destroyed the fireworks for the garden party. The reports state that the fires were accidental. On Thursday the King made his State entry into Delhi, riding a black charger, and accompanied by a dazzling procession of ruling princes and dignitaries, clothed and attended with Oriental pomp and splendor. The pageant seems to have been a perfect success; and the King's reply to the representatives of India assembled on the Ridge was happily phrased.

THE third reading of the Insurance Bill was carried on Wednesday night, by a majority of 303—324 members voting for the Bill, and 21—made up of a handful of

Unionists, Independent Nationalists, and Labor members—against. The previous division on the reasoned amendment, for which the Bonar Law leadership had declared, showed a closer division of strength, 223 voting against 320 friends of the Bill—majority 97. There may have been a handful of abstentions on either side, but, excepting the O'Brienites and some advanced members of the Labor Party, the Coalition took practically its whole voting strength to the Lobby. The Opposition did the same, after bitter dissensions and an almost open trial of strength between the friends and enemies of the Bill. The line forced by the majority—though Mr. Law described it as neither a Yes nor a No to the Bill—obviously involved its rejection, Mr. Forster's "reasoned" amendment, proposing to postpone it to next session, and requiring meanwhile to have the draft regulations published. As the Prime Minister said, everyone knows that if an amendment is carried to the third reading of a Bill, it ceases to exist. The Bill is now virtually law, for, though the Lords have not been well treated in respect of their time allowance, they are clearly in favor of the passage of the Bill.

THE closing debate was marked by brilliant speeches from the Chancellor and Mr. Bonar Law, who is making a good fighting leader for young Toryism. Mr. George's speech should be read for its impressive recital of the case for the Bill and for his own Parliamentary action. Incidentally, he made the important announcement that it would be supplemented next year by grants to local authorities who provide medical treatment for school children. He described the Post Office machinery as "experimental"; argued that all vital matters had been debated either without closure or with closure after ample speech; insisted on the large improvements made in the Bill as regards sanatorium benefits, and the lower scale of payments by the poorer workers; and emphasised the better terms for women and soldiers and sailors. He declared that all parties accepted compulsory contribution, and stated as an argument against a non-contributory scheme that it involved a loss of control by the contributors to the system. He made a scathing attack on the double face of the Opposition, which had praised the Bill in the House and blackened it in the country, taking a scandalous leaflet issued for Lord Robert Cecil as the worst example of this paltry method. Winding up the debate, the Prime Minister described the Bill as the "greatest scheme for the social benefit of the people in this country which has ever been conceived."

WHATEVER be the judgment on the Bill, the feat of the Chancellor in devising and passing within a single year a measure of such vast complication, and involving such infinitely delicate social adjustments, must stand as one of the greatest *tours de force* in modern politics. It compares, in magnitude, if not in method, with Gladstone's conduct of the Irish Land Bill and the Home Rule Bill. The machinery of defence has been conducted and varied with a genius for improvisation, a patient zeal in diplomacy, a knowledge of character, an instinctive quickness of mind and sympathy, which saved

the Bill from destruction at a thousand hands. The Chancellor started with too fixed and fond a belief in the exclusive merits of his measure, and that spirit was no doubt needed to crush light-minded criticism. But he threw over doctrine when it threatened his scheme, and became again the negotiator and reconciler who finally ran the Bill through. Such qualities are given to few; so lavish a use of them as Mr. George has made is rarer still.

\* \* \*

THERE is little reliable news of the Russian invasion of Persia. The advance guard has reached Kasirn, half-way to Teheran, and the ex-Shah is said to meditate an entry in its wake. The Mejliss remains resolved not to concede the Russian demands, though it will yield anything consistent with continued independence of Persia. Speculation in Teheran anticipates that the Russians when they arrive must, therefore, dissolve the Mejliss and assume responsibility for the Government, but it is not generally expected that they will restore the Shah. Feeling among the Persians is evidently deeply stirred. The capital is quiet, but the Russian tramway is boycotted, and so also are British goods. The women have been holding mass meetings and processions—a proof that the crisis has shaken public opinion from its normal courses—and have even sent a pathetic appeal to English suffragists. The Mejliss has despatched a dignified protest to the House of Commons and also to the Reichstag. Telegrams from the provinces urged armed resistance to Russia, but more probably the Persians will await the invader as the Roman Senate is said to have awaited the Gauls. Mr. Shuster is still at his post, and the United States, which nominated him, may conceivably have something to say if the Russians expel him.

\* \* \*

THE answers of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Acland to questions have been brief and embarrassed, and the latter's reply to Mr. Morrell's "interpellation" on the adjournment added little or nothing to our information. Sir Edward Grey has, however, admitted that he gave the Persians to understand that the Russian invasion would be checked if they accepted our advice to apologise for the Shua-es-Sultaneh incident. They were told that we had "every reason to believe" that the troops would be withdrawn if the first ultimatum were complied with, but "no assurance was given." We induced them to humiliate themselves, but seem to acknowledge no responsibility for our advice. Mr. Acland's information regarding the second ultimatum amounts to this: (1) We approve of the demands for Mr. Shuster's dismissal and for a veto on Persian appointments; but (2) these demands, though made partially in our interest, were not made "in our name." (3) We neither approve nor disapprove the ultimatum as such. (4) We disapprove of the Russian demand for an indemnity. Further light is promised next Thursday. It is fairly obvious that the Foreign Office is not pleased at the turn events have taken, but if one may judge from the usually semi-official "Times," it has not made up its mind to enter an effective protest.

\* \* \*

A LITTLE ray of hope, however, disclosed itself in Lord Morley's more decided and sympathetic reply to Lord Curzon's brilliant and manly indictment of Russo-British policy in the House of Lords on Thursday. Lord Curzon thought the issue was drifting on to "dark and perilous rocks," on which Persian independence would be wrecked while we were talking about it, with a "certain ultimate partition" of the spoils—economic leading to political partition, political to administrative, adminis-

trative to geographical. He said, sardonically, that he hoped to see England holding an occasional umbrella against the "hailstones" of ultimatums that were raining on Persia. Lord Morley answered with some assurances as to our policy which do suggest that an umbrella is being cautiously opened. At all events, one thing is clear, that we have qualified our touching trust in Russia, for we have told her that the demand for an indemnity could only prolong her occupation. On her side, Russia had given an "expression of views"—not exactly a declaration—promising to uphold Persian independence, and to make her occupation temporary. In case she should be tempted again to stray from the path of virtue, we have told her that we will not have her *protégé*, the ex-Shah, back at any price.

\* \* \*

THE German Chancellor's speech on Anglo-German relations at the last meeting of the present Reichstag before the General Election has done little to alter the position of affairs as Sir Edward Grey left it: it has made matters no better, but it has made them no worse. If we regard it as an electioneering speech, it was mild. There was no appeal to "Hurrah-Patriotism." But, had it been made mid-way in the life of Parliament, it would have been a grave and even an alarming incident. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg protested warmly, but with dignity, against Sir Edward Grey's suspicion that he intended to snatch a naval base at Agadir. He would at any time, if questioned, have dispelled these doubts. He further insisted that no inquiry was addressed by Britain to Germany between July 1 and July 21.

\* \* \*

BUT his main point was to insist that Germany, like England, must not be treated as of no account where German interests are affected. This had been done in the Anglo-French Convention of 1904; that was the initial error. He touched lightly, even sarcastically, on the English talk of war, and insisted that the negotiations with France proceeded throughout without any such emotional disturbance. The "slate" may be "clean," but it has been scratched, and if in the future the writing is to be clear, distrust must not guide the pencil. Good relations must depend on some "positive expression" of the English desire for good will. The main accent of the speech was laid, in short, on English distrust, and it was suggested that England had been altogether more difficult to deal with than France. The implication seemed to be that we must give some concrete proof of our desire for better relations.

\* \* \*

THE brief debate which followed in the Reichstag showed an extraordinary divergence of view. No one seemed to regard the sending of a ship to Agadir as wise, or in the result successful. German diplomacy was quite as sharply criticised, both for provocation and for weakness, as that of Sir Edward Grey. Herr Bassermann, speaking for the National Liberals, hinted that as Persia, like Morocco, was going to be partitioned, "we must keep our eyes open and sword sharp." The Centre insisted that if England wanted peace she must not check the expansion of Germany. Sir Edward Grey spoke briefly at Plymouth on the same evening, and contrived quite pleasantly to say nothing. "If the Morocco depression is passing away, the diplomatic barometer should soon begin to rise," but he advised his friends not to tap it too often. This was a jocose plea for secrecy. But the point is that the "diplomatic barometer" went down to "storm" when no one dreamed of "tapping" it, while the three diplomatists, like

the three witches in "Macbeth," had been brewing their secret toil and trouble.

\* \* \*

THE trial of the Californian trade union leaders, accused of terrorism at Los Angeles, has ended in a complete and cynical confession. The evidence was, indeed, so strong as to render confession unnecessary. Not only had a bomb been placed where it must wreck the offices of the anti-unionist Los Angeles "Times," but the proprietor's house and the offices of the Employers' Defence League had been simultaneously attacked. The McNamara brothers, who have avowed their responsibility in the crime, were unfortunately trusted officials of the Labor Federation, and had been stoutly defended all over the States by Labor leaders as innocent martyrs. The subsequent attitude of Mr. Gompers, the National leader, has made matters decidedly worse. He calls for the extreme penalty, and critics wonder if it is because he dreads further revelations. He says that he and his colleagues have been "fooled," yet he declines to undertake an inquiry to ascertain how this terrorist gang contrived to impose on the unions and to obtain control of their funds. The inquiry will now be made by the Federal law officers, and will cover a long series of over a hundred similar outrages in different States.

\* \* \*

MR. TAFT's message to Congress is unusually brief, and deals only with a single topic, but it will probably be followed by others. Its sole purpose is to propagate optimism regarding the effect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This law, passed in 1890, was long a dead letter. Now, on Mr. Taft's reading of events, it has behind it the necessary momentum from public opinion, and has become in consequence a most effective weapon. Certainly the facts which he cites are impressive. Several of the bigger and more oppressive Trusts have been split up into fragmentary companies, working in a limited area. Thus, the Tobacco Trust is now broken into eighteen companies. The guarantees on which the Federal Government relies to prevent collusive and covert combination consist mainly in the prohibition placed on these companies acquiring shares in each other, and on the breaking up of the great blocks of individual holdings. The preference shareholder, moreover, regains his rights. Common offices, common buying, common production, are thus rendered impossible, so much so that already there is an outcry because economy in production is interfered with.

\* \* \*

THE Chinese crisis continues to evolve on the lines of compromise. We predicted that Yuan-Shi-Kai, who is, before all else, a realist in politics, would be satisfied to leave a boy-Emperor on the throne, provided that he could rid himself of his Manchu guardian, the Prince-Regent. The Regent has now resigned his office, and two "guardians" have been appointed by Yuan in his stead, a Chinaman and a Manchu, who may presumably be trusted to neutralise each other. Meanwhile, the rebel defeat at Hankow has been balanced by a victory at Nanking, which after a period of occupation and massacre by the Manchus, is once more in Republican hands. The rebel General, Li-Yuan-Heng, whose original successes at Hankow made the revolution, is now reduced to accepting a prolonged armistice. There seems to be no cohesion or central control in the Republican forces, and the fourteen provinces which have revolted are chiefly concerned to vindicate their local independence. Yuan-Shi-Kai has the advantage of directing the one existing central machine. The really serious question is now how far he will accept real responsibility to the National Assembly.

MR. MONTAGU made a grave admission in the House of Commons on Tuesday in answering Mr. MacCallum Scott that within the last six years there had been fifty-seven convictions in the Indian police for torture, and that in seventeen cases the victims had died. The majority of the cases occurred while the prisoners were in private custody. Mr. Montagu could not even say that a single one of these seventeen or more murderers had been convicted. We cannot imagine a more serious indictment of Indian police administration, and it is well to know that an amendment of the law is to come next year. But the amendment must be thorough or the abuses will go on. In particular, we strongly urge: (1) the abolition of confession as admissible in evidence when made outside a Court of Justice; (2) the abolition of the practice of remanding suspects to private police custody.

\* \* \*

WE note with astonishment that Mr. Justice Horridge, whom we associate with some early up-bringsings in Liberalism, has sentenced two men at Leeds to three and four months' imprisonment for offences against the Blasphemy Laws. So far as we can gather, one of these defendants spoke of the Deity in a way in which honored lights of the Church of England occasionally refer to Him when they wish to mark the distinction they draw between the God of the Old and the God of the New Testament. These gentlemen speak indirectly and with proper refinement of phrase and meaning; the Secularist, who is now in prison at Leeds, spoke as heated "Free Thought" lecturers often speak. He also appears to have quoted from the writings of Ingersoll, whose profane wit still, we suppose, circulates in the United States to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies of his books and pamphlets. Such sentences seem to us an outrage. The Blasphemy Laws are obsolete, and if a judge is forced to act upon them, he ought to do so with the knowledge that the public regards the punishment of honest opinion with dislike and contempt. We hope that the Home Secretary will promptly release these men.

\* \* \*

WE regret to record the death of Sir George Lewis, the most widely famous of English solicitors. He and his firm had their share in nearly all the criminal or scandalous cases for the last forty years, beginning with that of Overend Gurney, and ending with the Parnell Commission. In all these cases Sir George's delicacy, fineness, shrewdness, and daring were dramatic and often governing elements in the issue. Behind these public appearances lay the unnumbered confidences of well-to-do people in "a scrape," who found the most adroit of "smoothers" and the most amiable of father-confessors in this quiet little man with bright eyes and a soft, almost lisping, tongue. Sir George was a keen politician, and his and Mr. Labouchere's skilful tracking down of Pigott were sources of keen personal pleasure to him. But he always resented, or at least never could understand, Parnell's freezing manners. The adviser to whom princes warmed was kept aloof by his unapproachable client. Sir George's rich store of secrets were always double-locked against the casual gossip, and only unrevealing corners of the shrouding curtain were ever raised. Still the world heard with relief the announcement, made on his retirement, that he did not propose to write his memoirs. With all his knowledge of the seamy side of life and character, he retained a surprising simplicity of heart, and a deep benevolence of nature.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE PERSIAN SUPPLIANT.

IN the days when the predatory instincts of mankind were qualified by a tradition of chivalry, the suppliant enjoyed certain rights which it was the pride of the strong to respect. A wretch who embraced the knees of a Homeric chieftain became from that moment a *protégé*, whose life and cause he was bound by honor to defend. A fugitive who flings himself on the mercy of an Albanian clan may count upon it to espouse his interests as though they were its own. These are the pretty manners of savages; modern diplomacy has evolved its own code of honor and decency. Two weeks ago Persia, menaced by a Russian invasion, performed the conventional rites, made herself a suppliant at our doors, and embraced the stony knees of Downing Street. We accepted the flattering but responsible position. We gave her sage, though by no means heroic, advice. We recommended her to conform to Russian demands, which even our diplomatists cannot have thought equitable, and we bade her go in sackcloth and ashes to apologise for the offence of being so obviously in the right. The advice was followed, and the Persians in their simplicity supposed that our influence would then be used to stay the Russian advance. If pity did not move us, one might have supposed that pride would have prompted us to aid them. They had followed our unpalatable counsels, they had made what we considered an adequate reparation to Russia. It seemed to follow that our prestige, if not our honor, required us to protect them from further exactions and aggressions. The event has taught them that one should not rashly assume that a modern Foreign Secretary will act with the spirit of a Homeric chief or an Albanian brigand. We have done nothing to protect them, but, on the other hand, we cannot be accused of mere inaction or indifference. We have, it appears, approved of the further exactions of our Russian partner. He has presented three demands—the dismissal of Mr. Shuster, the acceptance by Persia of an Anglo-Russian veto on all nominations of foreign experts, and the payment of an indemnity to compensate Russia for her trouble in pressing these demands by an armed invasion. Of these claims, the first two have been presented with our acquiescence, and apparently with our approval, and the second of them establishes for us a privilege which we shall share with Russia. Our magnanimity is triumphantly vindicated by the reserves which we have expressed against the Russian demand for money. We have suffered the suppliant to be torn from our knees; we have joined in violating his rights. We save our honor by averting our eyes while his pockets are rifled at the conclusion of the process.

Public opinion has not authorised the Government which acts in its name to follow a policy at once so mean and weak as this. Sir Edward Grey cannot be wholly indifferent to the wishes of his countrymen, and his policy may yet be reversed. It is worth while to show that the instinctive disgust which

every normally constituted Englishman feels at this climax of a disastrous course is based on reasonable grounds. It is hardly necessary to show that the Anglo-Russian demands involve a violation of Persian sovereignty. To require the dismissal of Mr. Shuster because he dared to defend himself in the "Times" against the scurrilous personal attacks of the Russian Press, is an act which any self-respecting nation would treat as an attempt at coercion and interference to which in the last resort war would be the only possible reply. But this is not the most fundamental of the three demands. A nation may be coerced by invasion or the threat of invasion into an isolated compliance with the will of the stronger Power, and yet retain its independence, subject only to the risk of a repetition of the aggression. But the second demand renders the interference normal and continuous. Persia is so unluckily situated that she must employ foreigners to re-organise her armed forces and her finances. She cannot hope in any other way to achieve rapid and effective reform, and on no other terms could she secure the loans which she requires in foreign money markets. Mr. Shuster's integrity and strength of will was an asset which entirely satisfied the bankers. So long as Persia was allowed to go to neutral and disinterested Powers for such assistance, her independence remained intact. The new condition, imposed as much by Sir Edward Grey as by Russia, will henceforth enable them to force upon her foreign experts who will be their agents. It matters little whether they confine their choice to men of British and Russian birth; their object manifestly is to secure nominees who will be the tools of their policy. They will stand behind these men, and Persia must unavoidably be bound to do their bidding. We rule in Egypt by no other means. Our agents give "advice"—they hold in the civil departments no executive authority—but it is advice which the Egyptian Government is expected to accept. At the least this condition is a gross infringement of Persian sovereignty; it will probably amount in practice to a dual control not less drastic than our single control in Egypt.

So far have we travelled since 1907. We cannot refrain from citing the despatch in which our Minister explained to the apprehensive Persian Government the meaning of the Anglo-Russian Convention. The object of the despatch was to assure the Persians that the Convention would lead neither to intervention nor partition. Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky, it declared, were in "perfect accord," that "neither of the two Powers will interfere in Persian affairs, unless some injury is inflicted on the property or persons of their subjects." No principle could be plainer than this, yet from first to last no suggestion has been made that this occasion for intervention has arisen. We need not consider whether Mr. Shuster was well-advised in choosing British subordinates, or in attempting to levy taxes on Persian grandees, or in writing to the "Times." Nothing which he has done has touched the person or property of a Russian subject. Nor can it be urged that we are not our brother's keeper. We have, in fact, approved the Russian intervention. But if we had merely tolerated it, we should still have violated our



own interpretation of the obligations which we assumed in the Convention. The despatch concluded by assuring Persia that the two Powers desired to "ensure her independence for ever," and it went on:—

"Not only do they not seek a pretext for intervention, but their aim in these friendly negotiations is not to permit one another to intervene in Persia on the pretext of safeguarding their own interests."

If this sentence meant anything at all, it was intended to suggest to the Persians that the Anglo-Russian partnership was actually a league for the protection of Persia, in which each partner would check the other if he were tempted unduly to intervene. We are breaking our word to-day, and breaking it with a wanton completeness. Russia intervenes against her own pledge, and not only do we permit her to do so; we actually endorse her action. We promised that Persia should be "for ever delivered from the fear of foreign intervention," and that she should "enjoy complete freedom to manage her affairs in her own way." Four years later we insist that we shall nominate the foreigners who are to manage those affairs in our way. The ascendancy which Sir Edward Grey has retained over public opinion in this country during his anxious and ill-starred years of office rested, we believe, rather on his character than on his talents. No one has said of him that he was subtle, or adroit, or expert, or possessed of encyclopedic knowledge. But on his stability, his caution, and above all upon his honor, the nation builded. The final betrayal of Persia would not be the expression of such a character.

The act is not yet completed, and we refuse to recognise that it is inevitable. The brief and embarrassed replies of the Foreign Office to questions reveal that it is ill at ease, and Lord Morley's reply to Lord Curzon suggests at least a change of tone, which is even echoed in the "Times." Let us hope that it is groping to find a way of escape. Some of the consequences, if the act should be consummated, are generally understood. It means, in moral and intellectual damage, perhaps the worst blow which our prestige could suffer in the East. For no one thinks that we have been wilfully base. We appear as the weak partner who dares not check a powerful and unscrupulous associate. It means in fresh commitments a burden at which the advocates of conscription must secretly rejoice, for it draws the real boundary of India across the sandy wastes of central Persia, with Russian Cossacks confronting our Indian cavalry upon a vague and indefensible frontier. It contains the possibilities of acute disputes with Russia, to which our present pusillanimity makes a sorry preface. One-third of Persia is neutral territory, and within it is the greater part of the Gulf coast-line. When Russia dominates Teheran, who is to control this no-man's land? But of all the consequences latent in this situation, perhaps the gravest is the likelihood that Germany will demand the usual compensations. Russia has bought a free hand for herself at Potsdam. But we have not yet paid the usual toll. This remote Asiatic question may become, at any moment, a European problem, and if that should happen, we may find that

Turkey, the neighbor of Persia and Egypt, will be deeply interested in the resulting "conversations." The Persians, indeed, are impotent to resent our share in strangling their national existence at its birth, and it will not be from motives of chivalry that another Power will embarrass us. But Empires are commonly expected to submit to blackmail for an outrage on nationality. It is into some such embroilment as this that our complaisance to Russia may drag us. From this train of disasters Sir Edward Grey can yet escape. He can enter the most emphatic protest against the Russian ultimatum. He can demand the withdrawal from Persian soil by a fixed date, not merely of the new forces, but also of the garrisons permanently settled at Tabriz and other centres. He can declare that the invasion is a breach of the whole spirit of the convention. The mere intimation by private diplomatic channels of an intention to take this course would probably suffice. But if it did not, it is time to ask for some return from France for the gift we made to her of a North African Empire. Russia could not survive a coldness which would close to her at once the Paris Bourse and the London Money Market. The means of dealing with this anxious situation are at Sir Edward Grey's disposal, if only he will bring himself to be half as rough with a disloyal partner as he was with an open, honest rival. A leading article in the "Times," backed by another in the "Temps," would probably avail to check the pace of the Russian advance. We can use such expedients to enslave the Moors. Let us use them to free the Persians.

#### A RACE AGAINST TIME.

MANY Liberals will have read with regret the circumstances under which the House of Lords is to make its first trial of the modified Constitution which the Parliament Act established. It will be allowed about a fortnight to deal with the Insurance Bill, the Naval Prize Bill, the Mines Bill, and the Budget. There is nothing new in this situation, if we simply consider it in view of our old and slovenly Parliamentary practice. The House of Lords, in its present shape, is not a true revising body, and even the Tory Party has never treated it as such. As for a Liberal Government, it has been in the habit of piling a mass of legislation at its doors in August or December, and expecting to see it passed. It knew the fate awaiting its more combative Bills, and against it the Parliament Act has made proper and fairly effective provision. But now things are changed. The absolute veto, which was in effect a veto on Liberalism, has gone. It was a clear usurpation. The Lords could never set up a constitutional defence of it, and it was used from 1906 to 1909 in a way to threaten the life of democracy. But when the absolute veto was destroyed, the Government made two explicit declarations of opinion, which were, in fact, pledges to the nation. They disavowed the idea of Single-Chamber Government, promising a reformed House of Lords, and they declared that the Bill reserved to the Lords the power of revising, as well as of delaying, legislation. We cannot see how the pledge holds in face of the time allowance which assigns the Lords two

days to the Committee stage of the Insurance Bill. This measure has been debated by the House of Commons for a year, and adorned at its penultimate stage with a thick-falling shower of some 470 amendments. It is of great complexity, its drafting has necessarily been done under conditions of extreme pressure, and we tremble to think what will happen to it when it gets into the lawyers' hands. It is therefore eminently suited to consideration by a committee of a reformed House of Lords, which can generally summon up a score or so of trained and experienced intellects from the confused mass of its general assembly.

No one can now pretend that any such revision can take place. The Lords must either pass or reject the Bill. Life or death must equally be *sans phrases*. They would, indeed, be entitled to administer the latter, for the Bill will not have been presented within a month of the close of the Session, and the first rejection would not therefore count as one of the three repulses which the peers may bring about before a measure is passed over their heads. If they disclaim any such responsibility, they act with credit; for their permitted function, that of revision, is denied them. It is true that, as now constituted, the Lords could not overhaul a vast tangle of social machinery like the Insurance Bill, if they would; but they have a tangible grievance against the Ministry. Rightly or wrongly, the nation was instructed to dismiss its fears about Single-Chamber Government, and was asked to support the Parliament Bill because it ensured the predominance of the representative element in the Constitution. We are not sure that it is the more representative side of the House of Commons which is now in the ascendant. It is rather the great power of the Executive over a loyal and well-managed majority. With all the more reason, therefore, should the House of Lords require that if the old constitutional understandings are superseded, and a reign of law takes its place, there should be strict observance of its letter and spirit.

But haste in legislation inflicts a rather deeper public injury than an offence to the House of Lords. Obviously, it increases the power of the judges to modify the work of Parliament. Hastily drafted Bills are badly drafted Bills, more especially when the method is that of reference; and no one can blame the Bench for interpreting them with strict respect to existing law and custom. But they also meet an unprepared, and therefore, it may be, a hostile, public. We do not believe in the ultimate unpopularity of the Insurance Bill. It is admittedly incomplete, and largely experimental. Almost by intention it goes out in that form to the great industrial world. But the author's shrewd eye will soon discover the points where the machinery needs easing; and the ultimate framework will, we are convinced, be one which the nation may well accept with almost universal gratitude for a great social service. The fact remains, however, that at present, in spite of its author's unrivalled powers of persuasion and exposition, the public do not clearly understand it, and that there has not been time to reconcile them to a rather drastic change of social habit. A longer interval might well have been given to

this process of adjustment, and the fruit, we think, would have been an almost universally "agreed" Bill. It is the aim of statesmanship to avoid unnecessary friction in a conservative society like our own, as well as to muster their resources to resist the mere incursions of spiteful ignorance, like those of the "Daily Mail." A little patience might have placed this advantage at the disposal of the Government.

But if more time might have been given to the Insurance Bill, it by no means represents a serious curtailment of the rights of debate. It has been discussed for the greater part of a long Parliamentary year, and, greatly to his credit, the Chancellor has called the mass of the interests and callings affected by it into a free symposium on its merits. But what of the future? Three great Bills have been set down in advance for the Session of 1912. Two of them—the Home Rule Bill and the Reform Bill—are large constitutional changes. The third, while it only touches the Welsh dioceses attached to the English Established Church, will, of course, raise an agitation through the whole body of Anglicanism. We approve of them all. They are not new issues; they have been discussed for at least a generation. But if the Government aims at the persuasion of opinion, as all statesmen are bound to aim, how are they to attain this end in the clash of three great and widely diverging questions, compressed into one crowded session? Two of the Bills will be subject to a comprehensive and, we have no doubt, a fairly devised scheme of closure in compartments. The Welsh Bill, after the second reading stage, will be referred to a Grand Committee, which, in our view, is not a proper tribunal. But the cup is small, and the liquor to be poured into it is over-abundant. The Opposition will be able largely to nullify the most scientific use of Parliamentary time which the Government can devise. Some points will be over-debated, others not debated at all, the object being to present a case of oppressive action by the Executive usurping the vote of a free Parliament. The grievance would not be so strong if the Parliament Bill were working without the guillotine, and if the House of Lords were sure of the rights left to it under the new but incomplete Constitution. But this is not the situation; and so long as Parliament retains, through its one operative and fully-equipped Chamber, its hold on the whole stupendous sweep of Imperial and home business, the power acquired under the Parliament Act ought not to be strained.

Is this strain necessary? One more year remains after 1912 within which a Bill passed by the House of Commons is assured of passage by a Government serving the new full term allotted to the life of Parliament. Is it not possible, in view of the peril of a Parliamentary breakdown, or a clear loss of national confidence, or both, for Welsh Liberalism to accept this degree of postponement? We make this suggestion with diffidence, but we fail to see any other way out. The Government owe it to Ireland to give a long, patient, respectful hearing to the opposition to Home Rule, and the longer it is, the more confident we feel that the Bill will emerge in triumph. The Reform Bill is of the first importance;

but it is not a measure of great complexity, and it must, of course, be accompanied by an offer to the Opposition of a fair measure of redistribution. This would be a very large, but a manageable, programme for the coming year. The postponement of the Welsh Bill would disappoint a powerful body of Liberal opinion, whose banners have been in the front of the army since 1868. But it is time to say that there has been too much pressure on the Government in matters not of principle but of Parliamentary tactics, and that they have yielded to it to a degree which forces them to shifts and devices that have an arbitrary air. Let us remember that while Liberalism is a great cause, democracy and free Parliamentary debate are of the essence of our constitutional life, and that the Government are heavily committed to all three purposes.

#### THE "WEATHER" AND THE "BAROMETER."

SIR EDWARD GREY takes the general revolt against his policy very lightly; but he will find that he will have to defend himself more seriously than he did at Plymouth. His view of his critics is that they are people who are "always anxious to be tapping the barometer every five minutes to see if it is rising." Now it is foolish to worry about the barometer, because it does not happen to control the weather. If Sir Edward Grey had used a different simile, and said that some of us were anxious about the condition of that poor, fever-stricken patient, PEACE, and that we wished to take her temperature because we have reason to entertain the gravest doubts as to the treatment to which she is being subjected, he would have been far nearer the mark. The medical man himself admits that there was a crisis last summer, which was very nearly fatal. He admits that the case still gives ground for anxiety, and that there is no prospect of an immediate turn in the course of the malady. Now we have some right, under these circumstances, to suggest a change of treatment, and if the practitioner is obdurate, the matter is ultimately in the hands of public opinion. That is the position which the Foreign Secretary has to face. As to "every five minutes," being translated into cold and literal prose, it means, rather, once in five years. The bald fact is that Sir Edward Grey has followed a course of diplomacy distasteful in one or another of its lines to the people, who have to pay for it, to the House of Commons, to which he is directly responsible, and even in some measure to the Cabinet of which he is a member. This policy, in so far as it is now divulged, appears to many of us unintelligent, and had, confessedly, brought us in July and August to the brink of war. At one of the most critical points, three Ministers, without even consulting their colleagues, decided on their own responsibility on a step which indirectly threatened war, and will, it is to be feared, gravely complicate international relations for a long time to come. When these facts come out, questions are asked, and with difficulty two days are granted for debate, not only on these questions, but on another of almost equal magnitude, where Sir Edward Grey's failure is palpable. And this demand for slender and

belated information is called tapping the barometer every five minutes!

Sir Edward Grey appeals to the principle that foreign politics are outside the domain of party controversy. This is a principle never sanctioned by Liberals. It is true that Mr. Gladstone accepted the main lines of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy in 1892, because Lord Salisbury had in his heart something of the heaven of Gladstonianism—indeed, on near-Eastern politics, the two men were never very far from agreement. But Mr. Gladstone took the field for Armenia in 1896, as we may be sure that he would take the field, if he were with us to-day, on behalf of Persia. Liberals do not oppose a Liberal foreign policy when it is carried on by a Conservative Minister, and, apart from the question of Armenia and Crete, they recognised that, on the whole, Lord Salisbury's foreign policy was one of resistance to the Imperial mood. But what was this policy, which Liberals, on the whole, approved? It was the very thing that Sir Edward Grey now denounces as rashness and folly. It was the policy somewhat rhetorically described by Lord Goschen as that of "splendid isolation"; in more sober phrase, it maintained the free hand for this country in Europe. It disclaimed aggression, stood for the "open door" in countries threatened with the aggression of others, and sought to strengthen and consolidate not a system of alliances, but rather the "concert of Europe." In all these particulars Lord Salisbury's policy appealed to Liberals, and when his own side complained of "graceful concessions," Liberals refused to draw any party advantage. Even the most doubtful of those concessions—the withdrawal of our ships from Port Arthur—was never used as a point in the party game, because it was recognised that Lord Salisbury's Chinese policy had, on the whole, made for peace and had averted partition. But on most of these critical points, Sir Edward Grey has reversed Lord Salisbury's policy. It is true that the change was initiated by Lord Lansdowne, but the precise step taken by that Minister was to conclude an understanding with France, which, again, was welcomed by Liberals because it made for peace. What Sir Edward Grey has done is, in substance and by his practice, if not in form, to convert the understanding into an alliance, to extend it to Russia, and thereby to commit this country to one of the great armed camps into which Europe is divided. The consequences are that the ruin of the Concert is completed; that the policy of the open door is abandoned; that we have lost our freedom of action, and are almost powerless, whether in Tripoli or in the Middle East; that Persia is threatened with partition; and that our relations with Germany are embroiled.

Liberals will cease to criticise Sir Edward Grey and consent to set the details of foreign policy outside the range of debate as soon as he shows them that these fundamental mistakes are being removed. We agree that it is useless to harp for ever on the past. None of the three countries come well out of the controversy on Morocco. Germany was rough and uncandid; French diplomacy was unscrupulous; England was stiff and unhandy. We must look to the future. The German Chancellor's speech is a grave one, but it is quite possible



to read in it a tentative offer of accommodation. The slate is wiped clean, and we may now be content to rub out that vexed question of the July silence. Who spoke and who did not speak, and why one spoke and another did not, these are questions of the past. What the plain man collects from them is that diplomatists are apt to be bad men of business, and that their pretensions to the privileges of secrecy are, like most such pretensions, founded on the inner consciousness that to be intelligible is to be found out. But let all that go. The vital question is as to the present and the future. On the whole, Germany appears still to cherish, though with qualifications and a plainly resentful tone, the idea of an understanding. She recognises the oddly one-sided loyalty that made Sir Edward Grey support France in a policy opposed to British interests, while he declines to support Persia in despite of all pledges to maintain her integrity. She recognises the situation, but she remarks that even, according to his own interpretation, Sir Edward Grey has now done his duty. He has honored the Bill, and France has "her" goods delivered. Now Germany is prepared to deal with us. She wants openness and confidence. She also, we may assume, wants something tangible. What she probably desires are coaling stations—though these may not be as indispensable to modern fleets as they were—and a further accommodation in Africa, at which Sir Edward Grey has hinted, and the Prime Minister has more than hinted. Which is, in the end, the better for us—to present an adamant barrier against which Germany will constantly chafe until some day she seizes a favorable opportunity and breaks through, or to give her of our free will the outlet that she desires, securing on our side the arrest of armaments? Sir Edward Grey appeals to the Salisbury tradition. We are pretty clear as to what Lord Salisbury's answer would have been. He would have found in the attack on Turkey a basis for joint action which would at once have conciliated Germany, served the cause of peace, and led to the re-instatement of the Concert, and he would have seen that he could not hem in a great Power of superabundant energy and growing population without entailing on his own country a permanent heritage of crippling expenditure and paralysing fears.

#### CRIMINAL UNIONS AND LAWLESS TRUSTS.

A LITTLE more than a year ago the offices of the Los Angeles "Times," an important Californian newspaper, were destroyed by an explosion in which twenty-one of the employees were killed. On the same day an attempt was also made to blow up the private residence of General Otis, the proprietor of the "Times." This coincidence easily disposed of the "accidental" theory, and made it certain that criminals had been at work. Now General Otis and his paper had been the most energetic enemies of labor unions, and had maintained not only the theory but the practice of the "open shop," the labor issue which in America is fought more bitterly than any other. The "Times" and its proprietor had been subjected to frequent menaces, and it was natural that the explosions should be attributed to the extremist

wing of the labor men. The unions fiercely repudiated the charge, and had the courage to assert that it was a "put up job," planned by their capitalist enemies in order to discredit them. This view, incredible as it might appear outside Russia, obtained wide credence in labor circles all over America, and some cautious students of American life, not associated with labor movements, did not dismiss it as outside the region of the possible. Even after Mr. Manigal, one of the persons implicated, was known to have confessed to the performance of a series of similar "jobs," which he charged to the account of James McNamara, Secretary and Treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers, this theory of a "capitalist conspiracy" was still maintained. But when Detective Burns, who has for some time past been working at the records of the union, had completed his researches, and the trial was upon the point of taking place, there came the startling news of the confession of the McNamara brothers. The younger McNamara, with two others still at large, had put forty sticks of giant gelatine in a blind passage of the "Times" building, intending only to destroy the building (so he asserts), but, by an erroneous calculation, causing this wholesale slaughter of innocent employees.

This confession has fallen like a thunderbolt in the camp of organized labor. For such fatuous confidence had the Unions reposed in the innocence of the McNamaras that they had raised an enormous defence-fund, and expected a triumphant acquittal, which, following the failure of a similar attack upon the Western Miners' Union, two years ago, would have brought into most dramatic relief the malignant devices of the enemies of Labor Unions. The full effect of the confession upon public opinion will only be reached when it is proved that the Los Angeles exploit does not stand as an isolated act of violence, but is part of a criminal policy planned and executed by responsible officials of the Iron-Workers' Union. It seems at least likely that certain other Western Unions are exposed to similar charges of violence. The illegality and violence have not, indeed, been all one-sided, as the prolonged struggle of mine-owners and miners in Colorado, Idaho, and other Western States fully testifies. But the force wielded by the employers has commonly been covered by some cloak of legality, rendered possible by their control of the machinery of politics and the law-courts. Labor, finding itself everywhere exposed to a network of conspiring laws and injustices, and regarding legislators and judges as the creatures of capitalism, has been driven more and more to open or secret illegality, a slippery growth only too liable to terminate in violent crime. Such has been the fatal logic of the situation. But it is a logic for which American trade-unionism will undoubtedly pay dear. There is, indeed, no reason whatever to suppose that any appreciable number of American workers sympathise with methods of criminal violence. On the contrary, it is clear that they are shocked and stunned by the sudden revelation. But it will give organized capital the best of weapons. For it will help to turn away from the trust and capitalist combines much of the popular indignation which for years

past has been gathering against them. It will even help them to repel the political and legal attacks with which every prominent American statesman threatens them. Violations of the Inter-State Commerce Act and the Sherman Act seem innocence itself when set against the brutal crimes of these Unions. The Anti-trust Movement will certainly go slower on account of these discrediting revelations about labor.

In any case, the problem of the trusts is a particularly baffling one, and recent experiments in the law courts do not make it any easier. The Sherman Law exposed all great corporations alike to attacks in the law courts, whether their powers over competitors or prices were tyrannical or not. Recent judgments, endeavoring to discriminate between corporations wielding "reasonable" and "unreasonable" restraint of trade, leave too much discretion to the courts, supplying them with no authoritative standard of discrimination. Everybody admits that something effective must be done to control and regulate great combinations. But what? Mr. Taft, in his Message, seems to favor buttressing the Sherman Act by a voluntary Federal Incorporation Law, together with the establishment of a Commission wielding general supervising powers over commercial undertakings, on the lines of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Here Mr. Taft has made a definite advance upon his earlier conservative position, and has come nearly into line with the more drastic proposals which Mr. Roosevelt has recently set forth in the "Outlook." The general notion underlying their policy is that it is alike impracticable and undesirable to try to break up large businesses, so as to compel persons to compete who desire to combine. "You can't unscramble eggs," is the epigram imputed to the greatest of Trust-makers, Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

But if combination, amounting perhaps even to monopoly, is to be permitted, the public interest demands control. How can that control be made effective? In the first place, Federal must be substituted for State incorporation and supervision. Otherwise you favor the maintenance of blackleg States, like New Jersey, with lax Trust legislation, laying themselves out for easy incorporation. But if federal incorporation is to be effective, it must surely be compulsory upon all corporations doing business outside the limits of a single State. Again, if a Commission is to safeguard the public interests, it must be endowed with the power of determining what are "reasonable prices" for trust-made goods, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission is empowered to determine "reasonable rates." It must also determine whether a particular lowering of trust prices is merely a sound economy, or whether it is an illegal mode of crushing competition. Mr. Roosevelt, and presumably Mr. Taft, think that a Commission can simply be entrusted with these delicate powers. But we doubt whether any body of business men or of economists would incline to accept such a doctrine. For the problem of dealing with general prices of commodities will be far more intricate than that of fixing traffic rates. And it has not yet been proved that so able and experienced a body as the Inter-State Commission has been able successfully to

grapple with the latter problem. The essential truth is that the development of industry in America has so far outstripped the constitutional and legal resources of the States and of the Federal Government that no minor repairs of the legal system will ultimately suffice to cope with the situation. When large competing businesses decide to stop their competition and to combine for purposes of controlling markets, no public control and regulation, short of State administration, will, in the end, suffice.

#### THE CASE FOR THE INSURANCE BILL.

THE struggle of six months is over. The Insurance Bill has been examined and dissected to the minutest details. Experts—actuaries, doctors, friendly society leaders, industrial insurance companies—have applied all technical knowledge to its examination. The great scheme has stood the test of this rigorous and merciless criticism. Two years were given to its elaboration before it emerged to the public gaze. Outside its political sponsors, some of the best minds in the country were engaged in its construction through examination of all that could be learnt from experience abroad and at home. All who have assisted in the enterprise may feel some pride in the achievement; but the work could have been successfully accomplished by one man only, and the praise belongs to that one man alone.

Broad principles were laid down when the Bill was introduced, which were accepted by all the Parties in the State. These principles have never been seriously challenged. They have not been remotely shaken by the long and detailed discussion within the House of Commons and outside it. The only changes have been in the adjustment to these principles of the multifarious and complex organisations which exist at present in the region of sick insurance; and in the provision of special modifications to suit special classes of the community. For the great majority of the adult male working-class population the contributions remain the same, the benefits remain the same, the machinery of contribution and benefit remains practically the same at the passing of the Bill as on its introduction.

The broad principles have been these:—

1. That a national contributory and compulsory scheme of insurance should be provided for the advantage especially of the employed classes of the community, in which the benefits, which the workmen's contribution alone would be unable to provide, should be ensured by additional contributions from the employer and the State.

2. That the insurance scheme should be administered as far as possible by existing friendly societies and trades unions, supplemented by other societies essentially of a similar character, possessing the completest right of self-government compatible with some State supervision of State-collected funds. That compulsion, in other words, should only extend to the contribution; and that the method of application of that contribution and the management of the money thus supplied should be left as far as possible to the free choice of the contributors.

3. That those members of the community who to-day, on account of their increasing age, are debarred from any possibility of insurance, owing to the necessarily high premiums demanded from them, should find themselves, as far as practicable, by the use of Government help in no way worse off than the young and healthy members of society.

4. That the existing accumulated funds of the friendly societies and other sick benefit organisations, which will be released from their contract obligations by this process of "rejuvenation," should be used for the welfare of those members whose thrift has accumulated them and whose property they are.



5. That the benefits given in such an Insurance Bill should be of two kinds. (1st) A minimum benefit which could be guaranteed as a practicable business proposition by the best advice of skilled actuarial calculation—which all approved societies would be expected to offer; and (2nd) the utmost possible variety of additional benefits which societies could offer after experience has shown that prudent management, a low percentage of sick, or judicious investment of funds had rendered these additional benefits well within reach of their resources.

These five fundamental propositions having been accepted, the rest of the Bill follows by almost inevitable sequence. Given, *e.g.*, the determination to work through existing friendly societies and trades unions, there inevitably follows the problem of the residuum whom these societies will not accept: the loafer and undesirable on the one hand, the uninsurable life on the other. Given, again, the necessity of raising contributions from employers, and there arises the problem of the men with no employer and the men with many employers—the “cab-runner” and corner-man on the one hand, the outworker and intermittent charwoman on the other. Given the desirability of bringing into the scheme men of all ages for a contribution not beyond the means of the ageing, and there arises the problem of the creation of a great initial fund to pay the premiums appropriate to the age of men of advancing years—the problem, therefore, of withholding the full value of the State contributions to the younger members for a period of years until interest and sinking fund have wiped out the deficit. And, given the problem of medical benefit, medical attendance, and hospital treatment, there arises inevitably the controversy between the doctors and the friendly societies, and all the problems of contract practice, medical institutes, voluntary hospitals, which have been long agitating the medical world in connection with “club” practice, and which this Bill has fanned into a flame.

After the fullest discussion, however, in the House and outside it, the conditions in the Bill affecting the average artisan or laborer—perhaps 80 per cent. of the male population affected—remain to-day as yesterday. His payment is 4d. per week, his employer's 3d.: both deducted in the cheapest and most reasonable fashion possible, and paid in at intervals, through the Post Office, to any approved society which he chooses to join. It is not true, as has been stated, that the young man is paying for the old. It is true that the older man is receiving more advantage from the State contribution than the younger. But in 18½ years' time the whole of the initial deficit thus created will be paid off: and long before the younger men have reached the age when additional benefits are really needed, they will be receiving the full advantage of over six millions a year State subsidy, which until that date will have been engaged in liquidating that deficiency.

The numerous benefits given for this 4d. have been improved. They consist of medical attendance and free medicine; 10s. a week sick pay from the fourth day of sickness to the twenty-sixth week; 5s. a week for further sickness and for permanent breakdown; 30s. maternity payment for each child; free sanatorium and other suitable treatment for tuberculosis, available not only for himself, but also for the wife and child of the insured person.

The cost of each of these insurances has been calculated by the best expert advisers obtainable, and their figures have not been seriously challenged. As from the age of 16 for medical attendance and medicine (at an average of 6s. for each insured person) 1½d. per week; for temporary sick pay, nearly 2½d.; for permanent sick pay, ¾d.; for maternity benefit, ¾ of a 1d.; for sanatorium treatment, ¾ of a 1d.; 1d. is allowed for expenses of management; and a margin of less than ½d. per head left for contingencies—either for unexpected excess in any of these benefits, or, if no such excess occurs, for provision of additional benefits.

These additional benefits (which may be free if valuation at the end of three years shows available funds) offer a wide choice of alternatives: from medical

attendance to women and children, or a scheme of pensions earlier than 70, to a repayment of the money already deducted from wages, if the society thinks that 4d. a week is too much to ask of them.

The much controverted “9d. for 4d.” thus remains unchallenged. The boy entering at the age of 16 will immediately receive 7d. worth of insurance for 4d. In 18½ years' time (when he is 34, and the strain of sickness has scarcely begun) his insurance will go up to something like 9½d. for 4d. The man entering to-day at 30 will receive between 8d. and 9d. worth of insurance for 4d. The man of 40 will receive nearly 10½d. worth of insurance for 4d; the man of 50 well over 1s. worth, and the man of 55 nearly 1s. 6d. worth. So far, therefore, from the assertion that the strong are assisted at the expense of the weak, the insurance scheme provides that the young and strong shall receive at first but slight benefit from the State subsidy. The first charge is for the old, ageing, and weaker members: only when these have been provided for will the money gradually be available for the young and strong.

Speaking generally, in this great mass of millions of weekly wage-earning citizens, will lie the great success and popularity of the insurance scheme. The bulk of them have made themselves familiar with insurance principles, either through regular sick insurance, or the slate club, or the collecting societies and industrial companies (for death). A very large proportion of them are paying at least as much as the 4d. minimum of the State grant for benefits of far less value than the minimum offered by the Government scheme. All those at present members of societies with accumulated funds will find, not only those societies restored to triumphant solvency, but also a considerable sum, amounting in the aggregate to many millions, set free to provide them immediate additional benefits or to reduce their present contributions. In addition, all those at present uninsured of advancing age will find themselves credited with initial premiums, varying from a few shillings to many pounds, which will enable them to obtain benefits to-day hopelessly denied to them. There can be no doubt that in the agricultural villages, where insurance is almost a passion; amongst many trade unions, which hitherto have been unable to give any sick benefit at all and hence unable to keep their members from dropping out; and in all that flower of the working population from which at present the members of the friendly societies are drawn, it is only necessary for the Bill to be seen in working order to secure an enthusiastic approval.

The whole problem, indeed, which has given rise to so much discussion, and (in many cases) to conspicuous improvement, rises from variations from that normal—the fringes and odd trades and special and peculiar occupations which exist outside the main streams of normal weekly wage-earning. The Post Office Deposit Scheme will include three classes of persons. The first will be those who, from the nature of their employment or some other reason, deliberately choose the deposit principle in preference to the insurance principle; those, for example, who choose only to work for a certain portion of the year. The second will be those who are undesirables in various ways, who still are sufficiently “employed” to come under the scheme—loafers, cadgers, permanent drunkards, and the like. The third will be those who are already attacked with disease and who on that account are no more insurable than a house on fire. No one can estimate the proportion in aggregate of these three classes. The last will die out in a very short time: for after the first rush, fresh insured persons will come on at the age of sixteen, and hence be (in overwhelming majority) healthy, insurable lives. The whole class will probably be much smaller than is often estimated, owing to the competition between approved societies, which is certain to be a very keen one, and the advantage that an early or rapid death may provide (when full reserve value is provided) in part compensating for the risk of long illness. Improvement has been provided in the lot of the deposit contributor, in part by shortening of the initial waiting period to twenty-six weeks (which is the normal period), in part by the guarantee that on death



the outstanding proportion of his own contributions shall be paid to his next of kin. But it is recognised by all, that experience, and the classification that experience can give, are essential if any stable system is to be created. The whole system is therefore limited to three years, and must then automatically come up for re-examination. The experience of the Local Insurance Committees, in whose hands the interest of the deposit contributors is placed, will then be available, perhaps in connection with a measure of Poor Law Reform, to provide some scheme of separate treatment for the various classes of the residuum outside the main system of National Insurance.

The other difficulties have treated with special conditions and special classes, and have been for the most part happily overcome. The seamen have been provided with a separate fund, under a scheme which has the approval of both masters and men. The Army and Navy also come under a separate scheme, which offers in a special fund a new and welcome protection to the soldier hitherto discharged from the Army on sickness, unaided. The outworkers have presented a special difficulty, which has only been temporarily got over by the granting of the widest powers to the Commissioners to deal with them, to postpone dealing with them, or to deal in special ways with any special classes of them. They undoubtedly furnish the most difficult problem the Bill affords.

It is in the provisions affecting women that the greatest changes have been made, and the most substantial improvements effected. The most noteworthy of these is the retention of insured women who marry and cease to be employed, as voluntary members of the Fund, if they desire so to continue, with reduced payment (3d.), reduced State subsidy (1d.), and reduced benefits. A second is the alternative offered them on marriage, of two-thirds the full surrender value of their payments, to be paid out to them on maternity, or in times of distress. In each case one-third of that value is carried over marriage to permit them to return into insurance on attainment of widowhood, under the same conditions and with the same yearly payments as they paid immediately before marriage. Maternity benefit, equivalent to 30s., is also to be given to the working wives of insured persons. Changes in contributions at the lower end of the scale are also greatly to the advantage of women workers: 1d. per week being taken off the payments of those earning less than 12s. a week. Thus those earning from 12s. to 9s. will only pay 1d., and those earning less than 9s., no contribution at all.

Finally, in special cases sanctioned by the Commissioners, it has been decided that alternative benefits—pensions, payment for partial disablement, and the like—may be substituted for sick pay. This is designed specially to meet certain classes of clerks, shop assistants, and domestic servants.

The chief changes in machinery have been the steady exaltation of the functions and power of the Local Health Committees. They have greatly increased in number; doctors and others have been added to the elected representatives of the Friendly Societies, amongst the nominees of the local Councils and the Central Authority. The whole administration of the medical benefit has been thrown on to their hands, in addition to the sanatorium benefit, whose administration they originally possessed. They also possess the very important power of setting in motion the machinery which may mulct a defaulting authority or local landlord of money due to excessive sickness through remediable causes.

The one important question left for settlement is that of the doctors. The free choice from a panel has been given them; also representation on the Central and Local Insurance Committees; also the separation of medical treatment from dispensing. The question that remains is the terms that will be arranged between the Local Health Committees and the Local Medical Associations, in order that the doctors may come in as a profession with determined enthusiasm to make this Bill a new start in a great national health campaign. Undoubtedly the passing of this Bill must of necessity open

a new epoch in the history of medicine in this country, and an agreement which will bring in the medical profession as a whole, with determination to work it for combined prevention and cure, will open also a new epoch in the health of our working peoples.

Will it be popular? Will it fulfil the desires of its promoters? There are forces reared against it to-day, which to-morrow will have vanished like a cloud. There are forces which may rise against it to-morrow, which to-day are silent. It cannot hope to be popular with the small employers who employ perhaps many workmen at wages not much less than their own aggregate profits. Nor can it be popular with the larger employers, unless and until some similar experience to that of Germany has shown them the general advantage, in increased efficiency and increased standard of consumption of commodities, of a general rise in the national health. The domestic servant agitation will vanish as quickly as it arose as soon as the domestic servants understand what is offered them: for the appeals of the agents of the approved societies, each seeking to press the advantages of his own particular organisation, and offering tempting alternative benefits, will speedily overcome the fear of the "abominable friction," which, according to the Duke of Rutland, is going to be created between master and servant. No class—except the agricultural laborer—is more steady in occupation and less likely to fall into arrears; no class will find itself more eagerly sought after by friendly societies and others. Amongst the bulk of those who have hitherto insured, the Bill is destined to achieve an ever-increasing enthusiasm. Amongst many of the more casual and happy-go-lucky class, who have hitherto "cadged" medicine from out-patient hospitals or the irregular doles of charity, there may be resentment at this new charge of 4d. a week removed out of their own control and expended on ends they do not greatly desire. Amongst low-paid labor, with large families, again, especially in the towns—from, say, 17s. to 23s. per week—where every halfpenny of expenditure is carefully scrutinised, the extra 4d. a week may be felt as a heavy burden. But these, on the other hand, will enjoy a great boon when most needed in the full benefit of the maternity allowance, to which more affluent bachelors will be contributing. And among these, a whole year's contribution (17s. 4d.) will be nearly doubled by each maternity allowance of 30s. A baby a year would thus—without any of the other benefits—provide such a father with a net profit of 12s. 8d. per annum, payable just at the time when the family is most liable to sink below the poverty line. And even a baby every eighteen months would still give him a substantial margin of profit on this one benefit alone, quite apart from insurance, for his own doctoring, for sick pay, and for permanent breakdown.

Beyond these, the campaign against consumption should yield the most fruitful results. 300,000 persons are at present stricken with this dread malady. The average duration of life is five years; 60,000 perish from it yearly in the prime of life. This great multitude of persons coughing out their life in the darkness, a menace to the health of their children, is to-day the despair alike of private charity, of local health authorities, of all sick insurance societies. The average sickness of a friendly society member is less than three weeks a year; the average sickness of a consumptive friendly society member is over fifty weeks a year. For the first time in history the forces of the nation are to be mobilised to fight the plague. A million and a half (outside the fund) is devoted to building; more than a million annually (from the fund) for maintenance; with promise of further support from the Treasury in pound for pound for every contribution from local authorities. Here is not only an opportunity for relief of suffering, but for repair of economic waste. If, as we have reason to believe, the disease can be checked, stemmed, and finally destroyed, it is impossible to overestimate the increase, not only in the comfort, but in the actual practical efficiency, of the working population through this provision alone.

It is a great scheme, greatly conceived. It repre-

sents the first step in constructive social organisation upon which this nation has embarked: the note of a new time. It will demand, and it will receive constant small loosening and readjustments to meet contingencies which no prudence can foresee, and only practical experience can reveal. It is destined to become woven into the normal and natural working of the civilised State; a piece of ground definitely and permanently reclaimed from the morass of blind and helpless individual struggle against unavoidable calamity. We shall wonder in the days to come at the smallness and pettiness of much of the criticism which endeavored to delay its passage. We shall have contempt for the cowardice that hesitated between Yes and No; for the malignity that endeavored to stir up petty prejudice, and appealed always to personal selfishness; for the hypocrisy that approved in the daylight but struck against it in the dark. It emerges from the long battle, not unworthy of the title so freely lavished upon it, even by the opponents of its creator, when it first appeared; not as some cloud-vision of dreams, but here as realisable on this solid ground—"the greatest social reform ever presented to any Representative Assembly in the world."

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

## Life and Letters.

### THE CULT OF SUPERIORITY.

To the person of superior culture democracy has always offered an incomparable butt for criticism. The temptation is irresistible. To begin with, there is a spice of personal resentment due to the naïve contempt which the people displays for the self-complacent authority of culture. This *spreta injuria forma* is perhaps accompanied by some half-definite fears lest the people should smoke out the hostility to popular pretensions in the well-feathered nests of culture, and should begin to lay rude hands upon the sources of endowment and of patronage. To the man of highly trained intellect and refined sensibility who lives entirely among men and women of this quality, what can seem more ridiculous and more irrational than the claim of the whole people to manage its affairs? The people, having no accepted standards of discrimination, tend to proceed on an assumption of the equality of all men. This being so, they will be impelled to destroy the artificial inequalities of nobility, royalty, and inheritance, and to refuse recognition to all natural inequalities of strength, skill, character, or genius. They will be jealous of any claim that one man is "better" than another.

This equalitarian democracy, wishing to do everything itself, will steadily refuse to entrust its power to any class of persons who, by reason of their expert knowledge or their permanency of status, still walk independently of popular control. Now the great mob that constitutes a nation, though it would like to do everything itself, finds that this is impracticable, and that it must elect representatives to act for it. "It can elect men who resemble it closely, who follow its sentiments closely, who are, in fact, so nearly identical with itself that they may be trusted to do surely, instinctively, almost mechanically, that which it would itself do, if it were itself an immense legislative assembly." Such representatives will remember their makers, and will be faithful and servile creatures. The majority of the people are ignorant, capricious, incompetent themselves, and distrustful of the competence of others. The representatives will be the same. "The public is moved only by its passions," as Montesquieu contended. The representatives who make the laws and conduct the government will be moved by the same passions.

These inherent defects will, by an invincible logic, penetrate every sphere of government. The ignorance and prejudices of the people will mould all legislation. Neither the substance nor the drafting of laws will be the work of competent and independent minds. The representative will become the mere delegate, the recipient of "imperative mandates" from the electorate.

Permanent laws will more and more be felt as obstacles to the dominion of the current popular desires, and they will give place to emergency decrees. For there is something aristocratic in the very nature of permanent law, which imposes the will of the past upon the present, a control which democracy resents. The public and their representatives must see to it that their ministers and officials responsible for administering the laws shall not be men of known and tried efficiency, or men of independent judgment. For such men might thwart the will or passions of the people. Hence the irremovable independent official is repellent to democracy, and tends to be replaced by a shifting series of political nominees.

The administration of justice suffers a similar corruption. Magistrates must either become the party nominees of the districts where they sit, or else creatures dependent for permanency of office and advancement upon the party that wields from time to time the influence of the State. Democracy constantly moves towards a direct election of Judges.

Such is the central indictment which an eminent Frenchman, *littérateur* and philosopher, M. Faguet, formulates in a volume translated under the title "The Cult of Incompetence" (John Murray). But the consequence of this political corruption are pursued into various paths of private activity. Authority and superiority in every field of conduct will be hated and condemned. Old age is no longer respected: its authority is undermined by written books, its once reputed wisdom does not count to-day. Sound learning is disparaged in the professions, education is taken out of the hands of the parents, to be wielded by State-appointed schoolmasters, who, in France at any rate, are servile tools of local democracy. Morals and manners follow in the road to ruin, for all standards and traditions must go under. Libertinism is democratic; rudeness is democratic. How will this desperate race to perdition end? To this question M. Faguet gives no very intelligible answer in this volume. But in an earlier volume, which subjects Socialism to a similar criticism, he traces at some length the tendency here indicated with dogmatic brevity. Democracy, ever voracious, will swallow up all forms of individual enterprise, until it reaches a complete Socialism, which will then harden into a bureaucratic despotism, an administrative caste that will work the democratic machinery in its own interest and for its own corrupt ends.

We have left little space for criticising this perverse interpretation of the broadest tendency of social evolution. The witty logic of M. Faguet depends for its plausibility upon assumptions which exaggerate certain factors and ignore others. In the audacious title of his book he begs the whole question. The people does not worship incompetence; it is not destitute of reverence for tradition and authority; it does not seek to impose an ignorant and passionate will upon the various instruments of government, to rob all its representatives of independence and integrity, and to impose its momentary caprices upon the statute books, its passing emotions upon the administration of the laws. No doubt all these defects are present as actual or potential dangers of democracy; but they are not peculiar to democracy, and they are not predominant in democracy. M. Faguet bases his case upon a perverse appraisal of modern tendencies in France. A broader survey of popular self-government gives it no support. The people, no doubt, does not set sufficient value upon expert knowledge and training. But every democratic government is placing, not less, but more power in the hands of experts. The ordinary working-man elector is not an enemy of competency; he values it when he sees it. As the general standard of culture rises, he will value it more highly in the art of government, and when he recognises that it is wielded in his interests by men who are in sympathy with popular life, he will abate the note of suspicion which at present justly qualifies his faith. The populace at present only distrusts the power of highly-paid competent permanent experts because it is aware that these classes have little knowledge of or sympathy with the body of the people, and that this



knowledge and sympathy ought rightly to be taken into account in any assessment of governmental competency. This question of the safe use of experts is one of the crucial issues of democracy, not to be settled by the shallow condemnation of M. Faguet.

But the fault which sterilises most of M. Faguet's criticism is his assumption that the people is compact of ignorance and base passions, and that these qualities will rule in their name. The case for democracy does not chiefly rest, as is too often held, upon the repudiation of the dominion of class-interests in every narrower mode of government. It rests upon the conviction that in every community there is an instinct or impulse towards self-protection and self-development, which, though not fully conscious or intelligent, forms a current of collective wisdom, avoiding grave dangers, demanding redress of grievances, reforming laws and constitutions, and otherwise expressing the general will. The actual historical movement towards democracy is unintelligible without some such assumption. It is this collective will, seeking clearer self-consciousness, that moulds the experimental shapes of democratic institutions. Indeed, the secret belief in some such natural force pervades even the lamentations of such critics as M. Faguet. Their puerile proposals for escape or remedy betray their inner conviction of its inevitability. If their analysis were anything more than a caricature of certain growing pains of democracy, all talk of redress would, indeed, be idle. For not even to the most ingenious of reactionary Frenchmen can any enduring restoration of aristocracy or of cultured oligarchy appear plausible. But M. Faguet need not despair. There is an answer to his indictment. Democracy only appears as "a cult of incompetence" so long as cliques of scholars and of experts set up a "cult of superiority," and boast their incompetence to understand the nature of the people of whom they claim to be "the brain and conscience."

#### A PEOPLE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

Books have their destinies, and some are issued happy in the opportunity of their birth. For the last five years there has been little to record of Russia. Helpless depression succeeded her brief morning of hope, and the monotony of her gloom has been broken only by tortures, executions, incredible intrigues, inhuman debaucheries, and the death of her greatest son. There is a limit to man's capacity for horror. Interest and perception are dulled by its repetition; the general mind turns wearily at last from its contemplation, like a glutted vulture. Indignation and pity become unendurable, unless action can give them vent; and no audience will sit beyond the fifth act of a tragedy. So the European public grew sated with these chronicles of despair; it looked elsewhere for the stimulus of blood or alien grief, and newspapers cut down their correspondence from Moscow and St. Petersburg.

But just at the moment when all eyes are turned to Russia again—when the Russian Government, as England's plighted friend, is displaying once more the insinuating treachery, domineering violence, and hatred of national liberty that have always marked its foreign aggression, and is perpetrating an act of international infamy compared with which the Italian onslaught upon Tripoli is almost honorable and courageous—just at this moment, when interest in Russia's accustomed tyranny has revived, two conspicuous books upon the Russian people appear, and claim a hearing that might have been refused them a year ago. We refer to Mr. Stephen Graham's "Undiscovered Russia" (John Lane) and Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Russian People" (Methuen). They are entirely different in method. Mr. Stephen Graham gives us the impression of his casual wanderings as a kind of amateur tramp in the little-known provinces of Archangel and Vologda. He tells of life among the unvisited peasants in those lands of unvarying horizons, great forests, and slow-moving streams. Mr. Baring, on the other hand, has done what we always hoped he would do. On broad and mainly historic lines, he has

given us a picture of Russia as a whole—Russia as it has come to be, together with the origins of its being. No knowledge is taken for granted; the author starts from the rudiments of ignorance, and it is long since the English student of Russia has been given so clear and interesting a guide through the strangeness and contradictions of a country so unlike our own.

Both books are written with such intimate knowledge as foreigners can possess, and it is noticeable that both authors are touched with a certain aversion towards political progress and what we mean by "enfranchisement." Mr. Graham is frankly reactionary. He idolises Russian life as it is, and would not have it changed. He has a more than Ruskinian horror of advancing civilisation, and always speaks with pitying contempt of the Russian martyrs to liberty:—

"Let us pray God," he writes, "to strengthen the hands of the Tsar and of all reactionaries, and continually to replenish them with the old wisdom! It is sad to think of tyrannical oppression, of young men or women executed or exiled. But think of the danger inherent in the oppressed and in the thoughts of these men and women. Think what they are ready for—ready to rush into all the errors of the West, ready to rebuild the slums, ready to give the sweet peasant girls to the streets, ready to build a new Chicago, ready to make London an exemplar of blessedness."

To such exculpation of the most hideous tyranny now existing in the world will the sentimental love of the picturesque drive an amiable gentleman! The present writer can only reply that, with a wide knowledge of the cities of three continents, he has never seen slums so appalling as in Moscow, or prostitution so brutalised as in Russian towns.

Mr. Baring is also touched with a fashionable disdain for political freedom, and for the men and women who sacrificed body and soul to win it in Russia. There is a tiny clique of London writers who affect this kind of thing, probably because they have never known oppression themselves, or felt any public emotion for which they would sacrifice a little finger. Mr. Baring has frequently before made light of political progress, contrasted with the social and intellectual freedom that one certainly finds in Russia and cannot rate too highly. In the present book, his dislike of revolutionaries, their methods, and aims, is, perhaps, a little mitigated, and, in spite of a nature to which everything implied in Liberalism appears violently distasteful, he is willing to admit a certain advance towards constitutional liberty, and even to commend it. But the disputed questions of politics do not occupy his book. It is, as he calls it, an account of the Russian people, and in its main outlines his picture agrees very closely with the more personal and vivid sketches of Mr. Graham. Especially the two volumes agree in one point: the almost immeasurable difference between the Russian Government and the Russian people.

"It is a strange contrast," says Mr. Graham, "—the hospitality of the Russian in his home and the callousness of an official in his office." The sentence comes after a characteristic story of a father who spent weeks on the doorsteps of officials two years ago, trying to find out where his son was or what had happened to him, and no one took the trouble to tell him that his son was already hanged. The extreme divergence between governed and governors shows itself politically, as Mr. Baring frankly admits:

"The moment you get true representation (without pressure) you get nothing but extreme Radicals and revolutionaries; because the great majority of Russians are simply and solely 'agin the Government'."

But it is not only a political difference; it is a difference of heart and soul. Mr. Baring is inclined to think "plasticity," versatility, or suppleness of mind is the main characteristic of Russians, and certainly their versatility of intellect and their suppleness in social life are almost excessive. But, for our part, we should have chosen sympathy as their distinctive quality, especially in comparison with the English. We believe that no people in the world are so quickly and deeply sympathetic. The sympathy is an imaginative understanding of the feelings of other men, women, and



animals. It is the root of the astonishing Russian politeness, the wide hospitality, the brotherly friendliness that exists between all classes down to the muddiest peasants. It may show itself in joy, but most naturally in pity. Throughout the Russian people, pity appears to be universal and inexhaustible. They figure even their Christ as lame, so that pity may be increased. Towards beggars, criminals, and all the unhappy, the first instinctive feeling is pity. It may spring in part from the general peril and sorrow of life. Not untaught in sorrow, they learn to succor the unhappy. The Anglican Church condescends to pray for all prisoners and captives, but how many in our suburban churches are capable of imagining what imprisonment and captivity mean? The Russian knows. Arising from the strange comradeship of Russian life—a comradeship in peril, in endurance, and the hard struggle against the rigors of nature—comes a peculiar sensibility, evident in all Russian art as in daily intercourse. If it is possible to overdo the sensitiveness of fellow-feeling, the Russians go to excess.

And the Government of this singularly gentle and sympathetic people is probably the most callous, tyrannical, and bloodthirsty officialdom now existing anywhere in the world! Mr. Graham thinks the official brutality arises from fear, and, no doubt, it is hard to exaggerate the cruelty to which fear will drive. But the character of the Government has been, we think, too fixed and persistent to be derived from fear alone; for terrorism has not yet reached middle-age, and the foulest oppressions, such as flogging men and women for taxes, have been exercised upon peasants from whom there was nothing to fear. We rather attribute it to the prolonged existence of uncontrolled officialdom established over a people too tame in submission. When once the official atmosphere is created, nothing short of political and social hurricanes seems able to stir or purify it. The better self of men who enter it even from the ranks of intellectual and, perhaps, revolutionary students is rapidly stifled. Within a year or two they will commit acts and execute orders that would have appeared hideous crimes before. As Tolstoy said, even the most Liberal of them are ensnared in the nets laid by Government. Nor is it in Russia alone that the same process fulfils itself. When once the habit of officialdom is established, it remains uncriticised, almost unnoticed. Under its stress people do things they would not dream of doing as ordinary men. When some escaped slaves lately reached an African island, probably every human soul there would gladly have given them refuge; but the officials of Government handed them back to slavery, perhaps to a cruel death. When persecuted refugees arrive on these shores, our officials return them to persecution, unless they can show money; but there are millions of English people who would take pity on them if they saw them face to face. Few judges would themselves hang the man they condemn; fewer still would scourge him, no matter what his deserts might be. Things are done officially, and because the official habit is established, it escapes first-hand criticism, and it is always likely that a man stands on a lower grade as an official than as himself.

So it comes about that so many Governments are different from the people they are supposed to represent, and usually worse. It may be true that each nation gets the Government it deserves; but when we see the Government, we must always make some allowance, and recognise that the people are probably better than that. Consider, for instance, the representative diplomats gathered together at some Hague Conference, all eager to serve their country by doing the least possible for the cause of peace. We must not necessarily conclude that the actual people in those various nations are clamoring for war. Governments and officials have rarely any close connection with peoples, nor do they reflect their characters. At the worst, the divergence, the positive opposition, may be as extreme as in the case of the present Russian autocracy, or as in old France when the monarch boasted himself the State. It is because fine races, like the Russian, appeal from external laws and habituated officers to the primal decrees of a righteous-

ness whose kingdom is not of this world, that they have been able to preserve the distinction of their sympathetic nobility, no matter how shamelessly their Government may misrepresent them.

### PIERROT.

THERE is so much to say about Pierrot that one does not know where to begin. For instance, Pierrot makes one think of Goldoni, and one rummages among one's shelves in vain. The only book one lays one's hand upon is a collection of "Commedie Scelte." They are very select indeed. The editor says, apologetically (sometime about 1801), that the Venetians, for whom Goldoni wrote, greatly delighted in hearing their own dialect, "il loro gergo."

"Il celebre Autore è stato costretto per accomodarsi al genio della sua Patria, di scrivere alcune parti in gergo Veneziano, come quelle dell' Arlecchino, Pantalone, Brighella, ed altre."

He goes on to say that he has chosen only the comedies "scritto in mero e netto Italiano." But the true Goldoni comedies, like "Le Chiozzote Baruffe," are written in Venetian. "Beautiful Goldoni," Carlyle somewhere says; yes, indeed; who would not rather have been Goldoni than Carlyle?

Pierrot, as far as his nationality is concerned, is certainly a Venetian. He belongs to the delightful troupe of the "Commedia dell' Arte," Arlecchino, Pantalone (this is Pantaloon, let us always remember the Saints—they are at the bottom of everything—that San Pantaleone, whose brow an angel wiped during his torment): they are all Venetians. But out of all this troupe, let us think of Pierrot himself. His story has recently been told delightfully in a little book, published by Messrs. Herbert and Daniel ("The Story of Pierrot," by S. R. Littlewood). We all know Pierrot, the white boy, the infinitely attractive, touching figure, one of the most appealing figures surely which has ever flitted across the imagination of man. What an extraordinary degradation nigger minstrels are! The writer remembers a little girl who always spoke of a troupe of Pierrots as "the white niggers." Ah, Venetian poverello, amid the black crowd, white-souled Pierrot!

Before he was christened, Mr. Littlewood tells us, as an ancient Roman player, he was a mime, performing in dumb show. He would make great play with his hands, no doubt—with all his thumbs and fingers, pollice, indice, medio, quarto, mignolo. How full Dante is of the play of thumbs and fingers! ("Ombre mostrommi e nominolle a dito" [Inf. v., 68] and "mi posi il dito su dal mento al naso" [Inf. xxv., 45].) But all this Southern play of gesture would be nothing compared with the changing expression of his mobile, sensitive, suffering face. The writer remembers his first play. He was about eleven, and was staying at Brighton with good, kind, hospitable friends. He saw Phelps, then in extreme old age, as Cardinal Wolsey. A somewhat convivial and hilarious uncle conducted him to the theatre with his own children. We sat in the pit, and ate oranges, the uncle and the writer, and Maude and Frank. We saw that great genius, and also a ranting, spangled troupe that thrilled our souls. There must indeed have been something delightfully restful in the old well-known troupe of characters appearing in endlessly new and diversified situations—Arlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, Pierrot: this last the most sympathetic of them all. In Molière he appears as "a country lad." He is generally called "Gilles" in old French plays. To us, also, "Giles" seems an admirable name for him, and Columbine should be called "Barbara." He walked out with her seven years and a half; this was the happiest time of his life. We do not forget his many escapades, but we always see him with a shining fidelity in his dark eyes.

Yes, one loves Pierrot, the country lad, honest and kindly, with butterfly thoughts and a heart of gold. He is something of a simpleton. He is sure to get into trouble, but to him everything will be forgiven; he is a little "soft," "un grand Nicodème," as they said in old France, of course from the words of the Gospel

about Nicodemus, "an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." He, indeed, is guileless, he thinks little about the main chance, he is by no means the up-to-date, wide-awake young man. He is shy, naïve, artless, wistful; unkind people might say he is not quite all there. The butterfly thoughts often remain in the chrysalis stage, and this from his earliest days. Yet from a boy Pierrot was a player of pranks. It was he who pinned the Knave of Hearts to the tail of Uncle Pyke's brown roquelaure ("rockielow," the old gentleman called it who lately told us the tale) as he sallied forth, according to his invariable custom, to attend the Wednesday evening service in the Baptist Chapel in Old Bridge Street. But Pierrot was never the mere heartless jester. He was never the egoist that women worship; he was always something of a cry-baby, a creature of quickly changing hopes and fears; he suffered when flouted by Columbine.

Spite of his long dumbness, Pierrot became the "fante," as Italians call the knave at cards, the speaking being, the "essere parlante," in one word "the man." What an unknown depth of shy, sensitive life goes on under the visible exterior of the "knave," the "valet," the "man"! Human life, with its grotesque pathetic fortunes, was continually presented to the sympathy of gentle and simple, by the strolling comedians and puppet players. They roamed the roads of the world, they played in market towns, Cervantes and Santa Teresa met them on their dusty journeys. There is no work greater than the quickening of human sympathy, the strengthening of human vision. This is the work of strolling players, burattini, fantoccini, puppet plays.

Only Hans Andersen can duly write of Pierrot. In Andersen's tales the moon looks down on Courts and Kings and cities, and on Pierrot lying awake and sighing for Columbine. In our own time we feel there is a spirit astir that is not friendly to Pierrot, nor to Punch and Judy. Stern, incessant warfare is waged by Boards of Guardians and by County Councils old-world-customs, on many simple, spontaneous, natural human things. The writer takes up the daily papers at random. He reads:—

"The Bury St. Edmunds Town Council has decided that Christmas 'waits' shall not be allowed to play in the streets after 1 a.m., and to instruct the police to put down the nuisance of children singing from door to door."

On the next page we find an old man summoned for crying "Firewood!" in the street, and another for shouting "Shrimps!" and "Celery!" Both these delinquents were fined.

It will go hard, one fears, with Punch and Judy, with what remains of all the characters of the "Commedia dell' Arte," with Arlecchino, Pantalone, Brighella, Spavento, with the Doctor of Bologna, with Columbine and Pierrot, at the hands of all these people dressed in a little brief authority. The bigots of our time have called their harmless art a crime. There is a list of books printed at the end of the delightful little sketch of which we have been speaking, illustrating the great humane tradition of amusement, handed on from age to age, which we are tempted to quote entire. We will mention only one, published in 1838, the "Memoirs of Grimaldi," by Charles Dickens. Goldoni, Andersen, Dickens,—how they all loved the things now being hustled from the world, the things which we shall remember when we are so old that we have forgotten the Psalms.

#### NEAR THE STARS.

ASTROPHILUS is by temperament a keen lover of nature. A field of flowers is an unlimited delight to him, he knows all the birds and can give them their call-notes, there is not a butterfly that he cannot name, even in the disguise of the caterpillar; and he lives in the midst of one of the murkiest slums looking after the bodies and, less ostentatiously, after the souls of the dirtiest and most broken particles of humanity. We commiserated him lately on having a lot so very far removed from all the

sweetnesses of a natural life, and he said, "When I go out on the roof I am just as near the stars as anyone else."

So whenever and wherever, by land or sea, we look up at the compelling beauty of the stars, we think of Astrophilus, close at the beck and call of broken men, snatching a moment to ascend to his roof and be as near the pageant of Heaven as we are. On the road that the Romans laid along the high limestone ridge, we think we must have more than our due hemisphere of sky; it seems to hold a greater volume than usual of the immense night silence, and the suspense of the myriad moveless stars lays an almost physical hold on us. We are not so very far away from earth either. To North and West on the plain below, two little galaxies twinkle as though two very spare handfulls of stars had been thrown there. To mere eyesight there is no difference between the brightest light in either town five miles away and that of Sirius up in the Southern sky. Yet every man, however untaught, knows that the stars are infinitely far away, and it is that knowledge that gives us delight and inspiration when we look at their particular form of night illumination.

We often wonder just how far away the plain countryman, who has never met an astronomer, would put the stars. Certainly, one of the most marvellous stories of human ingenuity that he lacks is that which tells of the precise measurement of celestial distances. It is one of the many marvels of astronomy opened up to the preliminary wonder of the reader in the little Home University Library volume on "Astronomy," written by Mr. A. R. Hinks (Williams & Norgate). Not the least fascinating chapter is that which deals with the measuring of the distance of the sun by means of parallax from Eros, a ten years' international labor in which Mr. Hinks took the prominent part.

As we walk along our limestone ridge, we go not many yards before we see that some of the lights of the town at right angles with the road shift behind others. That is the kind of happening to which the astronomer gives the hard name of parallax. It evidently gives us the opportunity of measuring in terms of a line taken along the road the distance of the town. But how far must we walk before the stars shift? The earth revolves under us at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, yet we know that it is preposterous to hope that any instrument could measure the change in the relative position of two stars between the beginning and the end of the night. We are whirled annually round a path that takes us to the end of a line a hundred and eighty million miles long in each six months, and still no change takes place in the arrangement of any star cluster. The belt of Orion is stretched just as tight and straight, the jewels in the sword occupy the same relative position, the heavens present no evidence that we have moved an inch.

We must fall back on the planets. It is as though we had to measure the distance of our town by the time it took an owl to fly past it. Like that, with many complications. The earth we stand on is twirling, not round its own centre, but, thanks to the moon, round the centre of the two gravities; it is also travelling in its orbit at the rate of one million five hundred thousand miles a day; the planet observed has a similar motion of its own, determined by many causes, each of which must be allowed for. Venus has an atmosphere which makes her transit of the sun very hard to note, the red light of Mars is equally disturbing, and so the last measurements, hoped to be correct within 300,000 miles, had to be taken by means of Eros, a very minor member of our system, not discovered until 1898. He was caught in a favorable position in the winter of 1900, measured and photographed in his course from observatories all over the world, and the angle of his parallax announced, after ten years' study, in 1910. It does not run into degrees, fifteen or upwards, with which the ordinary man could deal within a degree or so, but it is somewhere about the four-hundredth part of a degree worked to the third decimal point of a second. Thus: Solar parallax from Eros =  $8''.806$ .

We must not dwell longer on our own tiny solar system,



though the wonders of its examination are by no means exhausted. It is interesting to remember that our day is increasing in length at the rate of one two-hundredth part of a second per century, that the day and the month will some day be of equal length, each fifty-five times as long as the present day, and that thereafter the moon will come back to the earth and touch it. But what may not happen to us from the illimitable starry distances before then? What is there yet to learn outside our little system, which is but a grain of sand in the flung Sahara of the skies? If the sun's distance from us (92,830,000 miles) be represented on a map as one inch, the nearest star is on the same scale, four miles away. And the other stars, says Mr. Hicks, "will be scattered at somewhat greater distances apart." If two of them should approach one another at the combined rate of four hundred million miles a year, they would not collide within fifty thousand years.

Yet some watchers of the heavens think that they have seen the unimaginable catastrophe of two stars in collision. Some thought it when suddenly, in 1901, a new light appeared in the constellation Perseus. On February 20th, the group was as it had been for probably millions of years. Twenty-eight hours later, "Nova Persei" had leapt from obscurity, and was about half as bright as the Pole Star. It must have increased in that short interval at least four thousand times. In another day-and-a-half it was the brightest star in the northern sky, but by June it had gradually disappeared again.

Who is to account for the stars, whether fixed or unchanging, or the well-known variables of which Nova Persei may be only an extreme example? We know nothing about them—except what they are made of. There is indeed a magic of science or of nature: that by looking at a star a hundred billion miles away we can tell what substances it is composed of. That well-known instrument, the spectroscope, which performs this marvel, is coming into a tremendous kingdom among the stars. Stars that are double, but not so to the telescope, betray themselves to the spectroscope as one partner recedes and the other advances in their perpetual waltz. It is not necessary that their constitutions should be different, for the astronomer's spectroscope registers speed of light as well as quality. It gave one of the methods of measuring the solar distance, and produced a result little different from that of the parallax. It presents us with the fact that the sun is moving towards the constellation Lyra at the rate of twelve miles a second.

Perhaps the double stars, and they are very numerous, do prove that stars, far scattered as they are, often collide. Professor Bickerton says that it is "certain that a very large number of the double stars did actually originate from the grazing impact of suns." Still more complicated are the clusters of stars, so thickly assembled that they appear to be thousands in one wide mass. We are allowed to believe that they are as near to one another as they seem. We may think anything of the nebulae which present us with one of the most beautiful types of sky photography. There is a splash of thin white whirled into a volute seen in perspective against the void, and the arms of the volute are "studded along their length with bright knots that look as if the nebulous stuff were there condensing into stars." Other nebulae are to our best telescopes pure mist without form. A thousand million suns like ours would scarcely supply the material for the Orion nebula, which, in the form of lightest gas, occupies a space equal to a million millions of suns. Human capacity for accumulating figures is great, yet the shepherd who counts his flock with pebbles may stand as near the stars as anyone else.

## Art.

### ALFRED STEVENS.

It is by now generally admitted that Alfred Stevens is the only British sculptor of first-rate power that arose

in the nineteenth century. He was certainly treated in the approved manner of that time in that he was only once called upon to execute an important public work. The steady growth of his posthumous fame is also quite in the tradition, as is the final apotheosis of blessing by the members of the Royal Academy, who would have none of him while he lived. The neglect of Stevens would prove, if proof were needed for the paradoxical truism, that our Academy is not academic, for if ever there was one, Stevens was an Academician. The present admirably arranged loan exhibition of his works at the Tate Gallery brings this out more forcibly than ever. With one or two possible exceptions, there is nothing here which implies more than a glorified eclecticism. Everything, it is true, from the earliest copies of impossible early Victorian prints and pictures down to the latest and most masterly constructions, is stamped with the unmistakable quality of Stevens's personality. Everything has the peculiar cleanness, clearness, and roundness, combined with sharp precision, which we associate with him. He has a style, the most assured and personal style, not in any sense a mere trick or mannerism, and yet he seems to have been almost entirely without creative power. His passion was the passion of the stylist, the passion for saying the appropriate thing in the most perfect manner. We usually associate rhetoric with the idea of a certain florid exuberance of manner, and so to call Stevens a rhetorician would seem almost shocking; but if we divest it of this idea which is not essential to it, he must surely count as a fine rhetorician, the most restrained, the most scholarly rhetorician, one gifted with almost impeccable taste but still a rhetorician, one whose interest in what he says comes almost exclusively from his delight in the art of presenting it.

It is perhaps an instinctive consciousness of the danger of this attitude for the artist that makes great artists insist so constantly on the need for the study of nature, feeling that if you go to nature you will be forced to interest yourself in the matter and not only the manner. This is not true, and Stevens shows by his innumerable masterly studies from the nude that it is possible to use nature merely to help out the details of a preconceived stylistic formula. If they said that the artist must go to life they would be right, for it is only from his direct contact with life that the artist can draw real inspiration. Stevens's reaction was to art, and not to life. Blake, who was notoriously indifferent to the study of natural appearance, was none the less vividly occupied with life, and the result is that while Stevens created important and satisfactory works of art, Blake created a new world. If Stevens's talents had been properly used, we should have had many monuments which would have given us pleasure and gratification at the sight of appropriate and sober artistry; if Stevens had never lived, the world would have been substantially the same place; whereas if Blake had never lived, our idea of the national character would have to be changed, the spiritual history of mankind would have been poorer.

With this reservation, then, that it is only a matter for that small section of the world that concerns itself with the way to produce a work of art, and does not signify to the world at large or affect its future, one can have nothing but praise and admiration for Stevens's work. In an age of utterly depraved taste, his was almost unimpeachable. Now and then in some minor work of decorative art the slim elegance of mid-Victorian manners infects his mind, but it is only for a moment, and the next thing will be as pure as Giuliano di Sangallo could have made it.

It is impossible not to admire the extraordinary certainty of instinct by which Stevens gathered his material from various sources of the Italian Renaissance, mixing Quattrocento and Cinquecento forms, and blending them into an amalgam peculiarly expressive of his tastes and predilections. In the Dorchester House mantelpiece, a cast of which is now permanently added to the Tate Gallery, he follows Donatello, Desiderio, and Michaelangelo without our feeling any sense of confusion at the mixed manner. His main forms belong to



the earlier masters, but the cleanness and sharpness of relief of his mouldings is borrowed from Michaelangelo, as is the mass and salience of his figures. In his drawings he follows Andrea del Sarto, but with a more sculptural grasp of relief, with less of pictorial ease. But nearly everywhere the same preoccupation with style is apparent. Of the Duke of Wellington, for instance, he forms no deeply conceived or penetrating idea; he takes the usual current notion of the great man, and then casts it into a mould of admirable coherence and unity. We feel at once satisfaction at its remarkable adequacy and appropriateness, but in a moment we realise that it contains no revelation, no power to stimulate the feelings or the intellect.

The resemblance of Stevens to Raphael is very striking. For Raphael built up his very personal style by just such a process of ingenious and tasteful eclecticism, only when confronted with a human being posed before him he did manage to throw aside rhetoric and reveal a clearly imaged reality. Stevens also is nearer to some contact with life in his portraits, though he never became as sensitive to character as Raphael. The portraits vary very much in the extent of their inspiration. The beautiful "Mrs. Coleman" seems to me mainly stylistic, and even the "Morris Moor," perfect as it is in its way, does not go deeply into the essentials of character; the unfinished "Mother and Child" comes to closer grip with life, but by far the strongest sense of creative power comes out in the oddly accidental and momentary "Artist in his Studio."

Here, indeed, something in the oddity of the placing, the *gaucherie* of the figure in its relation to the background, the way in which he is, as it were, dumped down in front of us, does produce a sense that the whole presented itself to the artist with the close texture of a vision; was not merely put together, but came together with a flash. Something of the same sense comes to me from the unfinished water-color sketch of a "Canal in Venice," where the placing and arrangement create a definite air-filled space.

It goes without saying that Stevens's painting has the same distinction of supreme scholarship as his sculpture. No other British artist of the time used paints with such fine sensibility to quality and perfection of surface. If one were to give marks for separate merits in painting, there is no examination that Stevens would not pass, which brings us back, after all, to the fact that he was the greatest Academician of the nineteenth century.

ROGER FRY.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "THE DEAN'S DEFENCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The criticism of the Dean of St. Paul's lectures on "The Co-operation of the Church with the Spirit of the Age," which has appeared in the last issues of THE NATION, must strike those who heard the lectures as exceedingly wide of the mark. As was natural, the daily papers, considering the press of other matter, were unable to give a full report of the lectures, and selected those portions which were most likely to attract attention, and lent themselves most easily to quotation. But to those who were privileged to hear the whole, these passages were by no means the most interesting or important. Taken by themselves, they give no idea of the real meaning of the Dean's teaching, which in its wide, philosophic range, strove to treat the questions of the day in their relation to the great movements of the thought of the ages. In his own words, his desire was to get his hearers "to take long views." It is impossible for a short report to give any idea of the wealth of brilliant epigram and suggestive thought in the lectures, stimulating alike to those who differed and to those who agreed. I would ask those who did not hear the Dean to wait to criticise till they are able to read all that he said. All who heard him are equally anxious that he should consent to publish the lectures.

May I say in conclusion that the choice of subject was

not the Dean's, and that, in taking the subject suggested to him, he kindly fell in with the wishes of the Women's Diocesan Association?—Yours, &c.,

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

Vice-President of the Women's Diocesan Association.  
Hampton Court Palace.

December 2nd, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against the charge of "gross unfairness" brought against my friend, the Rev. John A. Grant, by your correspondent, "Amicus Curie"? Mr. Grant is an unbeneficed clergyman in the Church of England, a man who has never hesitated to express his convictions in uncompromising terms, and a man who, both in the East-end of London and elsewhere, has acquired a practical knowledge of the working classes whom Dean Inge so basely slanders. Dean Inge has been a pupil and a Master at Eton, a Don at Oxford and Cambridge, and for a few years Vicar of the fashionable Church of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. I leave it to your readers to decide which of the two can speak with more authority about the working classes, and whether it requires more courage for a curate to criticise a dean, or for a don to wait until he is a dean before giving utterance to views which deny the brotherhood of man, the essential principle underlying the Incarnation.

"Amicus Curie" tells us that "political and theological liberalism do not always go together," and implies that a man who is liberal in the one direction has acquired so great a stock of merit that he should be immune from criticism in the other. But why should Dean Inge's denial of what many Churchmen (wrongly, I believe) regard as essential Christian verities, close our mouths when he commits a breach of elementary Christian charity? To me there are few sights more contemptible than an ecclesiastic who, from the comfort of a secure benefice, tells the working men and women from whose labor his income is derived that Christ "regarded a simple sufficiency as the most favorable condition." Dean Inge—I quote from the "Daily News" report—warns the Church against "making the most of the obviously socialistic leanings of her Founder," and sneers at the "younger clergy" for "tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be appointed Court Chaplain to King Demos." There could be no more unworthy falsehood than the latter insinuation, or no clearer demonstration that Mr. Grant is right when he says the dean is guilty of Pharisaic self-deception, or is doing what he knows to be the popular thing among the classes from whom he has most to expect.

As for your own attitude towards the Church of England, which seems to irritate several of your correspondents, I can assure them that the few clergy who have at heart the welfare of the masses are in hearty sympathy with your strictures. The fact is that Mammon has got the Church in so close a grip that were it not for such criticisms as those you make, the position of these clergy would be intolerable, and they would be frozen out.

To illustrate the attitude of the majority of Church of England parsons towards the democracy, I quote from a letter appearing in the "Guardian" for November 17th, under the heading, "The Prayer for Parliament."

"I am glad to see this matter ventilated in your columns. I suppose we are all absolutely agreed that 'Parliament wants praying for.' But, at the same time, the use of the Parliament Prayer becomes increasingly difficult under a Government like the present one. I allude especially to the words 'by their endeavors.' How can we use those words honestly under the present circumstances? If, in God's good providence, 'all things' are to be 'so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations,' &c., we know that it will not be so 'by their endeavors,' but in spite of their wicked and malicious endeavors to the contrary. The House of Lords is, for all practical purposes, destroyed, the House of Commons is gagged, in order that the wreckers of the Constitution and the implacable foes of the Church in the Cabinet may do their utmost to ruin the country."

"I am rector of one church and assistant-priest in another; in the former I never read the Parliament Prayer; in the latter I am compelled to, but can never say those words 'by their endeavors' without a squirm."

—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) A. W. EVANS.

Bedford Park, December 5th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“Amicus Curie” says the utterances of the Dean of St. Paul’s imply “some courage.” What I want to know is, how much? That is the whole point, to which I am glad “Amicus Curie” sticks. But in the statement of his friend, what penalties does the brave Dean dare to risk? The majority of the clergy (allowing there is a majority thus minded, which I deny) will feel just as “Amicus Curie” feels—i.e., they will express a polite academic dissent from the Dean’s views about “the labor movement.” But even as “Amicus Curie” doesn’t feel any less real respect for the Dean, so we can surely eliminate any righteous indignation as a penalty incurred. Next, as to the upper-class and middle-class lot. According to “Amicus Curie,” their deadly vengeance will express itself thus: “Too crude; not as judicious in his championship as we could wish.” If the Dean’s knees knock together at these terrific phrases, “some courage” is hardly the set form of words with which to describe his spiritual attitude. But, after all, there is the consuming fire of the anger of the Liberal Machine that made him Dean. What does that amount to? His “utterances can hardly commend themselves”!

If this is “some courage,” pray what height of heroism do I use when I enter a taxi-cab, walk down Euston Road, or join in a Suffragette procession? For I have been booed at for walking with the Suffragettes; I do endanger life and limb when I take a taxi; and I do risk losing my purse when I brave the perils of Euston Road. And to not one of these risks does the Dean of St. Paul’s render himself liable when he interprets the labor movement to-day as being out for looting capital, and denies the Incarnation by repeating the modern heretical interpretation of Christ’s words, “My Kingdom is not of this world,” in the sense that the Christian religion is a purely spiritual affair. If the democracy had power, if the democracy had faith in the Church (and how should they have it when Dean Inge interprets its Christianity?), they would, in an Ecclesiastical Court representing God’s workers and not the devil’s idlers, drive Dean Inge out of the democratic Church of Christ, in which he does not believe.—Yours, &c.,

(Rev.) JOHN A. GRANT.

December 7th, 1911.

P.S.—I wish “Amicus Curie” would give his name and address. If he happens to be a poor curate who has sacrificed chance of promotion for the sake of democracy, it would rather add strength to his defence.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The correspondence in your issue of December 2nd well brings out the point that Dr. Inge’s appointment as Dean of St. Paul’s is due to the Liberal Government, and cannot be laid at the door of the Church; but his utterances this week, as reported in the “Daily News” of December 2nd, seem to show that the new Dean does not even profess to be a follower of Christ, but has come out into the open as an official representative of the powers that be. He attacks the Church for “insidiously” making “the most of the obviously socialistic leanings of her Founder”! He gives up, that is to say, Christian ethics as an outworn fallacy, and would substitute the new gospel of “Eugenics,” though it is unfair to give the noble name of “Eugenics” to the doctrine of the “Herodians,” rather than to that of the “Magians.”

Dr. Inge goes on to tell us that the pig makes the sty, and so we suppose the tiger makes the tropical jungle, and the Polar Bear the Arctic floe!

This is the teaching of what Dr. Inge calls “Christianity,” in distinction, we presume, from the mistaken views of its Founder. It is a strange combination of ignorance of science with moral hardness and mental obliquity; but, whatever else it may be, it is most certainly not Christianity, nor yet the teaching of the English Church, which does not forget in its formularies our duty to our neighbor.—Yours, &c.,

December 6th, 1911.

ANGLICAN.

## “THE NATION” AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to support the Rev. F. E. Hutchinson’s appeal to *THE NATION* to treat the Church more justly? As a Liberal, I should like to point out to you the unwisdom of alienating Liberal Churchmen at a time when it is so difficult for a Churchman to be a Liberal, and to ask you, for the sake of the “righteous remnant,” to vary your blame with a little praise. As a Nonconformist, I deprecate your attitude towards the Church, because I think it is bound to widen the breach already existing between Nonconformity and the Church, and so to put yet another obstacle in the way of religious unity.—Yours, &c.,

A. T. L. G.

Cheltenham, December 1st, 1911.

[We cannot have made our point of view clear; but it is, and always has been, that of strong support for Liberal Churchmanship.—ED., *NATION*.]

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The identification of the Liberal Party with Nonconformity, or with those who, from whatever cause, have a quarrel with the Church of England, is to some of us a depressing sign of the times. It is for this reason that we, Liberal Nonconformists by birth and conviction, heartily endorse the Rev. F. E. Hutchinson’s letter appearing in your current issue.

In view of this tendency, it seems to us deplorable, as well as unjust, that *THE NATION* should adopt an attitude which may very well alienate Liberal Churchmen from the Liberal Party.

May we respectfully suggest that the Welsh Church question is one in which *THE NATION* may give a lead to Liberal opinion by holding the balance evenly between that peripatetic politician, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and the irrepressible Leader of the Welsh Party?—Yours, &c.,

DUUMVIRI.

North Norfolk, December 2nd, 1911.

## THE CENSORSHIP AND THE LABOR PARTY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Dropping by chance into the House of Commons on Friday last to listen to the debate, my patience in sitting through three tedious divisions was rewarded by hearing Mr. Robert Harcourt on the subject of the Censorship of the Drama.

Speaking on the motion for adjournment, and therefore naturally against time, Mr. Harcourt made a spirited, succinct, and eloquent attack on the institution generally, and on Mr. Brookfield’s appointment in particular. He was supported by a fellow-Liberal, and Mr. McKenna gave, for a Minister, a not unsympathetic reply.

But where was the Labor Party? The solitary representative of this party, which claims to represent one-third of the electors, was Mr. Charles Duncan, their Junior Whip, and half-way through Mr. Harcourt’s speech, he got up and strode out of the Chamber. “Then there was none.”

Now, I can understand certain stodgy members of the party—the Hodges, the Wilkies, &c.—not troubling to curtail their week-end holiday by half-an-hour, seeing that it was only a matter of intellectual freedom that was concerned, and seeing, moreover, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has so often said, there is not a ha’porth of party capital to be made out of the matter. But where were the so-called “intellectuals” of the party; where was Mr. Macdonald, where Mr. Snowden? Are we to understand that they are, as the diplomatic folk have it, *désintéressés* in this business of making wide the bounds of thought? If so, Heaven help us when we are all under a Labor Government!—Yours, &c.,

T. BAYARD SIMMONS.

The New Reform Club, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.  
December 2nd, 1911.

P.S.—It may save the Editor’s space and my time if I here state that Mr. Harcourt gave twenty-four hours’ notice of his intention to raise the question.

## MR. BARKER AND THE CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as one of a large number of people young enough to find Mr. Shaw a trifle "Mid-Edwardian," make a few remarks on the delightful comedy of Mr. Barker and Mr. Brookfield?

Mr. Barker appears to think that his position is radically different from that of Mr. Brookfield. But here he is wrong; their starting-points may be different, but from there they move along parallel lines. Mr. Barker thinks it wrong to treat serious subjects frivolously; Mr. Brookfield to treat them seriously. But here their antagonism ends. Both regard the stage as a pulpit; both desire to convert England to their creeds. Each would put a prohibitive duty on the sermons of the other.

"It is on this last score that I quarrel with both:  
Why is it impossible to have Free Trade plays?"

Mr. Brookfield has written a play called "Dear Old Charlie," the amusement of which consists in the infidelities of clever young women and the blunders of stupid old men. This time-honored theme so rouses the wrath of Mr. Barker that he cries: Sweep it away along with "The Merry Widow" and "The Spring Chicken"; and, I presume, with Millamant, Agnès, and a host of others.

It is against this bigotry—against which Mr. Barker is always protesting—that I, in turn, protest. I want to see performances of the "Lysistrata" as much as does Mr. Barker of Ibsen's "Ghosts." While Mr. Barker's eyes are moistened by the lamentations of Mrs. Warren, I want mine to be moistened by the laughs of Doll Tearsheet. Why should the theatre-going public be tutored by Mr. Barker more than by Mr. Brookfield? Perhaps the pitiless author of "The Relapse" expounds as whimsical a philosophy as the pitiless author of "Man and Superman." At any rate, everyone admits it is not the duty of a Censor to make judgments on the merits of individual plays.

There is only one solution to this protracted squabble: a Censor who reads nothing and rejects nothing; for, without some kind of Censor, no manager will dare to produce an interesting play.—Yours, &c.,

F. F. L. BIRRELL.

135, Chatham Street, Liverpool.

December 3rd, 1911.

## ITALY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Italy's unprovoked invasion of Tripoli and the Cyrenaica has shocked the conscience of the civilised world, and alienated countless sympathisers in this country. We are unable to grasp the motives which induced her to plunge into a war which may destroy a fabric constructed by sixty years of statecraft and self-sacrifice. A key to the problem is afforded by the persistence of the "Italia Irredenta" agitation, which is a standing menace to Austria-Hungary. I will not weary your readers by recapitulating the relations between Italy and the Dual Monarchy since 1861. Macaulay's schoolboy knows that, with the help of France, and afterwards of Prussia, Italy succeeded in shaking off the Austrian incubus, and realising Cavour's dream of unity under the House of Savoy. But her redemption is incomplete while the "Tedeschi" retain their grip on Italian lands to the North and North-East of the Peninsula. The Trentino is a district of Austrian Tyrol, inhabited by a purely Italian race. It was annexed by Austria in 1803, reverted to Italy in 1809, and was restored to its former masters under the Treaty of Vienna (1814). Trieste has owned allegiance to the House of Hapsburg since the fourteenth century; and in that province the Italian element predominates. It has been the consistent aim of the Irredenta Party to round off the kingdom by assimilating tracts which belong ethnologically to Italy. For Austria their retention is a matter of life or death. Trieste is her only first-class port—the mainstay of her growing sea-power.

The Pan-German movement is due to race-consciousness in the Teutonic population of central Europe. Their vast territory was, till recent years, ruled by a pleiad of petty sovereigns whose jealousies strangled the energy of the Teutonic race. It is still hemmed in by alien Powers, has no strategic frontier, and very few harbors. The ninety million Germans find little scope for their redundant popu-

lation within the limits of the fatherland. Hence the close alliance which links Germany with Austria-Hungary. The twin Empires can reckon on 9,000,000 bayonets in case of war; and they have precisely the same number of "Dreadnoughts" as ourselves. United, they may either obey the Pan-German injunction, "Drang nach Osten!" or hurl themselves in a solid mass against other foes of German greatness.

Italy had joined Prussia in 1866, in order to oust the Austrians from her northern territory. She was afterwards admitted into a close alliance with Germany, and at a later date was allowed to league herself with Austria, probably in order to checkmate Irredentist propaganda. Such was the origin of the *Triplice*, the terms of which, *quâ* Austria and Italy, have been kept a profound secret.

But Italy has made gigantic efforts to keep her place as a Great Power; her army and navy are more than respectable; her wealth is growing rapidly, and an equilibrium has at last been gained in her finances. With increasing prosperity there came a recrudescence of the Irredentist agitation.

Count Aerenthal has, therefore, resolved to weaken her by dangling the African bait before her dazzled eyes. Italy is no longer necessary to the Central European Powers, who are quite strong enough to pursue a strictly German policy without her aid. There is good reason for believing that the adventure in Tripoli was suggested by the Austrian Foreign Minister, and that the secret Treaty of Alliance contains a clause guaranteeing Italy from attack in the rear. The wily diplomatist has perpetrated a stroke worthy of Machiavelli himself. It saps Italy's armed strength; distracts her attention from the debatable land on her northern frontiers; alienates the sympathy of England. At the same time it renders Turkey powerless to regain Bosnia and Herzegovina or to resist a Pan-Germanic advance eastwards. Italy was pre-disposed to fall into the trap so cleverly laid for her. Though she is within a few hours' steaming from Africa, she had been excluded from the scramble for the northern portion of that Continent in which other Great Powers took part. (One is reminded, by the way, of Jules Verne's remarkable prophecy: "Asia was the cradle of the human race; Africa will be its grave.") Tripoli is the only territory open to annexation, and it promised an outlet for Italy's surplus millions, who now gravitate towards the Americas. Lastly, Goethe's "eternal feminine" has played an important part in the adventure. One Helen lit up the Trojan War; another shares the throne of Italy. Queen Elena belongs to the gallant Montenegrin race, which has for centuries waged war to the knife with Turkey. Her influence cannot possibly have been exercised in favor of peace with her country's hereditary foes.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

[Our correspondent must be responsible for his statements on policy. But we cannot accept the suggestion that Germany and Austria-Hungary possess as many "Dreadnoughts" as ourselves.—ED., NATION.]

## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN WAR?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your paper of November 18th, signed by "Disillusion." I do not wish for one moment to challenge the accuracy of his statements regarding finance, but there are one or two points on which I think he is too pessimistic, and which he cannot substantiate by proved facts.

I quote the following:—"Industry and business of all sorts would come to a sudden and complete standstill; the whole country would be out of employment in a moment; and it is difficult to see how universal starvation and anarchy could be avoided, as now-a-days a hand-to-mouth existence, even for a short time, is obviously impossible." I cannot agree to this. Within a week of declaration of war, every hostile warship would be marked down, captured, sunk, or blockaded in a hostile port. The alternative to this is that our fleet is defeated, when we would be at the mercy of any antagonist. A few cruisers would interrupt our Atlantic trade, and we would fall on our knees at once. But, if we succeed in preventing our enemies from disturbing our commerce, I fail to see that our food supply is threatened.



Take, for example, a war with Germany. If her fleet were neutralised, our three greatest lines of commerce, viz., the Atlantic, Eastern, and South African routes would not be interfered with in the slightest degree. The food we get from Germany is immaterial. It counts for nothing. Naturally, certain specified industries would suffer, but not all, and by no means such a large amount as would affect trade. It might throw half a million men out of employment. But half a million men would be under arms, and would be fed by the Government. A flow of both food and raw material, on which we rely, would be uninterrupted, and I doubt the "real war against starvation and anarchy at home," which "Disillusion" fears.

Take, again, the last paragraph of "Disillusion's" letter. He says: "If we are to encourage the spirit of nationalism, we must try to be as independent as possible of other nations, and London must cease to be the banking centre of the world."

Surely the spirit of nationalism would not breed decadence. As I understand the spirit of nationalism, it furthers patriotism, and produces a higher feeling of national honor than "Disillusion" appears to possess. To some, honor is dearer than money, and if we were ever so unfortunate as to be engulfed in a European war, Englishmen would be found prepared to drop everything to gain a decisive success. It has happened in days gone by, and will happen again. Our antagonists would teach us "Disillusion's" interpretation of nationalism if they were victorious, and London would cease to be the banking centre of the world.

Finally: "If our ideal is to break down the barriers between nations, and we commit ourselves to independence, then war must be avoided at all costs." If war is to be avoided at all costs, then we must do one of two things. Be so strong as to make war so risky for our antagonist that he has no chance of success; or no longer compete in national existence, and sink to an anomaly in the world, which no Englishman would tolerate. So long as we remain a nation, war is always possible.

According to "Disillusion's" argument, if we have war now we are ruined; he therefore advocates a national suicide in order to avoid war.—Yours, &c.,

DISILLUSION'S BROTHER.

11, Shelley Court, Tite Street, S.W.

December 1st, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With regard to the letter signed "Disillusioned," the writer evidently forgets that England owes quite as much money to Germany as Germany to England. Is it likely that Germany would not remit, and that England would pay all the time?

The accepting bankers are generally credited with being people of some experience and fair commercial ability. They do not put all their eggs in the same basket, and only accept for each country such an amount as they can comfortably wait for, even if no remittances came forward.

Receiving no money is the difficulty or danger their capital is intended to meet.

Accepting bankers take no deposits and do no financial business. They know ninety days beforehand what their liabilities are day by day, and they are wise enough to keep cash in hand and on call sufficient to meet any emergency until things have settled down. The large bill case they hold provides them with a daily strengthening of their resources.

It might be unpleasant to have a large amount outstanding, but that a general moratorium would result I do not believe.—Yours, &c.,

A BANKER.

Lombard Street, London, E.C.

#### THE CASE OF THE "OLDHAMIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wonder if your readers' attention has been drawn to the case of the British s.s. "Oldhamia," respecting which a number of articles, paragraphs, and letters have appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" during the last fortnight. It affords an instance of one of the minor vexations—minor except to the actual sufferers—

which are following from Sir Edward Grey's policy of not pressing any right or claim which may be offensive to Russia.

The facts are as follows: In 1905, during the Russo-Japanese War, the Manchester and Salford Steamship Company's vessel, the "Oldhamia," was despatched from the United States to Japan with a cargo of kerosene for lighting purposes. The shipowners had taken the precaution to obtain the opinion of the British Foreign Office—the Secretary of State being the Marquis of Lansdowne—that the cargo would not be held to be contraband of war under the Russian regulations. The owners of the cargo also procured a statement in writing to the same effect from the Russian Consul-General at Shanghai. Notwithstanding these declarations, the vessel was searched for arms by a Russian warship between Hong Kong and Japan, and these not being found, it was detained for further search. Finally, the ship and cargo were destroyed, lest they should fall into the hands of the approaching Japanese fleet. The cost of the vessel alone was upwards of £60,000, and from that day to this it has been found impossible to obtain any redress from the Russian Government. In the course of two hearings in Russian Prize Courts, it was evident that the search had been made for concealed arms, which were suspected—wholly without cause—to be on board. In Court the ground was shifted—this being an afterthought, as our own Foreign Office pointed out—and it was claimed that kerosene was contraband in defiance of their own published regulations, and the vessel was condemned. Sir Edward Grey has asked for arbitration in the matter; the Russian Government has refused, and according to our own Minister's statement, in reply to the protests of the shipowners, nothing more can be done! Now this is a most surprising result, being wholly opposed to the ordinary conception which Britons everywhere entertain of the protection which the mercantile marine of the country is entitled to receive from any British administration. Granted that we cannot go to war because the Russian Government refuses arbitration, surely the British Ambassador could be instructed to protest in the most emphatic manner—short of a rupture—against the injustice; and it might be pointed out that these unsatisfied claims—this is the third of the kind—did not make it easy for the British Government to carry their people with them in their desire to be complaisant to St. Petersburg. For it is to be remembered that the Russians are supposed to be our political friends, which is evidently a misfortune for our shipowners. The German Government, which professes no particular amity to Russia, has been able on two occasions to secure full compensation for German shipowners who were similarly treated by the Russian fleet.

But if we must not press the claim any further from grounds of national policy, then surely the British Government has a plain duty to British shipowners, whose rightful claim is swept aside for reasons with which they, as private persons, have nothing to do. The Foreign Office should place the amounts owing to British owners, the "Oldhamia," the "Knight Commander," and others—there are three or four—in the next year's estimates of public expenditure, and let the House of Commons vote the amount, in the frankest, most straightforward way, since there is no fund out of which these claims can be quickly satisfied. It is most unfair that the price of British friendship to Russia should be exacted from private citizens.

It may be remarked that if the Declaration of London had been in force in 1905, the decision in the "Oldhamia" case would have automatically been referred to a neutral tribunal more likely to have done justice in the matter than any Russian Prize Court could be expected to, seeing that their own Government is so largely interested in the decision.—Yours, &c.,

A MANCHESTER MAN.

#### CANCER RESEARCH AND STATISTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the reports of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, the last of which has just been brought out, emphasis is laid on the non-dependence of the disease on habits of life, such as the character and amount of customary food and drink in communities; and, in a leading article, the "Times," commenting on the report, contends that such "rubbish" is swept away into the receptacle of exploded errors. Nevertheless, some of the greatest specialists and

most careful statisticians have seen no cause to throw their evidence overboard.

It has always been put forward in the reports of the Fund that the wide diffusion of cancer among quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, is a proof that such conditions as the nature of the food, the stress of civilisation, &c., have nothing to do with the disease. It may be doubted whether the cancerous growths of all these creatures are strictly comparable with those of mankind. But assuming that they are, the exceeding rarity of cancer among most of the higher animals in the wild state must be worth consideration. In surveying the prevalence of any other disease, the element of frequency would be deemed of importance. When gout or rheumatism is occasionally found among animals, this does not prove that modern diet is altogether ineffective in the human malady.

Further, the fact that according to numerous highly-qualified observers cancer is exceedingly rare in certain plain-living and uncivilised races cannot be cast aside because here and there a case has been found. In nearly all other forms of disease, the frequency of occurrence is taken into account in searching for the exciting cause.

The very wide prevalence of cancerous growths among certain kinds of fish can hardly have much bearing on the human problem. It may be caused by the irritation of parasites to which fish are particularly subject; plants are somewhat similarly affected by parasites which may be infectious. At any rate, the common appearance of the malady in fish cannot well controvert its rarity among the higher animals in natural conditions, among many savage races, and among many plain-living communities. Touching only a few points in the question of diet in relation to cancer, I would ask attention to the following considerations:—

1. If irritation of sharp surfaces, of soot, clay pipes, brown coal, paraffin, and of burns, radium, wounds, are capable of producing new growths; and if betel-chewing, hot rice, and the kangri may be capable, as admitted by the investigators, why cannot strong irritants, hot drinks, and toxic substances, which are continually being ingested by civilised people, produce them in the internal organs which are most sensitive, most continually irritated, and where the majority of all growths occur? It is suggested in the report that the introduction of the three irritants they name would increase the malady in England; is it unreasonable to presume that the introduction of the far more numerous irritants consumed in Europe would greatly increase the present much lower prevalence of cancer in the East?

2. If diet is not concerned, how can we account for the very great differences in prevalence between peoples differing in their fare, and in that apparently alone; between the rich and poor parts of every country in the past, as shown by official and professional reports; between the people of these islands fifty years ago and their descendants now; between the most luxurious classes and the least; between African natives in their homes and among Europeans; between 10,000 people living in the ordinary way in a European city and 10,000 of like age in convents and prisons; between the rate for negroes before and after emancipation; between the Italians and Chinese on the one hand in the United States, largely retaining their national diet, and, on the other hand, the English, Scottish, and Scandinavians, who adopt the full dietary of their hosts?

3. If diet be inoperative, why has the cancer rate as well as the total death-rate for butchers been so high that this and the inn-keeping class were among the most suffering of all occupations? Why is the cancer rate only 72 for abstainers against 100 for non-abstainers? If alcohol be a factor, any frugal dietary which repels alcoholism and intemperance must be partly protective. The co-existence of a high cancer rate with a high total death-rate in any class is significant, especially when the character of the other fatal maladies in that class is taken into account. The large increase of rich fare in recent years has reduced the disparity between the butcher's excess and the average amount eaten by occupied males.

4. The whole mass of testimony in each part of it—statistical, clinical, and pathological—indicates a variety of means of irritation as being the agents productive of cancer, and favors the assumption that liability to irritation or

irritability is increased by luxurious living. The disease appears, in fact, like many others which increase the rate of mortality, to be much dependent on inappropriate fare, excess, and stimulation. Is it in accordance with scientific and medical knowledge to admit the malefic effect of stimulants and irritants on the outer skin and to deny the probability of a similar effect on the far more severely tried internal organs, where no sensitive apparatus exists to signal pain and to cause instant removal of the offending matter? It is certain that continual irritation and overloading of the intestines are often unfelt till a serious revolt either there or in some other part of the system testifies to misgovernment. A distinguished medical man has written, in treating of the diseases of the digestive organs, that the lining membrane of the alimentary tract is continuous with the skin. This, I suppose, is generally accepted; all the more then it must be desirable to regard frequent irritation within as at least equally serious with irritation of the outside surface. A study and appreciation of what the chief ingested irritants and toxins are must lead to the diminution of all the severe maladies which arise from improper alimentation.—Yours, &c.,

R. RUSSELL.

December 6th, 1911.

## THE "MILITANT" OPPOSITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your courageous article, headed "Towards Adult Suffrage," last week, you say that "unless and until the suffrage proposals should miscarry, the so-called militant methods can only be interpreted as dictated either by dislike of a democratic franchise or by pure self-will." But I think those alternatives do not quite cover the position.

As to "dislike of a democratic franchise," that charge is as baseless as Mr. Lloyd George's blind assertion at Bath, that the opposition of the Women's Social and Political Union is "a Tory trick." The demand of that union is the same as your own. If Manhood Suffrage is given, it demands that Womanhood Suffrage should be given too. Like all other suffrage societies, it has always claimed a franchise for women "on the same terms as it is or may be given to men." It accepted the Conciliation Bill because, under it, the main basis of "household franchise" was the same for men and women, and everyone knew that the men's frillings of University and property qualifications must soon be stripped away. But if Manhood Suffrage is really coming in, the W. S. P. U. will accept nothing less than Adult Suffrage. In that demand you and they are happily united. It is left for more timid people like myself to question whether your joint and logical claim is practicable; whether the country is prepared for so rapid a consummation of democracy.

So much for the dislike of a "democratic franchise." By "pure self-will" I may assume you imply a perverse and unreasoning opposition. But consider the case: The Conciliation Bill was supported by all suffrage societies and by an enormous majority (167 on second reading) in the House of Commons. It was certain of passing next year, if anything can be certain in the slippery world of politics. At last all Suffragists could look forward to triumph. Suddenly, the Bill was "torpedoed" by the two Ministers who, for opposite reasons, had always been its arch enemies. In answer to fifty years of persistent and increasing demand for Women's Suffrage—a demand urged with a devotion, courage, and self-sacrifice surpassing, I am inclined to think, anything that we Liberals have recently displayed for any high cause or principle—in answer to this demand for women's enfranchisement a Liberal Prime Minister announces Manhood Suffrage. Denying the right of any woman to vote at all, he repeats, on behalf of the Government, his former statement: "We believe a man's right to vote depends upon his being a citizen." Could any answer to a wide demand, supported by a great majority in the House of Commons, be less democratic or more provocative? The consequent outburst of indignation does not appear to me perverse or unreasoning.

But, it will be said, there was the promise of an amendment, and other suffrage societies have gladly accepted that. Certainly, they have accepted it. While protesting their indignation at the "insult," they have poured out an

unctuous gratitude. They have taken their orders "on the knee." They have drawn their self-righteous skirts around them, lest they should touch women who could not submit so easily to the unparalleled affront. What off-chance the suggested amendment has of passing is much disputed. But even if it serves any other purpose besides supplying an opportunity for belated eloquence, I cannot wonder at any suffrage society objecting to have a question of this vital importance dragged into a Manhood Suffrage Bill by the heels, and flung to the House to meet what fate it may. And even if the amendment is carried, the cause is not won, unless the equality which you and the W. S. P. U. demand is given. As you observed in a previous article, Manhood Suffrage introduces the qualification of personality in place of property. If all men are to vote by reason of personality, and a few or many women by reason of property or marriage, where is the equality you justly claim? The principle of equality is of far greater importance than the question of votes, whether more or less, for the vote is mainly valuable as the symbol of equality.

Let the Government boldly announce that their Reform Bill is not a Manhood Suffrage Bill at all. Let them propose it as a simplification and extension of a residential qualification, stript of anomalies. Let them boldly announce that women will be admitted to the franchise on the same qualification. Then all Suffragist opposition—militant or other—collapses. It is transfigured into enthusiastic acceptance. But until then, I should not call any form of opposition perverse or unreasoning. It may be unwise. It may be "bad tactics." But politics are putrid with tactics. Our party clubs stink of them, and ought we not welcome any contest for principle, in the hope that it may clear that foul air?

Suppose all of us men voteless and deprived of our ordinary means of influencing the Government. Suppose that, in answer to a long and eager agitation for the vote, the Government replied by increasing the privileges and powers of a ruling caste, and throwing us a dubious off-chance. What should we do? What would our fathers have done? Believe me, as Burke said of the American rebels, "you cannot falsify the pedigree of this fierce people." And in that pedigree women have an equal share.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead.  
December 7th, 1911.

#### WHO OUGHT TO VOTE?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My friend, Mr. H. M. Thompson, thinks he has found a "fallacy" in the letter I wrote to you a fortnight ago, and a "slip" in my reasoning. I think he has not quite understood me, which may be my fault, or his, or a little of both.

My meaning was that even if men of twenty-one years still remain entitled to be put on the voters' list, very few of them will actually vote before they are twenty-three at least. There are perhaps about 600,000 young men in the country between twenty-one and twenty-three, but a large number of these are moving about, and so would not complete the qualifying period of six months' residence in one place. Even when qualified it would necessarily take them some time—some weeks or months—before they were actually put on the list; and then, as a General Election only comes on an average once in four years, they would have to wait on an average two years before they actually got a chance of voting. Some few would get that chance while they were still twenty-one, others not till they were twenty-three, twenty-four, or twenty-five. Mr. Thompson is, therefore, very far wrong, I think, in saying that "apart from the few weeks required to get on the list, *every* (the italics are his) individual between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age . . . will be able to vote each time there is an election." He ignores the six months' residential qualification.

When I said that "the proportion of electors under twenty-three years of age at each election will be insignificant," I meant, of course, that those above twenty-three years old would vastly outnumber those below twenty-three. I have shown above that the latter would be a

long way short of 600,000. The voters above twenty-three years, on the other hand, would be, it is roughly calculated, nearly 12,000,000. All these figures are, of course, approximate.

If women are also to be enfranchised on the basis now proposed by Mr. Lloyd George, the relative numerical importance of the young voters will be still less, for scarcely any women under twenty-three years are householders, and a great proportion are not married.

Mr. Thompson seems to think I said that "practically no one would be able to vote under twenty-three." I never said so. But I still say that the number of persons under that age actually entitled to vote at any General Election would be far short of the total of young people under that age, and would be insignificant in proportion to the number of electors above that age.—Yours, &c.,

ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

Hindhead, December 6th, 1911.

#### CALUMNIES ON INDIAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will allow me to endorse the sentiments contained in Mr. F. M. Cheshire's timely letter in your issue of the 18th ult. Those of us who have the privilege of counting amongst our personal friends members of our Eastern Empire are not infrequently made indignant by the reckless manner in which this slander is promulgated by those whose ignorance of the Indian student in actual life is only too apparent.

One notes with some surprise that members of the party which arrogates to itself the title of "Imperialist" should so frequently be those chiefly responsible for spreading these statements. Surely such people would be better employed in taking to heart the two facts mentioned in the end of Mr. Cheshire's letter than in insulting and spreading disaffection amongst our fellow-citizens of the British Empire! —Yours, &c.,

R. BRYANT NAISH.

#### Poetry.

##### CONQUEST.

With such proud amble of thy feet,  
And such high carriage of thy head,  
How now, old Sin! hast come again,  
To greet me when I deemed thee dead?  
I thought thee some forgotten friend,  
And took the proffered hand in mine,  
Revolving who thou wert, and then  
Recoiled in dread—from thine.

Like grey-day peeps of azure sky,  
Or unexpected woodland flowers,  
Old unremembered moments come,  
To light the murk of weary hours.  
Unperished are forgotten joys,  
And undissolved forgotten tears,  
Fragments of universal life,  
That know not measured years.

And thou, accursed act of shame,  
No griefs destroy nor pardons kill,  
Must thou, like joys and tears, remain,  
And bold, unhusel'd, haunt me still?  
If this must hold—that what has been  
Can never truly cease to be,  
Then will I make that ancient sin  
A scourge for what I know in me.

Thou deed that I had fain undone,  
Be with me still, and never fade,  
Forged by the courage of my will,  
To a relentless blade.

A. HUGH FISHER.



## WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LIMITED.

### WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN,

Bishop of Lichfield, afterwards Archbishop of York.  
By F. D. HOW. With Photogravure and other Illustrations.  
Cloth, 16s. net.

The most important Biography of the Autumn Season.  
"MacLagan was loved by those who knew him, and he was undoubtedly a strong and great Churchman. His 'Life' is well told by Mr. How whose work is a valuable contribution in the history of the Church in the 19th century."—*Daily Mail*.

MRS. FULLER MAITLAND'S NEW BOOK.

### BY LAND AND BY WATER.

By ELLA FULLER MAITLAND, Author of "Daybook of Bethia Hardacre," joint author of "The Etchingham Letters."  
Cloth boards, 6s.

"It has its own circle of eager readers waiting for it. There is no room anywhere for disappointment in the book itself."  
—*Scotsman*.

"Mrs. Ella Fuller Maitland can do nothing that is not charming and delicate, and 'By Land and Water' is a dainty specimen of her work."—*World*.

2nd Edition Now Ready.

### I REMEMBER.

Memories of a "Sky Pilot" in the Prison and the Slum.

By JOHN WILLIAM HORSLEY, Hon. Canon of Southwark.  
Cloth, net, 7s. 6d.

"An exceptional biography."—*Morning Post*.

"Not only interesting, but stimulating and suggestive."  
—*Daily Telegraph*.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S NEW BOOK.

### JIM DAVIS.

By JOHN MASEFIELD, Author of "Captain Margaret," "Martin Hyde," &c. Cloth, 6s.

"A book that would have delighted Stevenson."—*Punch*.

"A book of adventure which provokes comparison with 'Treasure Island,' and sustains that trial not ill."—*Athenæum*.

The New Volume in DARTON'S FINE ART SERIES.

### CAPTIVE ROYAL CHILDREN.

By G. I. WHITHAM, Author of "Basil, the Page." Illustrated by A. G. WALKER, Sculptor. Printed on superfine paper. Cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Exceedingly well told. . . . The illustrations are charming."  
—*Truth*.

"Miss Whitham is at her best."—*Church Times*.

JUST OUT. UNIFORM WITH "THE ANIMAL WHY BOOK,"  
new in its Third Edition.

### PADS, PAWS, AND CLAWS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S. Pictures by EDWIN NOBLE, R.B.A. 11½ x 8½. Paper Boards, cloth back, 5s. net.  
An original book on a new plan; the coloured illustrations in chromo-lithography are mounted on brown paper.

"Ripe experience and highly developed observation appears on every page."—*Athenæum*.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUALS.

### CHATTERBOX.

OVER 250 NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.  
"A CHILD'S LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

"Still holds its own as first favourite."—*Scotsman*.

416 LARGE PAGES. 12 COLOURED PLATES.

Coloured Boards, 3s.; Cloth Bevelled, Gilt Edges, 5s. Weekly Numbers, ½d.; Monthly Parts, 3d.

No publication has ever been more widely read than CHATTERBOX.

### SUNDAY. SUNDAY.

416 LARGE PAGES. 4 COLOURED PLATES.  
250 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"SUNDAY." Bound Volume, Coloured Boards, 3s.; Cloth Bevelled, Gilt Edges, 5s. Weekly Numbers, ½d.; Monthly Parts, 3d.

"A difficult problem solved as well as it can be anywhere."  
—*Spectator*.

"We can imagine nothing better."—*Times*.

### THE PRIZE. FOR BOYS. FOR GIRLS.

About 70 Illustrations, besides 13 Coloured Plates.  
1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.

### LEADING STRINGS.

THE BABY'S ANNUAL. PRINTED IN COLOURS.  
Large Type. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Easy Words. Abundance of Illustrations.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., Ltd.  
3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

## Mr. Wm. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS

### INDIA UNDER CURZON AND AFTER.

By LOVAT FRASER. (2nd imp.) 16s. net.

VISCOUNT MILNER in the *Times*:—"The book is, indeed, much more than a biography of Lord Curzon as Viceroy. The author ranges widely and boldly over the whole field of Indian politics . . . presented in a more complete form, or with greater candour, than by any previous writer."

### IN NORTHERN MISTS.

By Dr. F. NANSEN, G.C.V.O. Fully illustrated, with Maps, Plans, etc. 2 vols. 30s. net.

*Daily News*:—"A work of historical research, wide in its scope, thorough, masterly."  
*Daily Telegraph*:—"A work at once of deep interest and lasting value."

### THROUGH TRACKLESS LABRADOR.

By H. HESKETH PRICHARD. Fully illustrated, 15s. net.

### SIEGFRIED. The TWILIGHT of the GODS.

By RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by MARGARET ARMOUR. Illustrated in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 15s. net.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED UNIFORM.

### THE RHINEGOLD AND THE VALKYRIE.

Standard:—"Mr. Rackham is a subtle and interesting interpreter of Wagner's genius. The poetry, fancy, and quaintness of the epic he follows with unerring skill and unflinching interest for beauty. . . ."

### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

By P. B. SHELLEY. Illustrated in Colour by CHAS. ROBINSON. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D. 15s. net.

*Freeman's Journal*:—"The illustrations are ideal."  
*British Weekly*:—"One of the favourite gift-books this season."

### LIFE OF J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

By E. R. and J. PENNELL. Cheaper Edition, with new matter and illustrations. 1 vol. 12s. 6d. net.

### CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY.

By W. W. COLLINS, R.I. Illustrated. 16s. net.

*The Outlook*:—" . . . The descriptions are well written. As a gift-book for people of taste, the volume could not well be improved upon."

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED UNIFORM.

### CATHEDRAL CITIES OF (1) FRANCE; (2) SPAIN; (3) ENGLAND.

### ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE.

By E. GORDON CRAIG. Fully illustrated, 6s. net. (Edition de Luxe, 25s. net.)

### THE NATION AND ITS ART TREASURES.

By R. C. WITT, M.A., F.S.A. 1s. net.

### THE GREAT ENGRAVERS.

Artistic Reproductions of their Principal Works. Edited by ARTHUR M. HIND. 2s. 6d. net each. Ready.

(1) DURER; (2) MANTEGNA; (3) J. R. SMITH;  
(4) WATTEAU; (5) GOYA; (6) VAN DYCK.

### HAIL AND FAREWELL. I AVE!

By GEORGE MOORE. 6s.

*Westminster Gazette*:—"George Moore is always an artist. The reading of the book was a sheer joy. It is true literature."  
*T.P.'s Weekly*:—"No modern writer gives one the impression of the revelation of personality so clearly as this brilliant novelist and critic of life."

### MY VAGABONDAGE.

By J. E. PATTERSON. (2nd imp.) 8s. 6d. net.

### ONE OF THE MULTITUDE.

By GEORGE ACORN. Preface by A. C. BENSON, M.A. 6s.

### The COLLECTED POEMS OF EDMUND GOSSE. 5s. net.

*The Scotsman*:—"Lovers of poetry will congratulate themselves on the appearance of the older books in this collective form."

### THE BOOK OF BURIED TREASURE.

By E. D. PAINE. Fully illustrated. 10s. net.

*Evening Standard*:—"A fascinating subject, worthily handled."

### THE RAILWAY CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

By F. A. TALBOT. Fully illustrated. 6s. net.

### THE WAR GOD.

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 2s. 6d. net.

Wm. Heinemann's, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Tennyson and His Friends." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)  
 "On the Art of the Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)  
 "The Framework of Home Rule." By Erskine Childers. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Roll of the Seasons: A Book of Nature Essays." By G. G. Desmond. (Swift. 5s. net.)  
 "The Comments of Bagshot." Second series. By J. A. Spender. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Post-Victorian Music, with Other Studies and Sketches." By C. L. Graves. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)  
 "Floreat Etona: Anecdotes and Memories of Eton College." By Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)  
 "The Healer." By Robert Herrick. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "Philippe II. et la Franche-Comté." Par Lucien Febvre. (Paris: Champion. 15fr.)  
 "La Maltournée." Roman. Par T. Combe. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

\* \* \*

THOSE who knew and loved Dr. Jessopp will feel some pain in the announcement of the sale of his library, now displaced from his study at Scarning Rectory, which was furnished for him by his old boys of Norwich Grammar School. The library was rich in classical works and in English medieval and Elizabethan histories and records; but it was also a splendid general library, illustrating the wide literary interests of its possessor, one of the most accomplished (and least rewarded) of the schoolmasters of his time. The Meredith letters, which have been included in the sale, testify to a long and early friendship between the two men. Dr. Jessopp was one of the first critics to preach the genius of Meredith and to sound the praises of his poetry, then (in the 'seventies) practically unknown.

\* \* \*

DURING these weeks the booksellers are at their busiest, and books for Christmas presents are being bought in large numbers. The more expensive color-books show no signs of waning in popularity. Such artists as Mr. Rackham, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Dulac, Miss Brickdale, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. Willy Pogany, Mr. Russell Flint, and Mr. Detmold, are all represented this year. Nor are less expensive, though hardly less charming, picture-books wanting. A glance at the publishers' advertisements will show that it is possible to buy a volume of real artistic merit at a very moderate price.

\* \* \*

BUT Christmas is the young people's festival, and it is books for young people that make the biggest display at this time of year. They crowd the booksellers' shops, in all shapes and sizes—color-books, stories of adventure, nature-books, fairy-tales (old and new), stories of school life, every possible variety. Contrasted with the children's books of a century ago, those of to-day are indeed magnificent, and we can well believe that it was no very luxurious edition of Miss Edgeworth that led a little friend of Sir Walter Scott to write in her diary, "Miss Egward's tails are very good, particularly some that are much adapted for youth, as 'Laz Lawrance' and 'Tarleton.'" A popular essayist has expressed the disappointment she felt as a child at finding so little about children in the old-fashioned novels on her parents' bookshelves. Dickens came, and put an end to all that, and now-a-days, both in books intended for themselves and for their elders, children have come into their heritage in fiction.

\* \* \*

WE give a list of fifty books for young people, chosen from those issued during the present season, and exclusive of reprints:—

- "Peter and Wendy." By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "Jim Davis." By John Masefield. (Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Air Scout." By Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

- "Jack Chaloner." By Edward Fraser. (Hutchinson. 5s.)  
 "The Roll Call of Honor." By "Q." (Nelson. 6s. net.)  
 "Pioneers of Canada." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Blackie. 6s.)  
 "Pioneers of West Africa." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Blackie. 6s.)  
 "Rolf in the Woods." By Ernest Thompson Seton. (Constable. 6s. net.)  
 "Sir Walter Raleigh." By John Buchan. (Nelson. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The All Sorts of Stories Book." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 6s.)  
 "Contraband Tommy." By Charles Gleig. (Jack. 5s.)  
 "The Wonderful Garden." By E. Nesbit. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "The Secret Garden." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Heinemann. 6s.)  
 "Fighting with Fremont." By Everett McNeil. (Chambers. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Story of Bayard." By Christopher Hare. (Dent. 5s. net.)  
 "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race." By T. W. Rolleston. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Elizabethan Adventurers upon the Spanish Main." By A. Hyamson. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Lion." By Agnes Herbert. (Black. 6s.)  
 "An Uncomfortable Term." By Raymond Jacobus. (Chambers. 6s.)  
 "A School Girl of Moscow." By May Baldwin. (Chambers. 6s.)  
 "The Captain's Chum." By Ross Harvey. (Unwin. 5s.)  
 "A Compleat Sea Cook." By F. T. Bullen. (Partridge. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Sword of Freedom." By Captain Charles Gilson. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "In the Fighting days at Sea." By Edward Fraser. (Herbert & Daniel. 5s. net.)  
 "A Book of Noble Women." By C. C. Cairns. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes." By W. D. Monro. (Harrap. 5s. net.)  
 "An Impossible Friend." By E. L. Haverfield. (Nisbet. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Honey Bee." By Anatole France. (Lane. 5s. net.)  
 "Under the Roof of the Jungle." By C. L. Bull. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)  
 "The New Girl at St. Chad's." By Angela Brazil. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Birds and Beasts." By Camille Lemonnier. (Allen. 5s.)  
 "Stories from Italian History." By G. E. Troutbeck. (Mills & Boon. 5s. net.)  
 "Danger Mountain." By Robert M. Macdonald. (Unwin. 5s.)  
 "The Mystery of the Castle." By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Nisbet. 5s.)  
 "Talks About Birds." By Frank Finn. (Black. 6s.)  
 "The Zoo Conversation Book." By Edmund Selous. (Mills & Boon. 5s. net.)  
 "Our Agreeable Friends." By F. G. Aflalo. (Chambers. 6s.)  
 "The Hero of Panama." By Captain Brereton. (Blackie. 6s.)  
 "Peggy S. G." By Helen Watson. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Princess's Story Book." By Sir G. L. Gomme. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Captive Royal Children." By G. I. Witham. (Wells Gardner. 6s.)  
 "The Romance of Australia." Edited by Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "Every Boy's Book of Hobbies." By Cecil H. Bullivant. (Jack. 5s. net.)  
 "Pads, Paws, and Claws." By W. P. Pycraft. (Wells Gardner. 5s. net.)  
 "Queery Leary Nonsense." Edited by Lady Strachey. (Mills & Boon. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Two to Nowhere." By A. St. John Adcock. (Unwin. 6s.)  
 "The Tailor and the Crow." By Leslie Brooke. (Warne. 2s. 6d.)  
 "More About the Twins in Ceylon." By B. Sydney Woolf. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Four Glass Balls." By S. H. Hamer. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "Hilda Cowham's Blacklegs." (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

*Smith, Elder & Co.'s New Books*

With 3 illustrations by CHARLES E. BROCK.  
Crown 8vo, 6s.

## The Case of Richard Meynell

By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "Robert Elsmere," &c.

*Commentator.*—"If all that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written were to perish, we feel it is not too much to say that this exquisite portrayal of Robert Elsmere's widow will find a place in the literature that is passed from century to century."

## Penny Monypenny.

By MARY and JANE FINDLATER.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Authors of "Tales that are Told," "Crossriggs," etc.  
*Punch.*—"Its humor is pawky . . . this is the only word for the peculiar sparkling dryness that informs all the Misses Findlater's writing, and invests even their most commonplace characters with individuality and charm . . . an interesting and capitably written book."

## The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon.

By Sir HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.P. With 18 Portraits (2 in Photogravure). Small demy 8vo, 2 vols., 21s. net.

*Observer.*—"This most fascinating book . . . Sir Henry Craik has written a book of profound interest. He has consistently maintained a lofty point of view . . . he has made to stand out in its austere beauty the figure of one who led an uncorrupt life, and spoke the truth from his heart."

## A Homeward Mail: Being the Letters of Colonel Johnstone from India.

Edited by POWELL MILLINGTON, Author of "To Lhasa at Last." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

*Times.*—"Fifty and to the point."  
*Observer.*—"Full of pithy remarks and lively anecdotes."  
*Morning Post.*—"There is so much concentrated wisdom in this little book that it is difficult to find an outstanding specimen."

## The Creed of Half Japan: Historical

Sketches of Japanese Buddhism. By the late ARTHUR LLOYD, M.A., Lecturer in the Imperial University of Tokyo. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*Glasgow Herald.*—"This book is one that no serious student of Japanese life can afford to overlook."

## Judgments in Vacation. (2nd Imp.)

Essays by His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY, Author of "The Scarlet Herring and other Stories," etc. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*Evening Standard.*—"This collection of essays is witty, full of amusing anecdotes, and besides that, is written with the literary sense which always dignifies the work of his Honour."

## Children at Play, and Other Sketches.

By Miss BRADLEY. Large post 8vo, 6s. net.

*Daily Mirror.*—"The author is most at home among the little ones of Italy. She has made her subjects very attractive and human."

## Nigeria: Its Peoples and its Problems.

By E. D. MOREL, Author of "Great Britain and the Congo," etc. With 32 pages of Illustrations and 2 Maps. Small royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

*Times.*—"The writing is clear and the opinions bold. Mr. Morel's personal impressions comprise many powerful thoughts and suggestions. His book altogether is one of distinctive value to the student and administrator."

## What may We Read?

By Professor CHARLES WALDSTEIN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

*Manchester Guardian.*—"The author's narrative is freely touched with humour, and his scientist's joy in giving precision to the last detail, places him among novelists proper."

## "Sylhet" Thackeray.

By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT, I.C.S., Author of "Chota Nagpore." With Portraits. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*Daily Chronicle.*—"In tracing his life Mr. Bradley-Birt gives an interesting description of life in India in the middle of the Eighteenth Century."

## The Old Order Changeth. The Passing of Power from the House of Lords.

By FRANK DILNOT. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*Standard.*—"Mr. Dilnot is a Parliamentary journalist with a seeing eye, a vivid descriptive power . . . the student of our Constitution will find the book invaluable, because it supplies in interesting narrative the tale of the great dispute between the two Chambers."

## Annals of the Irish Harpers: compiled from the Bunting Manuscripts.

By CHARLOTTE MILLIGAN FOX. With 6 Portraits. Small demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

*Standard.*—"Mrs. Milligan Fox is to be congratulated on the skill with which she has handled the Bunting Papers, as well as on the manner in which she has told with vivacity as well as authority the whole story of this attractive phase of Gaelic music."

## The Brazen Lyre.

By E. V. KNOX. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Knox's light and humorous verse is best known over the signature EVOE, familiar to readers of 'Punch.'"

ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED XMAS CATALOGUE.

London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

# BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOKS

12s. 6d. net.

## Roses and Rose Gardens.

By Walter P. Wright, F.R.H.S.

Profusely Illustrated in Colour and Half-tone.

This book is a companion volume to "Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens."

## Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens.

By Walter P. Wright, F.R.H.S.

With Chapters on Alpine Plants at Home by WILLIAM GRAVESON. With Forty Magnificent Colour Plates and Fifteen Half-tones.

"A practical book, copiously and beautifully illustrated with coloured photographs."—*The Times*.  
"An attractive work for lovers of rock plants."—*The Spectator*.

10s. 6d. net.

## Among the Hills.

A BOOK OF JOY IN HIGH PLACES.

By Reginald Farrer.

Author of 'In a Yorkshire Garden,' &c. Illustrated in Colour from original flower studies by Mrs. ADDINGTON SYMONDS and Mr. GEORGE SOPER. Demy 8vo. 320 pages.

This is a most fascinating record of wanderings among the Alps by a well-known writer on Gardening and an enthusiast on Alpine Plants.

2s. 6d. net.

## The Year 1911 Illustrated.

A Lavishly Illustrated Pictorial Volume which actually is what its Title claims. The valuable plates are supplemented with an interesting Résumé of the Remarkable Events of a Remarkable Year.

7s. 6d. net

## The Story of Hiawatha.

Illustrated in Colours by M. L. KIRK.

In this work the reader is introduced to the poem of Longfellow, in a new and original form. The poem itself is printed in *extenso*, with beautiful illustrations.

5s. Presentation Colour Volume.

## Alice in Wonderland.

By Lewis Carroll.

Illustrated in Colour and Line by GEORGE SOPER.

This is the fourth volume of this beautiful series of children's books. Other vols. in the same series are:

'The Heroes,' By Charles Kingsley.  
'The Water Babies,' By Charles Kingsley.  
'Tales from Shakespeare,' by Ohas. and Mary Lamb.

All 5s., in handsome cloth bindings.

2s. 6d. net.

## Stories of Hebrew Heroes.

By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt.

Author of 'Social Law in the Spiritual World,' &c. 8vo.

Illustrated in Colour and Line.

This is a real story-book, written by one who possesses, in an exceptional degree, the power of making everything he writes about interesting.

£1 1s. net.

## Memoirs of Samuel Hoare.

(Of Hampstead, 1751-1825).

With Pedigree Chart and 27 Plates. Demy 4to. (With complete additional set of plates, £1 11s.)

Cloth Illustrated. 2s. net.

## The Search of the Child.

By Theodora Wilson Wilson.

Cloth Illustrated. 1s. net.

## Damaris of the Downs.

By Elizabeth Fox Howard.

1s. net. Two Calendars of everyday usefulness.

## The Good Cheer Calendar. Notes & Reflections Calendar.

2s. net.

French, German, and English Motto Calendar.

HEADLEY BROS., Bishopsgate, LONDON.



## Reviews.

### A GENIUS OF THE THEATRE.

"On the Art of the Theatre." By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.  
(Heinemann. 6s. net.)

HERE is a man of genius and his book—What shall be done with them? It is a difficult question. In the old days, the stake or a convenient dungeon was resorted to, according to the enormity of the offence. Now-a-days we are humanitarians. A decade or so of neglect and sneers is considered a sufficient test. If these are survived, then we begin to think—perhaps there was something in him after all! But even then, it is just this quality of genius that makes our very gratitude ineffectual. There is no "job" for genius. The commonplace "safe" man can always be made secretary, or manager, or professor of something or other; but the genius must keep on crying in the desert until his prophecy is fulfilled, and then he is needed no more, and a monument is duly raised to his memory.

No lover of the theatre can help confessing that this is what we are in process of doing in the case of Mr. Gordon Craig. Acknowledged all over Europe as a master-pioneer in the theatre, he is practically ignored in his own country. Yet if anyone doubts Mr. Craig's genius, they have only to read this latest book of his "On the Art of the Theatre." It is instinct with genius. On every page are illuminating flashes of thought, vista-visions, tangential flights of fancy, that betray a mind entirely different from that of the ordinary pedestrian thinker. One can see notion after notion that might be captured and turned to practical account. At the same time, the thing is inevitably incapable of solid and complete acceptance. It is full of fallacies, exaggerations, impossible postulates and unpermissible axioms, dreams, hopes, desires. What shall be done with it? Probably what will be done with it is just what has been done with so much of Mr. Gordon Craig's work in the theatre itself—the practical part absorbed by others, and small thanks given, the unpractical part thrown into the bin as so much waste-product. And, after all, from the general Philistine point of view, what else could be expected?

For those, of course, who have a real concern for the theatre, there is already evidence enough as to where and how our stage is Mr. Gordon Craig's debtor. We owe to him the most formidable blow that has been dealt to that "scenic realism" which was—and is still, for the most part—smothering with imitative detail every effort at clear artistic expression. We owe to him the idea that simple lines and colors and masses can sometimes suggest environment, mood, atmosphere—especially the sense of vastness in scenes that transcend all question of particular time and place—better than any "realistic" elaboration. We owe to him freedom at last from the tyranny of old and false conventions in the use of artificial light. The mere abolition of footlights, and the exploiting of shafts and pools of light, and harmonies of shadow, are only a part of this. We owe to him, almost by accident, the very important cheapening of experimental production. And how much better, as well as cheaper, is the plain canvas or curtain of to-day than the tawdry, worn, and dirty "baronial interior" that used to be the best thing available for such purposes! This, to be sure, has brought its revenges. Nearly every miracle-play and similar affair is now produced in what is fondly supposed to be the "Gordon Craig manner." The dismal burlesques of his art to which we are sometimes treated from this quarter might well make Mr. Craig groan in spirit.

These are only a few of Mr. Gordon Craig's bestowals upon the theatre, not only of this country, but of Europe in general. Some contend that everything that has brought fame to our coming guest, Professor Reinhardt, is really to be laid to the credit of Mr. Gordon Craig. This is not quite so. Indeed, the human realism in which Reinhardt revels—a very different kind of realism from the scenic—is directly opposed to the temperament and method of Mr. Gordon Craig. In all—almost all—that Mr. Craig has done, one can still trace something of the spirit of the old Lyceum. Sir Henry Irving was his first master—to the extent to which so original

a genius can be said to have had a master at all. The spirituality, the other-worldliness that Sir Henry Irving infused with romantic glamor before the Lyceum's darkened auditorium, is simplified to its essence in Mr. Craig's scenes. Nothing could, in one way, be further removed from the spirit of Reinhardt, whose stage must always be a downright, confessed stage, of wood or iron as the case may be, and the people on it warm and breathing human beings. Still, Reinhardt's indebtedness, so far as the scene is concerned, is alike confessed and indisputable. As yet, it is just in the practical matters of lighting and design that our regular stage can own to having been directly affected by Mr. Gordon Craig's influence—as, for instance, in the oft-quoted staircase scene in "Macbeth" at His Majesty's, which emerges from one's memory in such complete contrast to the untempered realism of the rest of the production. But the debt, even so, is quite enough to go on with.

What, then, beyond all this, is suggested in Mr. Craig's book? An inconceivable amount! Yet, in the main, it is to a curious extent the carrying into an infinite perspective of the work that Mr. Gordon Craig has already done—of the ideals which sprang, as we have seen, partly from the Lyceum, and which Mr. Gordon Craig has refined and refined almost to vanishing point. Startling though it may seem at first glance, Mr. Gordon Craig looks forward to nothing less in the end than the abolition of the actor altogether—at any rate, of the personal, realistic actor. Not only so, but he looks to the supplanting of the dramatist, as deviser of the play, by a new personality—a sort of creative "stage artist," evolved from the present "producer." This "stage-artist," or "stage-director," will not only control the operations of everybody concerned in a production, but will design the whole thing out of his own creative faculties. He will play upon the combined capabilities of the stage, as upon an instrument, the characters and drama—if any—being quite impersonal and subordinate. For this purpose, then, actors, playwright, plot, and dialogue, and all appurtenances of the realistic play, as we know it, "must go." The personal emotions of the actor—so Mr. Gordon Craig tells us, flouting altogether the old Diderot paradox—cannot be entirely suppressed, however much he may have his body under control. Something must be due to his accidental mood at the moment. For that reason, acting cannot be a perfect art. Therefore we must do away with the actor, and have instead an "über-marionette"—to give the new *persona* Mr. Craig's own title—a puppet, whose gestures should not be emotional but symbolic, suggesting instead of imitating human passion. So, again, with the playwright. "The eye," says Mr. Craig, "is more swiftly and powerfully appealed to in the theatre than the ear—the thing seen more vividly perceived than the thing described." Accordingly, the drama that brings its images to the mind through language must be replaced by a drama that suggests images to the mind through the eye. In the same way, any combined effort on the part of playwright, actor, and stage-manager cannot be perfect, as each one cannot be a complete master of the other's art. The perfect theatrical art can, therefore, Mr. Craig would have us believe, only be produced when it is created by a single mind, having in regard the capabilities of the theatre as a whole, without any recourse to the personal emotion of the actor or to dramatic speech. As yet, Mr. Craig does not pretend to put into any form that can be expressed in language what sort of thing this new kind of artistic creation will be. It is to include, however, "voice, scene, and action." The last of these three factors is apparently to be evolved anew from the dance, though it will not be the dance itself. "There is a thing," says Mr. Craig, "which man has not yet learnt to master, a thing which man dreamed not was waiting for him to approach with love. Superb in its attraction and swift to retreat, a thing waiting but for the approach of the right men, prepared to soar with them through all the circles beyond the earth—it is Movement. . . . From sound has been drawn that wonder of wonders called Music. . . . As like one sphere to another, so is Movement like to Music."

Now there is suggestion in all this, though it is wildly stated—but one cannot avoid just pointing out one or two practical fallacies. In the first place it may or may not be true that the actor is of necessity an imperfect

# J. M. DENT'S Illustrated Xmas Catalogue.

CONTAINING A SELECTION OF ALL KINDS  
OF STANDARD LITERATURE & PRESENTA-  
TION VOLUMES post free on request.

## THE IDEAL XMAS PRESENT. THE CONISTON CLASSICS.

32 Volumes have been specially selected from **Everyman's Library** for their literary worth or their universal appeal and finely bound with Bedford Morocco. 3s. net per volume.

Each volume contains  
A PORTRAIT AND TITLE PAGE  
IN PHOTOGRAVURE AS FRONTISPIECE.

### REPRESENTATIVE VOLUMES:

Bacon's Essays.  
Brown's Rab and his Friends.  
Scott's Ivanhoe.  
Gaskell's Cranford.

Dickens's Tale of Two Cities.  
Burns' Poems and Songs.  
Milton's Poems.  
Emerson's Essays.

Complete List of Titles on application.

"These are among the daintiest editions of the classics, and will be welcome additions to the home bookshelf. The limp cover in leather is an advantage that will appeal to all lovers of good books, and the colour chosen for each volume is of a soft, quiet shade very restful to the eye. It would be difficult to find for the price a more attractive issue of well-known works."—*The World*.

## FINE PRESENTATION VOLUMES.

### The "Sullivan" Illustrated Shakespeare.

In 3 Volumes. Vol. I., Comedies. Vol. II., Historical Plays, Poems and Sonnets. Vol. III., Tragedies. Each volume with a Glossary and 13 PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net per volume. Limp Bedford morocco, round corners, green under gold edges, 6s. net per volume.

### A New History of Painting in Italy.

By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Edited and Supplemented with Notes by EDWARD HUTTON. With 300 ILLUSTRATIONS. 3 Volumes. Demy 8vo, £3 net.

### The History of Modern Painting.

By PROFESSOR RICHARD MUTHÉ. Revised and brought up to end of Nineteenth Century by the Author. With nearly 1,300 ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK AND WHITE AND 48 IN COLOUR. In 4 volumes. Buckram, crown 4to. £3 3s. net.

## NEW AND RECENT WORKS.

### Palestine.

Depicted and described by G. E. FRANKLIN. With 350 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The author, as the leader of many lengthy tours through the Holy Land, has the double competency of knowing his subject and of being able to relate his knowledge.

### Shakespeare: A Study.

By DARRELL FIGGIS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.  
"It is earnest, austere, and original."—Mr. ANDREW LANG in the *Morning Post*.

### Modern England.

An Historical and Sociological Study. Translated from the French of LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.  
This book has aroused considerable interest in Paris, and is remarkable in that it treats its subject more comprehensively and fully than any book yet published in English or other tongues.

### The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt.

By J. N. GUPTA, M.A., I.C.S. Square demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"This biography forms a valuable contribution to the recent political history of India."—*The Times*.

Also 13 New Children's Books of absorbing interest,  
beautifully illustrated in colour and line.

Full particulars on request.

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd., 23, Aldine House, Bedford St., London, W.C.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### Emblems of Love

5s. net By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

On the appearance of Mr. Abercrombie's first volume "Interludes and Poems" some three years ago, he was proclaimed by Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES (*The Nation*), Mr. EDWARD THOMAS (*Daily Chronicle*), Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD (*Daily News*), Mr. A. F. WALLIS (*Evening Standard*), *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum*, *The Bookman* and *The Daily Telegraph* as "a great poet," "a noble poet," "an original poet," and a "new force in poetry"; whilst *The Times* said—"A remarkable work and we shall look with peculiar anticipation for its successor"; and *The Pall Mall Gazette*—"The poet is one whose future work will be eagerly looked for." It is believed that Mr. Abercrombie's new volume will surprise even his previous admirers.

### Psyche

3s. 6d. net By FRANCIS COUTTS

"The fruit of a cultivated mind, alive to the loveliness of Nature. Mr. Coutts's lyrics ring most stirring."—*Daily Mail*.

### Love Poems

By ALFRED AUSTIN

In cloth 1s. 6d. net; in leather 2s. net.

Uniform with the LOVER'S LIBRARY volumes, including the Love Poems of Shelley, Robert Browning, Tennyson, Edmund Holmes, Landor, E. B. Browning, Burns, Suckling, Herrick, W. B. Blunt (*Proteus*); Sonnets of Shakespeare, Byron, Love Songs from the Greek.

### The Inn of Dreams

3s. 6d. net By OLIVE CUSTANCE

## POETRY FOR PRESENTS.

### Poems of William Watson

2 vols. 9s. net

### Poems of Ernest Dowson

5s. net. First Edition.

### Poems of A. C. Benson

5s. net

### Poems of Alice Meynell

3s. 6d. net

### Later Poems of Alice Meynell

2s. 6d. net

### The City of the Soul

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

New Edition, 5s. net

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

### Other People

20s. By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

A new album of drawings, containing Mr. Gibson's most cultivated work. Several heads in red chalk are included. This will certainly be found the most original and striking of all Mr. Gibson's books.

### Honey Bee

5s. By ANATOL FRANCE

Translated by Mr. JOHN LANE. With many beautiful illustrations in colour by FLORENCE LUNDBORG.

### Henrietta Taking Notes

A New Novel, 6s. By E. CROSBY HEATH

## JOHN LANE

THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON & NEW YORK



artist from the point of view of emotion, and in that way not an essential person to an absolutely perfect production. There is one influence, most certainly, without which the theatre would not be exercising its full capabilities, and to which the living actor with all his imperfections is absolutely indispensable. This is personal magnetism—with which, of course, is included the sex-appeal—a tremendously important and, when used to artistic purpose, legitimate function of the theatre. This is not by any means accidental. It must surely be considered as a potential part of a perfect artistic creation. Then again, words may not be the most perfect vehicle for the conveyance of certain images to the mind. But they are the only perfect vehicle for the conveyance of complicated thought, which must have some place in a perfect and complete stage-art. One remembers the story of the actor who was asked to suggest by facial expression and symbolic gesture the fact that he had "a younger brother who was born in Shropshire but was at present staying in a boarding-house on the South Coast." A trivial example, but one that does not "sit" wholly "beside the cushion"—as old Bishop Hall was wont to put it.

Above all, perfection is not necessarily the only great quality—nor always the greatest quality—of a work of art. Nor are the possibilities of perfection necessary to a medium through which great work can be produced. Let us take the analogy of musical instruments. The violin, as we all know, is a "perfect instrument." No conceivable addition to it, or alteration in its shape or structure, can make it any better. On the other hand, the organ is imperfect in every function. It can be improved and elaborated to an infinite extent, and between the finger-touch and the sound, innumerable chances of a flaw arise with each note. But who will pretend that because the violin is "perfect," therefore the organ, so singularly comparable to theatrical creation, as we know it, ought to be abolished. Who would pretend, say, that a Bach prelude, played as well as was humanly possible upon the organ, was any less great than a similarly well-played solo on the violin? So, to come to the theatre itself, no one would pretend that "Hamlet" is a perfect play; but it may be none the less readily accepted as greater than some little dance or dumb-show scene, justly described as "perfect."

On the other hand, to a certain extent, Mr. Craig is right. There are some directions in which a theatre where the speech of the playwright and the personality of the actor were both subordinated to the dream of the one sole "stage-artist," would be supremely valuable. This direction is, of course, that of the spiritual world. Here realism is impossible, and neither language nor passion can very much help the process of suggestion. Here again we get the projection of the old Lyceum magic. As it happens, Mr. Craig does not himself think that stage-production can add any virtue to the "literary perfection" of Shakespeare, a matter in which one may differ without wasting time to argue over a side-issue. But, from this very point of view, his little study of the spiritual side of "Macbeth" is a piece of illuminating Shakespearean criticism well worthy of preservation, even in the very highest company. He sees the Weird Sisters pervading the play to far more intimate purpose than the average commentator, with the stock-comparison to the Greek Fates. "I seem to see Macbeth," he writes, "in the first four acts of the play, as a man who is hypnotised, seldom moving, but when he does so, moving as a sleep-walker. Later on in the play the places are changed and Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking is like the grim ironical echo of Macbeth's whole life—a sharp, shrill echo, quickly growing fainter and fainter and gone. . . . In the last act Macbeth awakes. . . . He is as the doomed man who has been suddenly awakened on the morning of his execution, and in the sharpness and abruptness of that awakening understands nothing but the facts before him, and even of these understands the external meaning only." One might quote more; but the whole passage is admirable, and must be read in its entirety.

What, then, one repeats, is to be done with a man of genius like this; with whose complete conclusions it is impossible for any practical person to agree, but who is continually throwing out ideas of great value. The difficulty is, of course, that just as Wagner wanted to "fill the world with Wagner," so Mr. Gordon-Craig sees no future

at all for the theatre, except in so far as every theatre becomes a Craig theatre; and that can hardly happen.

It would be a capital thing to have, say, one theatre where the "stage-artist" is supreme, and can get exactly what he wants. We have seen almost every kind of predominance in the theatre. We have seen the playwright predominant, as in the case of Tom Robertson; we have seen the actor predominant in a thousand cases; we have seen the musician predominant in the case of Wagner; we have seen the scene-painter predominant in spectacles of all sorts; in some melodramas, we almost seem to see the scene-shifter predominant. One doubts very much if this new "master" that Mr. Craig suggests will be quite so different from the others—an impartial, infallible fountain of inspiration. A certain bias seems inevitable. On Mr. Craig's own showing, he is at any rate not going to give the actors or the "written play" a chance. While nothing would be more interesting than thus to afford the creative stage-manager his turn of command somewhere or other—as indeed is happening even now in productions such as "Sumurun"—one does not see in it a final and universal panacea. So, too, with the marionettes. There is a peculiar fascination about marionettes, and they are, of course, when well managed, capable of far more serious art than a good many people imagine. Let us have a marionette theatre by all means; but let us have others as well. Why, because they are not "perfect," should we banish flesh and blood from our view and refuse to listen to human speech? In this world of ours, so far from claiming that everything we see shall be perfect, we have to be thankful sometimes for anything that is "somehow good."

But this is only bringing an artist's dream to dull earth. One knows quite well what Mr. Craig really means, and the rest is just, to a great extent, the over-emphasis of his passionate enthusiasm and love of the theatre. As to what is to be done, like most men of genius, Mr. Craig has himself chosen his own course of action, and it is the best possible. The "school of theatrical research," where he and a band of kindred souls will experiment in every kind of artistic adventure possible to the theatre, should be of real fruitfulness. It deserves not only all the support that has been promised it, but much more. Perhaps the theatrical world will continue to treat Mr. Craig badly and stupidly. One may be pretty sure that his creations will continue to be put into the general stock-pot without recognition, and imitated by mediocre people, until we ourselves are turned against them. But one day or other, it is to be hoped, we shall be doing this fine spirit some tardy justice.

#### ROME IN BRITAIN.

"The Roman Era in Britain." By JOHN WARD, F.S.A. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is not long since a party of dons, schoolmasters, and other professional men found themselves on a holiday tour at Caerwent. A doctor, who had been profoundly uninterested in the fortifications and general antiquities, drifted into languid attention at the sight of a case of Roman surgical instruments in the museum, and was soon observed to warm into real excitement. After a few minutes of the closest attention, he burst out with, "By Jove! they've got the newest pattern!" So, indeed, they had; two thousand years ago some officer of the Roman Army Medical Corps had used an instrument of a form which has only been re-invented within our own generation. The doctor has now a very real respect for that business-like nation; scales fell from his eyes at Caerwent, and are likely to fall from the eyes of many who (we hope) will read Mr. Ward's methodical, accurate, and most interesting volume. Most of us have only taken for granted that the Romans were as civilised as could reasonably be expected of men who lived so hopelessly long before our own time; but our children, we hope, will see more clearly into the secrets of this wonderful people's success.

Mr. Ward's book is of the best type for the general reader—the work of a man who is not too proud to glean from all his predecessors, and yet might say, with some real truth, *pars ipsa fui*. He uses his own special knowledge mainly to collect and sift the contributions of many other



**SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.'s LIST.**FULL ILLUSTRATED LIST OF BOOKS FOR  
PRESENTATION POST FREE.

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD. By the Author of "THE BROAD HIGHWAY." Just ready. Third impression. Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 6s.

**The Money Moon**  
by  
**JEFFERY FARNOL.**

THE BROAD HIGHWAY. By JEFFERY FARNOL. The finest English novel published for years. Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 6s. NEARLY ONE MILLION READERS IN TWELVE MONTHS.

THE "LORNA DOONE" OF AMERICA.

RAMONA. By HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H.H.). Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 6s. Will be read by tens of thousands with intense delight.

RE-APPEARANCE OF AN OLD FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

DUNLEARY. The Humour of a Munster Town. By EDMUND DOWNY. Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 6s.

A BORN STORY-TELLER.

UNDER WESTERN SKIES. Life Pictures from Memory. By FRANCIS SINCLAIR. Author of "From the Four Winds," "Where the Sun Sets," "Under North Star and Southern Cross." Large crown 8vo. 6s.

Medium 8vo. Cloth. With over 60 Illustrations and Maps. 21s. net. 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA. Sketches and Studies in North Africa. By CYRIL FLETCHER GRANT and L. GRANT (L.S.) Author of "Untravelled Berkshire."

A UNIQUE AND CHARMING GIFT. Large crown 4to. Cloth. Beautifully Illustrated in Colour. 3s. 6d. net.

LITTLE HERTA'S CHRISTMAS DREAM. By OSCAR BLOBEL. Illustrations in Colour by Hugo Grimm.

A SPLENDID GIFT BOOK FOR GIRLS. Just Ready. Large crown 8vo. Cloth. Fully Illustrated. 6s. net.

THREE HUNDRED AND ONE THINGS A BRIGHT GIRL CAN DO. By JEAN STUART. Uniform with "Three Hundred Things a Bright Boy Can Do." Full Prospectus, giving contents free on application.

AN IDEAL BOOK FOR BOYS. Large crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. net. THREE HUNDRED THINGS A BRIGHT BOY CAN DO. By MANY HANDS.

A STIMULATING BOOK FOR BOYS. Large crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. Fully Illustrated with working drawings. 6s.

THE TOOLHOUSE CLUB. A Practical Book for Boys. By J. REINDROP.

OVERY House, 100, Southwark St., S.E., &amp; TUDOR House, 32, Warwick Lane, E.C.

**CHAMBERS'S GIFT BOOKS,**

Illustrated in Colour or in Black and White by Leading Artists.

A Superb Xmas Book **LORNA DOONE** 10s. 6d. net.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, with 13 Drawings in Colour, and 60 Pen-and-Ink Sketches. "Here is a noble present."—Morning Leader.

**L. T. Meade's New Books**

Mrs. Meade's new books for young people are exclusively published by W. &amp; M. Chambers, Ltd.

**For Dear Dad.** 6/- A delightful story of a school-girl's devotion to her invalid father.**Girls of Merton College.** 5/- A very bright and entertaining story of a group of girl graduates.**Doctor's Children.** 3/6 Describes the excellent influence which a delightful family of children had upon a little friend.**May Baldwin's New Books****Schoolgirl of Moscow.** 5/- Miss Baldwin describes with humour and vivacity Nina Hamilton's experiences and adventures at the great school for girls in Moscow.**The Girls' Eton.** 3/6 The story of two cousins, one from the wilds of the Highlands, the other a conventional Londoner.**Teddy & Lily's Adventures** 3/6 The story of an English girl and her brother who are holidaying with an Italian family in a castle on a Tuscan hill.**Raymond Jacobson's New Books****Uncomfortable Term.** 5/- Principally concerns the effect produced at St. Clare's by the addition of several girls from St. Rudolf's, a school famous for outdoor sports.**Troublesome Dog.** 3/6 The story of a dog who, on account of his rollicking disposition, very frequently gets his small master into hot water.

W. &amp; R. CHAMBERS Ltd., 38, Soho Square, LONDON, W., and EDINBURGH, will gladly post to any address their Xmas List of Gift Books.

**Points about  
"The Daily News"**

1. Largest Circulation of any Liberal Daily.
2. Only Liberal daily on sale throughout the United Kingdom on the day of issue.
3. On Sale in the three Capitals in the United Kingdom before six o'clock in the morning.

**"STILL WAGGING"**The Best  
Xmas Gift for Dog Lovers.**A  
THOROUGHbred  
MONGREL**BY **STEPHEN TOWNSEND****AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION.**

"Is as amusing a cuss as Artemus Ward's 'Kangaroo.'"—Scotsman.

"Brimful of clever wit and humour."

—Western Mercury.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON,  
KENT & Co.,

3/6

4, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C., &amp; all Booksellers.

specialists, hitherto scattered about in separate monographs and papers read before learned societies. Without aiming at the extraordinary minuteness or the wealth of illustration which distinguished Mr. Curle's recent work upon the fort of Newstead, the business of the book now before us is to cover a far wider field, and give a fuller survey of the subject. We begin with a brief historical sketch of this era in Britain, illustrated by maps which show, on the one hand, how far the Roman occupation was influenced by the physical features of the land, and, on the other, how strangely the centres of thickest population in those days contrast with the urban agglomerations of our own. The chapter ends with an excellent list of books and museums, for all who care to pursue the subject further. Most of us, however, will find plenty of food for thought within the two covers of this book. Beginning with the forts, Mr. Ward shows that most of those in these islands were of the type described by Hyginus, with such modifications as were natural for a permanent, as opposed to a merely temporary, camp. Ground-plans of gates and turrets excavated in Wales, in England, in Scotland, are completed by elevations and bird's-eye views from the Column of Trajan or the striking mosaic in the Avignon Museum; and the description is further completed and corrected from actual remains still surviving on the Continent.

The spade, the sieve, and, above all, the man behind the spade and the sieve, have revealed Roman camp-life (it may almost be said without exaggeration) in every corner. We know, now, from exhaustive researches at Gellygaer in Wales, Birrens and Newstead in Scotland, Housesteads on the Wall of Hadrian, and from very full diggings at many other places, not only the site of every wall and well and vault and drain, but even the wooden screens that fenced off some of the rooms from the great hall which formed the officers' headquarters. The spade-man can even trace for us the gradual decay of Roman discipline and Imperial prestige. In earlier times, the military treasure was safe enough in its chest within the regimental shrine; but, in the later days of the Roman occupation, the treasure must needs have a special vault built for it near the altar. The Genius of the Sovereign and the Regiment; the altar inscribed *Disciplina Augusti*, "To the Discipline of the Emperor"; the presence of the Sacred Standards; all this no longer afforded sufficient security; we must have stone walls now, and the time will soon come when stone walls themselves shall be useless, for lack of disciplined men behind them.

From forts we pass to houses—upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Ward brings us back more than once to the countryside of to-day: wattle and daub in the upper stories, such as still survive everywhere in Herefordshire, and zigzag patterns stamped upon the clay, as upon the plaster of latter-day country cottages. He shows us barns which set the type for the medieval tithe-barn, and for those grand, dimly-lighted structures which our well-to-do farmers were still building two hundred years ago; he traces the drying-hearths on their floors, thus "calling to mind the statement of Pytheas in the fourth century before our era, that the Britons, for lack of sunshine, collected their corn and threshed it in large buildings. It is conceivable that the hearths in the Castlefield building were for fires to aid the drying of the corn." (p. 87). The plan and construction of the great house at Woodchester (p. 83) gives us a good idea of the state kept by a Roman noble in the provinces; he must have lived like Rhodes at Groote Schuur, with all the resources of civilisation within the wide precincts of his home; and, without, the forests swarming with big game, and corn-lands tilled by a subject race. Then we pass on to chapels and altars: scanty traces as yet of Christianity, which had not spread far beyond the poorer classes in this age; on the other hand, many altars and dedications to the deity of these latter-day legions, "to the God, best and greatest, the Invincible Mithras, Lord of the Ages." The Goddess Fortune was abundantly worshipped, as she is still in Italy, whether by the children who vexed Ruskin's righteous soul by clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble steps of St. Mark's porch at Venice, or by their parents, who, almost as a matter of course, spend part of the weekly wage on a lottery ticket. The Eastern cults, naturally, were well represented; and we find strange hybrid deities like Mars

Thingsus (the *Tuis Things* of the Frisians presented under a Roman garb); Apollo Grannus, who presided over the medicinal springs at Inveresk; and Apollo Maponus, spiritual ancestor to journalistic Mabon in South Wales of to-day.

Mr. Ward gives us a curious chapter on funeral customs; as, indeed, even medieval and more modern usages in this field would make a curious chapter if written with equal minuteness. The Roman (and probably pre-Roman), custom of burying bodies with their shoes on, in token of their readiness for the great journey, certainly lasted far on into the Middle Ages. He utilises all the valuable evidence amassed by a score of antiquaries as to the pottery found in Roman ruins: the pedigree of so-called "Samian" ware is specially interesting (pp. 133-4). So is the story of the Cipii, who made pottery at Herculaneum in Campania, and exported goods to Britain, France, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and Denmark. But Chapters XII.-XIV. bring us nearest to our own day—dress, toilet, and miscellaneous household appliances. We have a plain and undeniable Scotch whisky bottle, of the mystic four-square shape that is somehow supposed to imply a guarantee of peculiar purity and flavor; padlocks that might almost have come from a modern barn-door; a jack-plane 13½-in. by 2½-in.; hippo-sandals, trade marks on modern lines, and patent medicines, including "Titus Vindex Ariovistus's Invincible Balsam." Schoolboys' tablets are here, but, unfortunately, their pot-hooks and scribbles have perished. A latchkey, figured opposite p. 236, makes us almost wonder whether Mr. Ward has not found our own, which we unluckily lost a few months ago; and we note with satisfaction that the principle of the safety-pin is at least 2,000 years old. Most interesting are the inventories of three hoards of old iron implements—practically three marine stores of the Romano-British age. Some objects, of course, are not yet identified, and Mr. Ward's descriptions will remind the reader of that immortal inventory drawn up by the Lilliputians who ransacked the pockets of the Man-Mountain: "a narrow-necked glass flask, stoppered with some bituminous substance, and containing a partly-congealed oil floating on a sweet liquid with an apple-like odor"; "a small square glass amphora, containing decomposed vegetable matter," and so on.

Mr. Ward's illustrations are like his text, thoroughly clear, well-ordered, and unpretentious. We are grateful to him for breaking altogether with the earlier traditions of this series, and supplying abundant references for all who care to follow him further. We have noticed only two misprints, which we point out in view of a second edition:—P.P. for P.F. on p. 132, and *ustrina* as a plural word on p. 138.

#### DANTE FOR THE GENERAL READER.

"*In Patria: An Exposition of Dante's 'Paradiso.'*" By Rev. JOHN CARROLL, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is a question how far the study of Dante, which has of late years become so common in this country, is more than a fashion. For, great as is the spell which the "Divina Commedia" throws over those who approach it with due preparation, the poem is encyclopædic and the preparation required is laborious. To understand Dante as he should be understood, a very considerable knowledge of the medieval mind is necessary; and without this knowledge it is not easy to see how he can be understood at all. He is as full of allusions as Browning, and as systematic as Aquinas; he presupposes his world—an acquaintance, general if not expert, with the philosophy, the science, the history, and the religion of his time. Few moderns possess this; and, though it can be got up in such a way as to pass muster, the signs of the process are, as a rule, ill-concealed. This technical character is more strongly marked in the "Paradiso" than either in the "Inferno" or the "Purgatorio"; this is why the last division of the "Commedia" is less read than the former two. Opening with the great chord of the Universal Mover, "La gloria di Colui, che tutto muove," it closes its stately march on the Johannine note, "L'Amor che muove il Sole e l'altre stelle." For "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

## SORE THROAT :

## HOW TO CURE AND PREVENT IT.

As "the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof," so the cure for every disease lies in the rapidity and effectiveness of its action.

To nothing does this apply with greater force than the remedies used to cure sore throat in its various forms—simple sore throat, ulcerated sore throat, and tonsillitis. The reason is that, apart from the pain, sore throat is the premonitory symptom of many serious diseases like diphtheria, scarlet fever, &c.

All these diseases, like all throat complaints, are due to germs. It is the poisonous products they make and pour into the blood which cause the characteristic symptoms. If the germs are destroyed before they have multiplied and poisoned the blood their effect is minimised so that, if the disease is not actually prevented as it often is, it attacks the sufferer in a very mild form.

Of all the remedies introduced for curing sore throat and preventing the serious diseases mentioned above, the medical profession is unanimously agreed that nothing can compare with Wulfin's Formamint for effectiveness, rapidity, and simplicity. You have only to suck a few tablets to obtain the desired result.

Wulfin's Formamint, which is as pleasant as a sweetmeat, contains the most powerful germ destroyer known to science. It is, however, so harmless, that a child might eat a bottleful of tablets without suffering any harm. This has actually happened.

When the tablets are sucked, the saliva is saturated with the germ-destroyer, and as it is swallowed, it gets into the remotest parts of the throat, and kills all germs it finds there. The result is that as the cause of the disease is removed, the inflammation rapidly subsides, and the soreness is cured.

## THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE USE IT.

Besides thousands of doctors, hundreds of distinguished people have written letters stating that they habitually use Wulfin's Formamint to cure their sore throat, as they find it better than anything else for the purpose.

Among such distinguished people are the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., the Right Hon. Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, the Right Hon. Lord Glan-tawe, the Right Hon. Lord Kingsale, Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., the Venerable Archdeacon of Bristol, Madame Adelina Patti, Mr. C. C. Hutchinson, K.C., Sir George Alexander, and many leading M.P.'s, K.C.'s, actors, and clergymen.

Indeed, it may be said without fear of contradiction that no preparation in the world, with the single exception of Sanatogen, has received such laudatory letters from distinguished men and women as Wulfin's Formamint.

Such people would not permit their names to be used to endorse any preparation unless they were firmly impressed with its value. As an example of the strength of their endorsement, the following letter from Viscount Massereene and Ferrard may be quoted:—"I have found Wulfin's Formamint most effective for the cure of sore throat, which quickly disappears after using a few tablets."

## A FREE TRIAL OFFERED.

Wulfin's Formamint may be obtained of all chemists, price 1s. 11d. per bottle of fifty tablets. Several imitations have been put on the market. These imitations are worthless. Refuse them, and insist on having Wulfin's Formamint, which is protected by Royal Letters Patent.

A free sample will be sent to those who have not yet tried it who write to Messrs. A. Wulfin & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., mentioning THE NATION, and enclosing a penny stamp for postage.

In using Wulfin's Formamint you have the supreme confidence of knowing that you are following the lead of many of the most distinguished and intellectual people in the land, and are using the best preparation for curing sore throat and preventing germ diseases.

F. W. T.

The special Christmas Appeals which appear on another page will, we are certain, receive the attention of all readers.

The Society for Relief of Distressed Jews is urgently in need of funds, and at the present moment has much work to do. It gives work to poor Jews at Abraham's Vineyard, Jerusalem, where there are many refugees from persecution in Christian countries. At Jerusalem alone there are over 50,000 Jews, the majority of whom are in great distress.

The Church Army, whose work is so well known, will be glad to receive help in providing Christmas cheer for thousands of poor people, who would otherwise go hungry and cold. Gifts in money or in kind will be gladly welcomed at the headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

The Surgical Aid Society is asking for subscriptions and donations to carry on the good work which was commenced in 1862. It supplies artificial limbs and every other description of mechanical support, to the poor. It is interesting to note that since the commencement of the Society it has supplied no less than 730,000 appliances.

The appeal of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children states that nearly 2,000 boys have been sent into the Royal Navy, and over 6,000 into the Merchant Service. In addition to this, over 3,000 girls have been trained and sent to domestic service. This is indeed a record, of which the Committee may justly be proud.

The London Lock Hospital and Rescue Home is one of the most deserving charities in London. All who are interested in this work should write for a special booklet which gives full details of the great work which is carried on.

The appeal of the "Liberator" Relief Fund will no doubt be very widely responded to. There are 700 people looking to this fund for donations at the present moment, and the bitter cry for help is still coming in.

## PEACE SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1911.

### An Invitation.

According to the usual custom, the next **PEACE SUNDAY** will be on **DECEMBER 24th, 1911.**

The Peace Society have much pleasure in repeating the invitation to observe the day given to Clergymen, Ministers and Speakers last year, and in previous years, which was signed by the leaders of all the Churches in the Kingdom, and which was responded to very extensively.

The Executive ask for a Sermon, Address, or some recognition of the question, in the services of the day, and they offer, for personal use, literature of a helpful character, to all accepting the invitation who make application.

They also request the favor of an intimation from those who are complying with their invitation, not for publication, but for the sake of record and encouragement.

Address: To the Secretary,

**W. EVANS DARBY, LL.D., S.T.D.,**  
47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

### SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

**SPECIAL GIFTS** are solicited for the

### "ARETHUSA" JACKS AND THE GIRLS' HOMES for the NATIONAL REFUGES.

Nearly 2,000 "Arethusa" Jacks have been sent into the Royal Navy and over 6,000 into the Merchant Service, and over 3,000 Girls have been trained and sent to Domestic Service.

Patrons—Their MAJESTIES the KING and QUEEN.

President—The EARL of JERSEY, G.C.B.

The National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children.

Founded 1843. Incorporated 1904.

London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Joint Secretaries: **HENRY G. COPELAND.**  
**H. BRISTOW WALLEN.**



It is probably not in the substance of the poem, but in the exquisite gems with which it is studded, that its fascination for the great bulk of its readers, Italian and non-Italian, resides.

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace," or the magnificent opening of Canto XXXIII. :—

"Vergine madre, figlia del tuo Figlio  
Umile ed alta più che creatura,  
Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio."

It is to such passages as those, and to the atmosphere of dim and vast mystery which pervades it, that the work of the great Florentine owes its power.

Dr. Carroll's exposition is scholastic. The reason for this is that the "Paradiso" is a construction built on a scholastic foundation.

"The 'Inferno' and the 'Purgatorio' came straight out of the poet's character and experience of the moral life; he had been in both. But it is different with the 'Paradiso,' as he himself seems to acknowledge in his Epistle to Can Grande. The material out of which he built his Paradise was of necessity drawn largely from the systems and experiences of the theologians and saints whom he loved and studied. Any exposition of the 'Paradiso,' therefore, demands some acquaintance with those sources. This, of course, has its drawbacks. No attempt, for example, has been made in the present volume to bring out directly the marvellous beauty of the 'Paradiso'; for marvellous its beauty is, in spite of what many regard as dreary wastes of scholastic physics and metaphysics. As an exposition, my work has of necessity been much more occupied with the doctrinal matter and the scholastic method than with the poetic form. Yet the three are so inextricably woven together that no true perception of the beauty of the poetry is possible save through some clear and definite knowledge of the philosophy and theology which form the warp and woof of the 'Paradiso.' My apology, if apology is needed, is that I follow the principle on which Dante expressly based the 'Paradiso' itself: that we must know before we love and enjoy. It had been easy to rhapsodize over the poetic beauty; but I have generally found that such rhapsody is in inverse ratio to the writer's knowledge of the actual thought in the poet's mind."

Dr. Carroll will be found a competent guide through what to the average reader will probably appear the maze of scholasticism. He seldom, however, goes beyond its borders, or attempts a criticism of the ideas and points of view described. Hence a certain thinness in the exposition of such notions as that of the Atonement, of the "motives of credibility," and in the account of the Joachimite circle. The poet saw further than the commentator, and was less bound by the received view. Medieval religious thought was freer than modern; because, with all its limitations, it was a world-thought, led and played upon by the genuine "Zeitgeist"—the vital movement of the time. It was on the field of politics, remarks Tocco ("L'eresia nel medio evo," p. 53), that Dante's dissent from his master, Thomas Aquinas, was most marked; the more so by reason of their accord on other matters. "Ma non a torto ei protesta di far parte da sè, chè le sue dottrine politiche, non del tutto conformi a quelle dei ghibellini, s'inspirano a quelle spirito umanistico, che fra non molto farà rinascere la tradizione ed il culto dell' antichità." It is this that has been the cause of the suspicion with which Ultramontane orthodoxy has all along regarded him; he was a humanist, and a founder of the modern conception of the State. For him the Empire derived its being and authority directly from God, and not from the Pope. This, in the eyes of the Papacy, was his original and unpardonable sin.

#### A TRACT ON EUGENICS.

"The Methods of Race-Regeneration." By C. W. SALEEBY, M.A., F.R.S.Ed. (Cassell. 6d. net.)

DR. SALEEBY gives us in a condensed form the views of the "Eugenist" on the methods of race-regeneration. In the chapter on natural methods he says: "Men and societies have failed, in the past, to perform the task of race-making or race-maintenance, but they have failed in ignorance." The writer gives us no reasons why he should hold such an opinion, and the facts surely go to prove that it is entirely erroneous: race-making and race-maintenance have been so successful that the population of the world is

greater now than it ever has been in the world's history. So much for the natural methods.

In the chapter on positive methods, the reader's hopes are raised to their highest point, for we are told that it might be possible by a careful selection of parents and adequate nurture to bring to birth infant Newtons and Shakespeares.

Dr. Saleeby complains that the educationalist is the great stumbling-block to the advance of eugenist ideas: he gives us to understand that this unfortunate, but honest, man says that he does not know what to aim at. Dr. Saleeby pats him on the back, and tells him to cheer up, and asks him if he has no ideals in education, and suggests to him whether the *mens sana in corpore sano* would not meet his case. The educationalist answers that this is always what he is aiming at. "Very well," says Dr. Saleeby, "those are my ideals also; merely I propose by the use of my method, which is the application of the principle of heredity, to complement your splendid efforts to attain them." One can imagine our educationalist, after the interview, saying to himself: "Well, then, what is all the fuss about? Why not leave me alone to do my work?"

Eugenics, we are told, is the practical application of the science of Genetics; the latter, then, is the bed-rock of Eugenics. "Just as medicine and surgery are based on certain fundamental sciences—what physiology, for instance, is to medicine so Genetics is to Eugenics." Dr. Saleeby goes on to say that the greatest authority on Genetics is Dr. Bateson, and that he compels us to realise that we can learn nothing about the laws of heredity (the understanding of which will alone enable us to control it) without studying at least three consecutive generations. "All that supposed study of heredity which has concerned itself merely with the data derived from parents and offspring alone is, therefore, seen to be entirely valueless; and if that verdict consigns to oblivion practically all the recent work of the so-called 'biometric' school, of which Galton himself was the founder, but which has been pursued by disciples very alien to him in temper and training—such an issue cannot be avoided."

This is an awkward predicament, for the eugenists have all their science taken away from them at one fell swoop. It will also take the heart out of the public in this matter, and rightly so. We have shown, in Dr. Saleeby's own words, that there is no scientific justification for all this talk of race-culture. Amongst the suggestions of the positive methods, the writer mentions marriage certificates containing an account of the ancestors of a prospective son-in-law. All medical men are agreed that a family history is one of the most uncertain things in the whole realm of medicine, and now that Dr. Bateson tells us we must have the history of three generations, if it is to be of any use, the future father-in-law will have to pass a good many sleepless nights before he consents to give his daughter in marriage.

The writer lays the greater stress in his positive methods on the education of boys and girls in parenthood. He says: "The perseverance with which, in the past, the mysteries of religion were instilled in the young—these must be rivalled and surpassed in educating for parenthood, which will be an essential part of the religious education of the future." It is well to know what is in store for us, and we hope those who think eugenically will give the Education Authority ample time before this monstrous proposition has any chance of becoming involved in the scheme of things. The medical profession are certain to oppose it most strenuously. Nothing is more likely to give rise to derangements of the nervous system than the concentration of the mind at an early age on questions relating to sex. Dr. Saleeby will find that all sane people will uphold this opinion. The care of the feeble-minded is about the only really positive work in which the eugenist amongst others has been engaged, and this, curiously enough, the author includes under negative eugenics.

The book should be read by those who wish to find out the weak points in the eugenist campaign. The only reason for reviewing it is to point out to the National Council of Public Morals that they should exercise a more rigid scrutiny in the selection of their "New Tracts for the Times." We hope that the rest of the series will be on a higher level than the present volume.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

### The Times Book Club Circulating Library is Now Open to the General Public

In response to numerous applications and inquiries, it has been decided to accept a limited number of subscriptions for The Times Book Club alone—the Circulating Library of which has hitherto been reserved for the use of Annual Subscribers to "The Times."

Full Particulars on Application.

376 to 384, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

## SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

### SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESSED JEWS.

(SYRIAN COLONIZATION FUND.)

This Society gives work to Poor Jews at Abraham's Vineyard, Jerusalem, where there are many Refugees from persecution in Christian countries. Also Drinking Water, Food and Clothing to Sick and Feeble who cannot work. There are over 50,000 Jews at Jerusalem, the majority in distress.

#### FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

that more may be helped "in token of Christian Sympathy."

#### CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED by—

F. A. BEVAN, Esq., J.P., D.L., *President and Hon. Treasurer*,  
54, Lombard Street, E.C.  
Messrs. DRUMMOND, Bankers, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.  
E. A. FINN, *Secretary*, 117, Victoria Street, S.W.

### THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

Chief Offices: Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.  
TELEPHONE No. 12282 CENTRAL.

Patron - HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—The Right Hon. The EARL OF ABERDEEN, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.T.

This Society was established in 1862 to supply  
**SPINAL SUPPORTS, LEG INSTRUMENTS, TRUSSES,  
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, etc.,**  
and every other description of Mechanical Support to the  
Poor, without limit as to locality or disease. Since the  
commencement of the Society it has supplied over

#### 730,000 APPLIANCES TO THE POOR.

Annual Subscription of .. £0 10 6 Entitles to Two Recom-  
or Life Subscription of .. £5 5 0 mendations per Annum;  
the number of Letters increasing in proportion to the  
amount of Contribution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are EARNESTLY  
SOLICITED, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers,  
Messrs. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., Lombard Street, or by the  
Secretary, at the offices of the Society.

RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, *Secretary*.

### CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE DESTITUTE.

#### THE CHURCH ARMY

will be most grateful for help in providing DINNERS on CHRISTMAS DAY for thousands of poor families who would otherwise spend the festival HUNGRY and COLD; and in giving YULETIDE GLADNESS to hundreds of poor men, women, girls and lads in Labour Homes, Relief Depots, &c.

GIFTS of groceries, materials for dinners, coals, blankets, toys, clothing, boots, &c., or money to buy the same, gladly received by Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W., to whom cheques (crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army) should be made payable. Gifts may, if desired, be marked for particular Departments.

### — THE — "LIBERATOR" RELIEF FUND.

Patron—H.R.H. Prince Christian.

£5,000 per year still urgently needed to give relief to Hundreds of Aged, Destitute, and Afflicted Victims of the great "Liberator" Crash, who were taught and trained in habits of temperance and thrift by their trusted leaders, only to find themselves suddenly deprived of their life-savings, and driven to face the dreaded work-house, in spite of all their praiseworthy endeavours to make some provision for their old age.

More than 3,000 Persons have received assistance, and

#### THE BITTER CRY FOR HELP

is still coming to the Committee from sufferers who have bravely battled with their difficulties till sickness or great destitution has compelled them to apply, the majority of whom are widows and spinsters over sixty-five years of age.

Cheques and P.O.'s should be made payable to the "Liberator" Relief Fund, crossed the "London City and Midland Bank," and sent to the Secretary.

REV. JOHN HARRISON,  
16, Farringdon Street, LONDON, E.C.

### LONDON LOCK HOSPITAL AND RESCUE HOME.

283, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, LONDON, W.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Chairman and Treasurer: THE LORD KINNAIRD, 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.

Treasurer: J. F. W. DEACON, Esq., Birchin Lane, E.C.

Bankers: BARCLAY & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.

One of the most unique and deserving charities in London, though but little known. Many a young girl has been redeemed from utter degradation, and thousands of patients have been treated. We appeal for the children who are suffering through no fault of their own. We are greatly in debt, and cannot carry on our work without immediate and substantial support. "Sympathy is the grandest word in the world."—Smiles.

#### HELP IS BETTER THAN SYMPATHY.

We need £205 per week to carry on our work here.

Particulars and Full Report may be obtained from the Secretary, R. EDWIN EDDISON, at the above address.



## A HUMAN BOOK.

"The Bracknells." By FORREST REID. (Arnold. 6s.)

If the awarding of "literary crowns" were not slightly ridiculous we should put forward the names of Mr. Forrest Reid for writing and his publisher for producing "The Bracknells." It takes faith and courage in these euphemistic days for a writer to paint human nature as it is, and to do as much justice to the disconcerting tragic or morbid facets of life as to the "agreeable" aspects. No doubt invalids can assimilate best a spoon-fed diet, but the sweet sauce which smothers the ordinary dish of fiction destroys the true flavor of the viands. Mr. Forrest Reid's excellence lies in the spiritual integrity with which he observes, analyses, and records the "unpleasant" characteristics of his interesting and disconcerting family, the Bracknells. Of course, in the hands of the true artist, those strands of impulse and action which we style "egoistic," and the facts which we shun as "brutal," are no more to be deprecated than the happy or bright-colored lights in the spiritual web. They are all alike arrestingly and integrally human, and can be all woven into a satisfying picture, according to Delacroix's maxim, "give me the mud of the street, and I will paint with it the white flesh of a woman." If Mr. Forrest Reid shows a weakness, it is in a slightly too apparent predilection for supernatural terrors, but the originality of his story, in fact, hangs upon the appeal that the supernatural makes to his highly sensitive and morbid boy, Denis, while embedded, so to say, in the distasteful environment of his discordant relatives.

The "Family Chronicle" is told largely through the impressions and expressions of the handsome, refined young tutor, Mr. Rusk, a Trinity man, who comes to take charge of the delicate Denis, and finds himself very soon dragged into family quarrels and strange embarrassments. There is Mr. Bracknel, the rich business man, fussy, dictatorial, and obstinate, who is ever at loggerheads with his children; the brilliant and audacious and handsome girl, Amy; the dissipated and insolent elder son, Alfred; and his melancholy, sweet, and faded wife, who is always trying nervously to stand between him and the highly strung Denis. Mr. Bracknel worries everybody by his irritable dissatisfaction, and is particularly stupid in his severe treatment of his younger son, who is dreamy and unsociable, and is, moreover, haunted by visions of a strange, abnormal character. It is difficult to define here the precise shades and shadows of the dark obsessions that fill Denis's imagination, which the author has skilfully connected with an atavistic strain of primitive nature-worship; but his visions are sufficiently morbid to cause his tutor grave anxiety. The boy is also "peculiar" in the rare affectionateness and subtlety of his spirit, and it is moreover obvious that he is not quite physically sound. In the background of the picture we see the fragile mother, Mrs. Bracknel, whose self-effacing watchfulness makes a slightly uneasy impression on the tutor, as of things fated to go wrong. And Mr. Rusk, against his volition, is soon an object of contention between the impulsive Amy, who falls violently in love with him and insists on forcing herself on his attention, and May, her sister, a sweet, natural, and unaffected girl. When the tutor shows himself indifferent to Amy, the latter becomes intensely and immeasurably jealous of her sister, and also bitterly hostile to Denis, whom she imagines is usurping her place. The atmosphere of the Bracknells is, indeed, one of those electric ones in which it is impossible for the outsider to sympathise with any member without being drawn into unpleasant complications with others. And so it proves for Mr. Rusk. At the moment when he is specially anxious about Denis, whom he has grown to love with anxious devotion, Amy avows her passion for the tutor, thus making it impossible for him to remain in the household. But before he can leave, domestic tragedy overwhelms the Bracknells.

It speaks highly for Mr. Forrest Reid's artistic power that he shows himself most accomplished in weaving a complex diverse pattern into his web of family life. The material woof of his tale arises from the unpleasant relations existing between Mr. Bracknel and his insolent and dubious son, Alfred. Whenever Alfred's affairs are brought upon the tapis we breathe the tell-tale odor of bad debts, of

foolish dissipation, of secret dishonesty. The father realises that his son is both a profligate and a spendthrift, and in his heavy wrath, when it is suddenly broken to him that Alfred has married "a typewriting girl" out of the office, with "a pretty, silly face, and the brains of a chicken," he becomes crushingly brutal and sarcastic. Alfred has a salary of two hundred a year and a post in his father's business, but when he tries to put pressure on Mr. Bracknel, he is grimly told that he has done for himself, and need never expect a penny more. In his confusion and rage, Alfred plays a bad card, and attempts to intimidate Mr. Bracknel by letting out the secret he has lately got hold of, viz., that the highly favored young clerk, John Brooke, is his father's illegitimate son. It is a direct menace, but Mr. Bracknel refuses to be intimidated, and Alfred departs in an ugly, vindictive mood. In the subsequent scene, when Alfred, reckless and fired by drink, comes upon his father by night in the counting-house, Mr. Bracknel is seized with an apoplectic fit, and Alfred stands by, coldly callous, resolving "not to interfere, but to leave it to Providence." It is a curiously instructive scene in its naked actuality, with its remorseless exhibition of filial hate, and the death of the hard, unpleasant elder man in the presence of his hard, unpleasant son, is suggestive in its spiritual lesson. We direct special attention to this uncompromising and "brutal" scene, for in its sharp truth it is a spiritual corrective to our habit of covering up what is unpleasant. The modern taste for shallow, sugary sentimentalities would show us Alfred nursing his father back to life, receiving his forgiveness, and the edifying reconciliation of the pair! But the author abides by the stern lessons of Nature which, in the example of the Bible, we all profess to admire. Alfred knows no softening impulse, and walks away from the dead body, rejoicing only that he will now inherit a fortune. The shock, however, to the Bracknel family of their father's death proves the breaking strain for Denis's sanity, and the boy destroys himself. There is great restraint shown in the chapter, which describes how the tutor and doctor search all night for the lad, and their discovery of his body. Equally good is the ironical close, in which Mr. Rusk—before emigrating—meets the Bracknells for the last time, and studies their altered demeanor.

A "disconcerting," "distressing," or "repellent" tale will be the verdict of the commonplace mind on "The Bracknells"; but it is, in fact, of precisely such stuff that ordinary human life and human nature are woven, as almost any newspaper or "family chronicle" will declare to the curious investigator. The fine or conscientious qualities of Mrs. Bracknel, May, Denis, Mr. Rusk, the good physician, Dr. Birch, and John Brooke, are set off, proportionately, by the calculating viciousness of Alfred, the hard materialism of Mr. Bracknel, and the shifty deceit of the cringing Davis. Amy, in her blend of attractive brilliance and self-centred egoism, holds the balance; and Denis, whose flaw of morbid weakness is an indissoluble part and parcel of his rare spiritual sensitiveness, typifies the frailty of the body's tenement, in which earthly and unseen spiritual forces commingle. It would be a mistake to exaggerate the author's achievement, but we have selected it as a good example of a sombre work of art, which braces and fortifies the spiritual life by its very refusal to ignore things "unpleasant."

## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. December 1.	Price Friday morning. December 8.
Consols	78½	76½
Midland Deferred	70½	71½
Canadian Pacific	246½	244½
Russian Fours	95½	95½
Union Pacific	178½	176½

THE City has had an interesting week. It received a good start from the news that the railway directors had agreed to meet the men in conference, which at any rate removes all immediate prospect of another strike. Then, on Tuesday, two very good and very important reports were published, the one by the London General Omnibus Company, the



# Ideal Xmas Gifts

Each one of the articles shown in our New Illustrated Catalogue will make an Ideal Xmas Gift.

## BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

have, however, thousands of other articles, all equally suitable as Gifts, in their numerous branches throughout the Kingdom.

To one or other of these branches we give you a cordial invitation to call and look round. An inspection of our stock will be a delight to you, and there will be no pressure whatever to buy.

We assure you that if you are looking for Gifts for either friends or relatives

You'll find them at

## BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

GIFTS DEPARTMENT,

112-118 Edgware Road.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

### LONDON—

92, 94, 96 King's Road, Chelsea  
42, 44 North End, Croydon  
152 High Street, Putney  
62, 63 High Holborn, W.C.

### KINGSTON-ON-THAMES—

15 Market Place  
BRIGHTON—158-162 Western Road  
HASTINGS—17, 18, 19 Robertson St.  
RICHMOND—63, 64 George Street  
BROMLEY—66, 67 High Street  
BOURNEMOUTH—108 Commercial Rd.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—4 The Pantiles  
GUILDFORD—113 High Street  
READING—91 Broad Street  
OXFORD—1 Queen Street, Carfax  
SALISBURY—3 High Street  
WINCHESTER—37, 38 High Street  
EXETER—53 High Street

### NOTTINGHAM—

High Street and Pelham Street  
GLASGOW—101-105 Sauchiehall St.  
SHEFFIELD—6 High Street  
252, 254 West Street  
SOUTHAMPTON—25 Above Bar  
LEEDS—7, 9 Bond Street  
112, 114 Briggate  
HARROGATE—5 Parliament Street  
BLACKPOOL—14 Market Street

Head Offices—

NOTTINGHAM.

### MANCHESTER—15, 17, 19 St. Ann St.,

St. Ann's Square  
48, 50 Oldham Street  
HULL—10, 12 King Edward Street  
ST. ANNE'S-ON-THE-SEA—  
St. Anne's Road West  
LIVERPOOL—112 Bold Street  
11, 13 London Road  
BIRMINGHAM—52 New Street  
167 Broad Street  
YARMOUTH—  
King Street and Theatre Plain  
SHREWSBURY—7 Pride Hill  
SWANSEA—  
1, 2 Oxford St. and 8 Goat St.  
NEWPORT—13 Commercial Street  
WYOMOUTH—60, 70 St. Mary Street  
HEREFORD—28 High Town  
LINCOLN—280, 281 High Street  
LEICESTER—9 Belvoir Street  
SCARBOROUGH—1 St. Nicholas St.  
and 18 Newborough  
BEDFORD—Harpur Street  
BUXTON—46, 48, 50 Spring Gardens  
CAMBRIDGE—31 Petty Cury  
BRISTOL—13 Queen's Road, Clifton  
SOUTHPORT—383-391 Lord Street  
CHESTER—28 Eastgate Row and  
24 Eastgate Street  
CHELTENHAM—129, 130 High Street

JESSE BOOT,

Managing Director.

# The Economy

of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is one of the many arguments in favour of its use. A quarter-pound tin makes thirty delicious cups of nourishing and sustaining Cocoa. Its great purity and exquisite flavour make it keenly appreciated and enjoyed.

## Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

238

The "Times" says:

"A very spirited and lively tale of the escapades of Rochester in the London of Charles the Second."

## THE ROMANCE OF A STATE SECRET

By W. TRAFFORD-TAUNTON, Author of "Silent Dominion," "The Threshold," "Igdrasil."

The "Scotsman" says: "It is clever. It is full of incident, and the portraiture of historical personages is realistic."

At all Booksellers and Libraries. 6/-

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL,  
HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.

## FURNITURE

FOR CASH.

Lowest Prices.

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co., Ltd.,

238-241, Tottenham Court Road, W.

### WHY PAY RENT?

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD., under its popular IDEAL POLICY plan, which combines House Purchase with Life Assurance, can help you to purchase a house of your own.

Write to-day for booklet "HOW TO BUY A HOUSE IN THE RIGHT WAY," which will be sent free.

Active Agents Wanted.

Excellent Prospects.

Address: 5, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

other by the Peruvian Corporation. On Wednesday came President Taft's message to Congress, and the German Chancellor's reply to Sir Edward Grey. A pretty good dose of varied interest for one week, affecting the Home, the Foreign, and the American Markets. In well-informed circles, the prospect of a business understanding with Germany, based on the open door and the limitation of armaments, is now thought hopeful. But Consols are suffering from a huge issue of Canadian Northern Debentures, "unconditionally guaranteed" by the Canadian Government. This is a gilt-edged security (seven millions of it),  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. at 93. Moreover, money is becoming tight with Christmas at hand, and with trade still booming prodigiously, as the November returns clearly show.

#### THE LONDON OMNIBUSES.

Everyone knows how disastrous to the staid and respectable holders of the old omnibus stock was the advent of motors. The common stock fell from over 200 to under 20. But its motor competitors were equally unsuccessful, and the parent company is now once more a flourishing concern, after swallowing its rivals. There is, however, no stability in prices. The ordinary stock is a gambling counter, and is said to be subject to manipulation. On Monday, when the report was issued, the price fluctuated between 157 and 161 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The report certainly discloses a very flourishing state of affairs. The gross receipts amounted to £1,890,512. Expenses were reduced by £157,535 to £1,434,509, and the directors write off £95,579 for depreciation on motor-bus account, and £135,586 against loss on realising assets in the horse-omnibus business. No allowances under these heads were made a year ago. This year the balance of profit is £213,568, against £125,133 last year. A year ago £45,700 had to be provided for Preference dividend arrears, and £33,400 to extinguish the debit balance brought forward. In the present account, the charge for Preference dividend absorbs £18,092, and Debenture interest £29,702. Hence the available credit, including £15,436 brought forward and £15,888 for interest and dividends, is £197,097. The dividend, as previously announced, is 8 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock, leaving £101,041 to be carried forward. The horse business has been practically disposed of, and a large number of new motor omnibuses have been manufactured and placed upon the streets. In addition, a considerable number of the older omnibuses of the original types have been removed and replaced by omnibuses of the B type. This has been done without increase of capital and without drawing on the liquid assets, a thoroughly sound finance. The position of employees is also being improved in various ways. Nevertheless, as the business admits of easy competition, it would be unsafe to assume that the real capital of such a concern will in the long run yield more than at 5 or 6 per cent. There is already talk of a new motor-bus flotation.

#### THE PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

Peru is not a very powerful or flourishing country, but it stands to benefit by the opening of the Panama Canal. The capital, Lima, is thought by many to be the most agreeable city in South America. The recent issue of City of Lima Municipal Bonds (Five per Cents. at 93) struck one as rather attractive. The Peruvian Corporation is almost as important as the Peruvian Government, with which it is on terms of alliance, and generally of unfriendliness, like Italy and Austria. The accounts of the Corporation now published for the financial year ended 30th June, 1911, show a profit for the year of £417,840, after deducting the usual charges and the Debenture interest at the reduced rate of 4 per cent. In the net income from the railways and navigation there is an increase of £131,098, and from guano an increase of £10,992. The sum of £23,476 brought forward makes £441,317. After deductions for amortisation of Debentures, depreciation of securities, &c., there remains a balance of £314,446. The Directors propose a dividend of £2 per cent. on the Preference Stock, which involves the payment of additional Debenture interest of 2 per cent., making the full interest 6 per cent. The balance of £57,412 is carried forward. This is an important improvement, justifying the speculative interest recently shown in Peru Preference. But it is to be observed that the recent improvement in railway revenue is due as much, or more, to reduced working ex-

penses as to enlarged traffics. This may be merely the result of greater efficiency, but it may also be owing to a niggardly policy in maintenance, equipment, and renewals. An improved map of Peru accompanies the report, and also a publication called "The Land of the Incas," describing the properties of the Corporation. At the request of the Peruvian Government, with which the Company is now on better terms, the Corporation have arranged with Dr. Henry Ogg Forbes, the well-known ornithologist, to visit and report to the Government on the guano islands, with a view to checking the destruction of birds and the wastage of guano. The survey for a railway to the Madre De Dios river has been completed, and negotiations are on foot for an arbitration of the Cerro de Pasco claim. On the whole, this is a promising report. LUCCELLUM.

THE total amount of surplus distributed among the policy holders of The Australian Mutual Provident Society (London Office, 37, Threadneedle Street, E.C., to date is nearly £16,000,000. Policies taken up before December 31st secure share in the 1911 Bonus!

## PHENIX

### Assurance Company, Ltd.

Head Office:

19 & 70, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TOTAL FUNDS  
EXCEED

£14,000,000



CLAIMS PAID  
EXCEED

£85,000,000

Chairman:

Rt. Hon. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, P.C., G.C.S.I.

The Company transacts all the principal classes of Insurance business on advantageous terms, including

## FIRE - LIFE - MARINE

### ACCIDENT - BURGLARY

Loss of Profits following Fire, Workmens Compensation, Fidelity Guarantee, Trustee and Executor, etc.

Loans are granted on Reversions and Life Interests and on Freehold and Leasehold Properties.

Prospectuses and Proposal Forms may be obtained on application to any of the Branch Offices or Agencies, or to the Head Offices.

General Manager: SIR GERALD H. RYAN.



### Impaired Digestion.

Diet yourself. Choose a food which is easily digested, nourishing and palatable. Milk and whole wheat are the staple ingredients of the perfect diet. "The Allenburgs' Diet" is a combination of both in a partially predigested form, and is delicious to take. It gives tone to the whole system. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamps.

Of Chemists  
1/6 and 3/-  
per tin.



D.4. Allen & Haaburgs Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.



*a "Swan" for everyone this Xmas!*



You've read that before, no doubt, but *think it out now.*

Think of all the possible gifts you know—then compare their *utility* with that of the "Swan" Fountainpen, consider the *cost* and the *worth* of each Gift—and compare with the "Swan" Fountainpen, calculate the *likely "life"* of the various articles—and compare with the "Swan" Fountainpen. Then decide on a new

MAY WE SEND  
OUR CHRISTMAS  
BOOKLET?

## "SWAN SAFETY"

*Nothing so handy, practical, or lasting.*  
**OF ALL STATIONERS.**

PRICES, 12/6 UPWARDS.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.  
LONDON: 38, Cheapside, E.C.; 75a, Regent Street, W. MANCHESTER: 3, Exchange Street.  
BRUSSELS: 10, Rue Neuve. PARIS: Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera; and at New York & Chicago

Any "Swan" bought now for Xmas may be exchanged afterwards by recipient should the point not suit exactly.

### TOURS.

#### R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" CRUISES.

**£14 14s.** BARCELONA, PALMA, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER  
ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, SICILY, NAPLES  
MARSEILLES.

Also PALESTINE, EGYPT, GREECE, and ADRIATIC CRUISES.

Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

#### CANARY ISLANDS (Las Palmas).

Union Castle Line Direct Service.

SANTA CATALINA HOTEL (ENGLISH).—Beautiful gardens facing sea  
Golf, tennis, croquet, &c. English Church, English physician, and trained nurse.—  
The Secretary, CANARY ISLANDS COMPANY (Ltd.), 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

**£6 16s. 6d.**

**SKI-ING, SKATING, TOBOGGANNING, etc.**  
Tours 26 16s. 6d. and upwards.  
30 Hotels. 3,000 Beds.

**ALPINE SPORTS, LTD.,**

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; 25, Cannon Street, E.C.;  
82, Strand, W.C.; 84b, Piccadilly, W.

### ART EXHIBITIONS.

#### THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

48th EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES.  
At the Galleries of the R.B.A., Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.  
OPEN DAILY from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 1s.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

KYNCOCH, LIMITED.

have VACANCIES in their Commercial Departments for a few young  
Gentlemen of good education and manners. No premium required  
Term of indentures four years.—Apply, by letter only to the Secretary,  
Kynoch, Limited, Witton, Nr. Birmingham.

**A RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.** The great demand for accom-  
modation has necessitated adding 80 Bedrooms and a Gymnasium. The best  
equipped Residential Club in London. Central for City and West-End, Tubes and  
Buses. Splendid Public Rooms, Billiards, Lawn Tennis, Social, recreative, and  
intellectual advantages. Terms extremely moderate. Bedrooms, with baths, &c.,  
from 7/6 per week. Inspection invited. Illustrated Prospectus free from the  
Warden, Bloomsbury House Club, Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.

# "PERFECTOS"

## No. 2

— VIRGINIA —

## CIGARETTES

JOHN PLAYER & SONS beg to draw  
the attention of connoisseurs to  
"PERFECTOS" No. 2 Cigarettes.

They are distinguished by a superb  
delicacy, the result of a matchless  
blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco.

"PERFECTOS" No. 2 Cigarettes  
are hand made and are on sale at  
the following prices:—

10 FOR 6d.	50 FOR 2/6
20 " 1/-	100 " 4/9

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are a larger  
cigarette of the same quality.

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great  
Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.149



## EDUCATIONAL.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, READING.

Principal: W. M. CHILDS, M.A.  
Halls of Residence for Women:  
St. Andrew's Hall. St. George's Hostel.

## EDUCATION COURSE, SECONDARY DIVISION

(Recognised by the Board of Education and the Cambridge Syndicate.)

Lecturer in Education and Tutor:  
Miss GRACE OWEN, B.Sc., Columbia.

A Course of one year's duration, for women students, in preparation for the Cambridge Teacher's Certificate, will begin on January 11th, 1912. The Course includes lectures on the Theory and History of Education by Miss Grace Owen, B.Sc., Professor W. G. de Burgh, M.A., Mr. A. W. P. Wolters, M.A., and Miss Lucy Ashcroft, M.A.; also lectures on Plato's Republic by Professor de Burgh, and short courses on the teaching of special subjects: History (the Principal); English (Professor Edith J. Morley); Geography (Professor H. N. Dickson, M.A., D.Sc.); Science (Professor F. Keeble, M.A., Sc.D.); Mathematics (Miss Ashcroft); and Drawing (Mr. A. W. Seaby). Practice in Teaching is provided in the chief Girl's Schools of the district. The College offers facilities for students wishing to specialise in Gardening, Fine Art, Crafts, or Music.

## THREE EXHIBITIONS

open to graduates, and entitling to remission of the tuition fee of £20 for the year's Course, are offered for competition; the last day for receiving entries is January 6th. Prospectuses and further information may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Reading.

FRANCIS H. WRIGHT, Registrar.

## BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, Worcestershire.

Spring Term begins January 19th, for Prospectus apply to the Headmaster,

F. J. R. HENDY, M.A.

## BOOTHAM SCHOOL

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends).

Head Master: ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A., Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

For full particulars, apply to the HEAD MASTER, Bootham School, York.

First-Class Modern Commercial  
or Classical Education

**TETTENHALL**  
COLLEGE, Staffordshire.

(Rugby & Oxford.) R. L. AGER, M.A.,  
Headmaster.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).  
Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.) Class. Tripos (Camb.), assisted by Miss M. MENNELL (trained by Madame Osterberg). Prospectus on application.

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL  
(near Reading).

Three Entrance Scholarships open for Competition in February, 1912.

Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

## THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Spring Season commences January 16th. Particulars in Public Schools Year Book, or, more fully from the Bursar.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

FOUNDED 1811.

CATERHAM SCHOOL,  
SURREY.

Head Master: Mr. ALLAN P. MOTTRAM, B.Sc. (Lond.)  
Second Master: Mr. J. H. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.)  
Large resident Staff including Five University Graduates.

## A FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL,

Splendid situation on the North Downs.  
Thoroughly up-to-date equipment.  
Small classes, averaging only 10-15 boys.  
Inspection welcomed at any time.  
New Term, Thursday, January 18. Fees moderate.

FULL PROSPECTUS on application to the Head Master.

## THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For Prospectus address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, B.S.O.

## CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.

Pupils prepared for University.

Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.

Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

## ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.)

The LENT TERM BEGINS ON JANUARY 13th, 1912. The College prepares Students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts.

TWELVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, from £50 to £80 a year, and a certain number of Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for COMPETITION in June, 1912.

Inclusive fee £100 a year.

For further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Send a Card for Glaisher's December Catalogue of  
PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS,  
Containing many fine COLOUR BOOKS.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, London.

1/- NEW LARGE TYPE ILLUSTRATED  
HOLY BIBLE 1/-

With 15 Full-page Illustrations after Collier, Delaroche, Dietrich, Hoffmann, Molitor, Müller, Pfannschmidt, Parker, Reynolds, Sinkel, and Da Vinci. Handsomely bound in crimson morocco grained cloth, round corners, postage single copy, 4d. extra. Six copies post free for 6/7.

Prayer and Hymns (A. & M.), with 20 Illustrations, same style, at 1/2 post free, or in handsome binding, 1/8 post free.

The London Bible Warehouse, 53, Paternoster Row, E.C.

## J. POOLE &amp; CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students  
BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

THE  
NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL,

Respite, Aspic, Prospice.

BY

J. FROME WILKINSON.

Reprinted from the October issue of the "Contemporary Review."

Price 3d., by Post 3½d.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO., LTD.  
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



## HOTELS & HYDROS

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

### THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

### KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor.  
Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,  
Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.

Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte  
Breakfast, Single, from 5/6 to 8/-.  
Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses, 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses: Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."  
Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

#### LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man.  
Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

#### ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Finest Winter Residence  
in the United Kingdom. Every kind of Bath.

#### AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.  
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

#### BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.  
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.  
SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

#### BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

#### BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.  
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

#### BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

#### CONWAY.

LARK HILL Boarding Establishment. Unique Situation. (Tel. 126.)

#### DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

#### DROITWICH.

WORCESTERSHIRE BRINE BATHS HOTEL.  
Write to M. F. Culley for inclusive terms.

#### EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

#### GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most central. Eng. meat Pop. prices. Tel. 412. P. Rogers

#### GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

#### ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea.

#### LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

#### LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. First-Class.

#### LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

#### LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

#### MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.

KNOTSFORD. Supr. apts. elec. light. Prop., C. Bartter. Tel. 182.

PORTLAND PRIVATE HOTEL. Illustrated Tariff. D. Woodman.

#### MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

#### OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

### The First Nature-Cure in England

(Altitude 500 feet. Pure, bracing and beautiful country).

BROADLANDS, MEDSTEAD, HANTS.

(One Hour and Forty Minutes from Waterloo.)

An Ideal Holiday for tired people, with or without treatment.  
Perfect Conditions for Rest Cure.

Sun, Air, Water, and Vapour Baths. Sleeping in Air Chalets,  
which are heated in Winter. Non-flesh Diet. Physical Culture.

For Illustrated Prospectus apply Manager.

#### PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

#### SOUTHPORT.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas. Tel. 647.

KENWORTHYS HYDRO. Near Pier & Lord St. Lounge, lift,  
120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., etc., baths. Tel. 80. Wires  
"Kenworthys." Prospectus, Managers.

#### SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 921. Garage. Palm Court, Grill,  
and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

#### TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links.  
Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

#### WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

#### WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St., 1st-Class Temp. Tel. 212.

On Monday, December 4th, a series of articles was  
commenced in the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE entitled:—

## FOUNDATIONS OF BRITISH POLICY.

These deal with the position of Great Britain in foreign  
affairs and form a guide to recent developments of policy.  
The second article of the series appeared on Wednesday,  
December 6th, and further articles will be published twice  
a week. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publisher,  
price 1½d. post free.

Subscribe now to the  
**WESTMINSTER GAZETTE,**  
London's Evening Paper.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Offices: Salisbury Square, Fleet St., E.C.

#### NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for  
copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher,  
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION  
PUBLISHING Co., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial  
Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035. Editorial:  
Central 4511.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

Single copies of THE NATION may be obtained from,  
and subscriptions received by:—

Canada—The Toronto News Co., 42, Yonge Street,  
Toronto; The Montreal News Co., 386 and 388,  
St. James Street, Montreal.

U.S.A.—The International News Co., 83 and 85, Duane  
Street, New York.

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli; W. H.  
Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Escoffier's Library, 3, Place Massena.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

# The Medici Prints

The Medici Society earnestly begs that all orders for its publications **FRAMED** may be placed not later than **DECEMBER 14th**. Delay beyond that date may seriously jeopardise The Society's ability to deliver such orders before Christmas.

¶ Medici Prints to the number of nearly 150 are now published and include the works of 75 Painters.

¶ Medici Prints cost from 6s. to 35s. unframed; framed from 2s. 6d. to £15.

¶ For full details please call at The Society's Galleries, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. (open daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.: visitors are under no obligation to purchase). Or write for Catalogues as follows:—The special Christmas Catalogue, with illustrations in colour, 6d. post free; The Society's Prospectus, containing particulars and illustrations of ALL published Prints, together with announcements for 1912, 6d. post free [applications for the *new issue*, ready about January 1st, 1912, may also be booked]; Illustrated Catalogue of 350 facsimile Drawings by the Old Masters, 6d. post free; fully Illustrated Catalogue of "Primitives" reproduced in facsimile colour-collotype, 6d. post free; illustrated Catalogue of 6,500 Shilling Carboprints, 2s. post free. Also the following illustrated lists post free on request:—The National Portrait Series of Medici Prints, published UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT; reproductions from the Tennant Collection "O.M.C." miniature Old Masters in Colour (1s. each), etc.

NOW READY

NOW READY

## Illustrated Catalogue of an Exhibition of Old Masters, Grafton Galleries, 1911 in Aid of the National Art-Collections Fund

Edited by ROGER E. FRY and MAURICE W. BROCKWELL. With 80 Full-Page plates in Monochrome Collotype and a Photogravure Frontispiece. Large crown 4to (10½ × 7½ in.), cloth, full gilt, with special design after a fine example by Roger Payne, £1 1s. net; or in whole vellum boards, full gilt, £2 2s. net.

In price, in *format* (a handy quarto), and in the quality of the plates and letterpress, it is claimed that the contents of this work are inferior to those of no similar publication of the last decade.

\* \* The Descriptive Prospectus post free on request.

Dr. WALLIS BUDGE:

Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection

With 200 Illustrations. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. Cloth gilt, £2 net.

R. T. HOLBROOK:

Portraits of Dante

Profusely Illustrated. Quarto. Cloth gilt, £1 1s. net. Green Parchment, £1 11s. 6d. net.

E. G. GARDNER:

The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great

As translated by P. W., 1608. With Introduction and Notes; also many Illustrations after the Old Masters. Cloth, full gilt, 10s. 6d. net. Green Parchment, gilt, 15s. net.

P. THUREAU-DANGIN:

The Life of S. Bernardino of Siena

Translated by G. VON HUGEL. With many Illustrations after the Old Masters. 10s. 6d. net. Green Parchment, 15s. net.

## Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns

Edited, with Introduction and Glossary, by W. MACDONALD; also 12 Water-colours by W. RUSSELL and R. PURVES FLINT. Small crown 4to. Cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net. Green Parchment, 15s. net.

## The Riccardi Press Books

New volume just ready: EVERYMAN, A MORALITY PLAY. With 10 Water-colours by J. H. AMSCHWITZ. 500 copies on paper, boards, £2 2s. net; limp vellum, £2 12s. 6d. net. 10 copies for sale, printed on vellum, £12 12s. net.

Final volume, now ready: LE MORTE DARTHUR. In 4 volumes, with 48 Water-colours by W. RUSSELL FLINT. 500 copies on paper, £10 10s. net and £12 12s. net the set; and 10 on vellum, £85 net.

Recently published: CATULLI, TIBULLI, PROPERTI, CARMINA (1 vol.), uniform with QUINTI HORATI FLACCI OPERA OMNIA. 1,000 copies of each volume, printed in blue and black, on paper, £1 1s. net and £1 11s. 6d. net; 14 copies for sale on vellum, £21 net.

\* \* A Prospectus of the Riccardi Press Books post free on request.

A BOOK FOR ALL SKI-RUNNERS AND SPORTSMEN

## With Ski in Norway and Lapland

By J. H. W. FULTON. With Introduction by G. HERBERT FOWLER, Ph.D., F.L.S., late President of the Ski Club of Great Britain. Illustrated with 71 Photographs and a Map. Square crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

"A unique bit of travel . . . There is a freshness in the record that allures. For the practical skier the book has a special value."—*Sportsman*.

Please write for Mr. Lee Warner's Illustrated List of New Books, and special Prospectuses of above volumes (post free).

PHILIP LEE WARNER, Publisher to  
The Medici Society, Ltd., 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London.

THE NATION, with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London; and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1911.



# The Nation

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1911.

## Presentation



## Volumes

CASSELL'S CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE contains beautiful Colour Pictures and full details of books suitable for Boys and Girls and the Older Folk, at prices to suit every purse. Cassell's Nature Books Catalogue is profusely illustrated with Photographs from Nature. Both post free.

### Warships and their Story

By R. A. FLETCHER. With Colour Frontispiece by CHARLES DIXON R.L., and 80 Full-page Photographs. Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top

21s. net

### 100 Popular Pictures

Facsimile Reproductions in Colour of Popular Pictures Two selected from the World's Great Galleries, with an introduction by M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A., & and Note on each Picture by ARTHUR FISH.

12s. each

### The Ideal Garden

By H. H. THOMAS. With 16 Coloured Plates and 65 Reproductions from Photographs. Handsomely decorated cover, cloth gilt.

6s. net

### Steamships and their Story

By E. KEELE CHATTERTON. With beautiful coloured Frontispiece and about 150 other Illustrations. Cloth gilt, gilt top. "A large, popular, and attractive history, copiously illustrated."—*Times*.

21s. net

### Keartons' Nature Pictures

Contains 24 Colour Plates, 72 Rembrandt Photogravures, and hundreds of photographic Reproductions, with descriptive Text by RICHARD KEAR- TON, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S., etc. 15s. Cloth gilt, gilt top. "A handsome work."—*Standard*.

21s. net

### Cassell's Popular Gardening

Edited by WALTER P. WRIGHT, F.R.H.S. With 24 Coloured Plates and upwards of 1,000 Illustrations. Two Vols. 1,152 pages. Crown 4to, half-leather, gilt top.

30s. net

### The Sea and its Story

By Capt. FRANK H. SHAW and ERNEST H. ROBINSON. With 12 Coloured Plates by famous Marine Artists, and hundreds of other illustrations. Cloth gilt.

9s. net

### Wild Flowers as they Grow

Photographed in Colour direct from Nature by H. ESSENHUGH CORKE, F.R.P.S. With descriptive Text by G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc. Series One and Two.

5s. net each

### Cassell's Cyclopaedia of Photography

Edited by BERNARD E. JONES, with 5 Colour Plates, 19 Full-page and Hundreds of other Illustrations. Crown 4to, cloth gilt

10s. 6d. net

### Cassell's Book of Quotations

Proverbs and Household Words By W. GURNEY BENHAM, F.R.S. M.A. Over 30,000 References. 12s. 6d. and full verbal index.

Cloth 10s. 6d. net; Half-12s. 6d. net

### The Pilgrim's Progress

By JOHN BUNYAN. With a life of the Author by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, D.D. 12 Colour Illustrations by JAMES CLARK, R.I. Super royal 7s. 6d. 8vo, cloth gilt.

10s. 6d. net

### Astronomy for All

By BRUNO H. BÜRGER. Translated from the German by STELLA BLOCH. With over 300 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, cloth gilt.

10s. 6d. net

## NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

With beautiful Colour and Black-and-White Illustrations by well-known Artists, and handsomely bound in cloth gilt, with coloured edges.

### All About Airships

By RALPH SIMMONDS. With Colour Frontispiece and many illustrations from photographs. Cloth gilt.

6s.

### Captain Black

SEQUEL TO "THE IRON PIRATE." By MAX PEMBERTON, with Frontispiece in Colour, extra crown 8vo.

6s.

### Peggy, S.G.

By HELEN H. WATSON. "Being the further fortunes of Peggy, D.O." With 4 Colour Plates by ELIZABETH EARNshaw. Handsomely bound in cloth gilt, coloured top.

3s. 6d.

### Penelope Intrudes

By KATHARINE NEWLIN. With 4 Colour Plates by W. REYNOLDS. Cloth gilt, coloured top.

3s. 6d.

### The Champion of the School

By Capt. FRANK SHAW. With 4 Colour Plates by ERNEST PRATER. Bound in attractive cloth cover, coloured top.

3s. 6d.

### For School and Country

By RALPH SIMMONDS. With 4 Colour Plates by HAROLD EARNshaw. Cloth gilt, coloured top.

3s. 6d.

### Fairy Rings

By EDITH HOWES. With 4 Colour Illustrations from Drawings by FRANK WATKINS. Bound in a novel green cover, with colour picture panel in centre. Cloth gilt.

3s. 6d. net

### The Adventures of Jack Rabbit

By RICHARD KEARTON. F.Z.S., F.R.P.S. With 8 Autochromes and numerous Photographs taken direct from Nature by RICHARD and GRACE KEARTON. Extra crown 8vo.

6s.

## THE CASSELL ANNUALS MAKE EXCELLENT GIFTS.

SECOND YEAR OF ISSUE.

### Cassell's Annual for Boys and Girls

With 300 Colour Pictures and a Splendid Prize Painting Competition.

Picture Boards, 3s. 6d. Cloth gilt, gilt edges.

5s.

All the favourite writers and artists for children have again contributed.

### The British Boy's Annual

A real boy's book, full of spirited adventure stories. With 3 Coloured Plates and numerous other illustrations. Cloth gilt.

5s.

### The British Girl's Annual

A volume for modern girls. With 3 Coloured Plates and about 30 Full-page Illustrations. Cloth gilt.

5s.

"Both of them enlarged and considerably improved, even upon the high standard established at the first attempt."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

### Chums

Yearly Volume With Colour Plates and numerous other Illustrations. Cloth, full gilt. It has well over 1,000 pages of stories and pictures such as boys love.

8s.

### The Girl's Realm Annual for 1911

With upwards of 1,300 Illustrations and Photographs, including Pictures by Eminent Artists of the day. Cloth gilt.

8s.

Catalogue post free. Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Also New York, Toronto, and Melbourne.

# Macmillan & Co.'s New Books.

## The Future of England.

By the Hon. GEORGE PEEL. 8vo. 6s. net.

THE MORNING POST.—"Mr. Peel inherits a mind trained in dealing with men and affairs; he has travelled widely; he is widely read; and he is also the master of a style, disinterested and magnanimous, which has the vivid earnestness and inevitable exactness of the classical writers of the nearer and further past. A book which is not only the literature of knowledge, but also the literature of power."

## The Making of Northern

Nigeria. By Captain C. W. J. ORR, R.A., late Political Department, Northern Nigeria. With Maps. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

THE TIMES.—"An able statement of the Government position by an officer with seven years' experience."

## Seems So! A Working-Class

View of Politics. By STEPHEN REYNOLDS and BOB and TOM WOOLLEY. With Frontispiece. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE SPECTATOR.—"There is no one writing to-day who has fitted himself so carefully as Mr. Stephen Reynolds to interpret the working-man, and no one needs an interpreter more than the working-man."

## Unemployment: A Social Study

By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, Author of "Poverty: A Study of Town Life," etc., and BRUNO LASKER. 8vo. 5s. net.

"An important condition of dealing satisfactorily with unemployment is a knowledge of such facts and figures as are presented to us in this valuable study. . . . A timely piece of investigation on sound lines, it is by such researches that the work of the legislator is rendered possible."—PERCY ALDEN, M.P., in the Morning Leader.

### New and Cheaper Re-issues.

**On Peace and Happiness.** By the Rt. Hon. LORD AVEBURY, P.C., F.R.S., &c. Cheaper Re-issue. Globe 8vo. 3s. 6d.

### PROFESSOR BERGSON.

Author of "Creative Evolution." 10s. net.

## Laughter: An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic.

By HENRI BERGSON. Authorised Translation by CLODESLEY BRERETON, L. es L., M.A., and FRED. ROTHWELL, B.A. Extra crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

## A Critical Exposition of Berg-

son's Philosophy. By J. M'KELLAR STEWART, B.A., D.Ph. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**The Choice.** By ROBERT DOUGLAS. Extra crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

TIMES.—"The defence of a forlorn cause is always inspiring and inspiring. Mr. Douglas's volume is that; it is also a balanced and comprehensive survey of a wide range of thought and study."

**Style in Musical Art.** By Sir HUBERT PARRY, Bart., C.V.O., Mus. Doc., &c. 8vo, 10s. net.

**Music and Nationalism. A Study of English Opera.** By CECIL FORSYTH. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**Post-Victorian Music, with other Studies and Sketches.** By CHARLES L. GRAVES, Author of "The Diversions of a Music Lover." Extra crown 8vo. 6s. net.

## Tennyson and His Friends.

Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.

With Portraits. 8vo. 10s. net.

**H. M. Hyndman's Record of an Adventurous Life.** With Portrait. 8vo. 15s. net.

## Albrecht Dürer: His Life and

a Selection of his Works. By Dr. FREIDRICH NÜCHTER. Translated by L. D. WILLIAMS. With an Introduction by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. With 53 Plates and 1 in Colour, Imp. 4to. 6s. net.

### WARWICK GOBLE'S NEW COLOUR BOOK.

## Stories from The Pentamerone.

By GIAMBATTISTA BASILE. Selected and edited by E. F. STRANGE. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by WARWICK GOBLE. Crown 4to. 15s. net. Also Edition de Luxe limited to 150 Copies. Demy 4to. 42s. net.

## Floreat Etona. Anecdotes and

Memories of Eton College. By RALPH NEVILL. With many Coloured and other Illustrations. 8vo. 15s. net.

## The Land of Uz. (Southern

Arabia.) By ABDULLAH MANSÜR (G. Wyman Bury). With a Preface by MAJOR-GENERAL PELHAM MAITLAND, C.B. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

## From Constantinople to the

Home of Omar Khayyam. Travels in Transcaucasia and Northern Persia for Historic and Literary Research. By A. V. W. JACKSON, Author of "Persia, Past and Present." With Illustrations and Map. 8vo. 15s. net.

## Panama: The Canal, the

Country, and the People. By ALBERT EDWARDS. Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

## The Centaur. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD,

Author of "Jimbo," etc. 6s.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"We own to having taken as many days to read this book as it takes hours to read the ordinary novel, but not because the book is heavy or dull, but because it is too good, too impressive, to be read at anything like a single sitting."

## The Baron's Heir. A Sixteenth-Century

Romance for Young People. By ALICE WILSON FOX, Author of "Hearts and Coronets," etc. Illustrated. 6s.

PUNCH.—"Sensible girls will, I am sure, be glad to add it to their stock of Christmas presents, for although it contains a love story in the bud, there is no sentimental twaddle, and the author rightly thinks that nothing but the best she can give is good enough for children."

**The Healer.** By ROBERT HERRICK, Author of "Together," &c. 6s.

### ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

## The Virginian. By OWEN WISTER, Author

of "Members of the Family," &c. New Edition with Illustrations by CHARLES M. RUSSELL, and Drawings from Western Scenes by F. REMINGTON. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

\*\* Macmillan's Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

# The Nation

## A Short Study.

### THE WREN.

#### A CORNISH LEGEND.

EARLY on St. Stephen's Day—which is the day after Christmas—young John Cara, son of old John Cara, the smith of Porthennis, took down his gun and went forth to kill small birds. He was not a sportsman; it hurt him to kill any living creature. But all the young men in the parish went slaughtering birds on St. Stephen's Day; and the Parson allowed there was warrant for it, because, when St. Stephen had almost escaped from prison, a small bird (by tradition a wren) had chirped, and awakened his gaolers.

Strange to say, John Cara's dislike of gunning went with a singular aptitude for it. He had a quick sense with birds; could guess their next movements just as though he read their minds; and rarely missed his aim if he took it without giving himself time to think.

Now the rest of youths, that day, chose the valley bottoms as a matter of course, and trooped about in parties, with much whacking of bushes. But John went up to Balmain—which is a high stony moor overlooking the sea—because he preferred to be alone, and also because, having studied their ways, he knew this to be the favorite winter haunt of the small birds, especially of the wrens and the titlarks.

His mother had set her heart on making a large wranny-pie (that is, wren-pie, but actually it includes all manner of birdlings). It was to be the largest in the parish. She was vain of young John's prowess, and would quote it when old John grumbled that the lad was slow as a smith. "And yet," said old John, "backward isn't the word so much as foolish. Up to a point he understands iron 'most so well as I understand it myself. Then some notion takes him, and my back's no sooner turned than he spoils his job. Always trying to make iron do what iron won't do—that's how you may put it." The wife, who was a silly woman, and (like many another such) looked down on her husband's trade, maintained that her boy ought to have been born a squire, with game of his own.

Young John went up to Balmain; and there, sure enough, he found wrens and titlarks flitting about everywhere, cheeping amid the furze bushes, on the low stone hedges and the granite boulders where the winter rains had hollowed out little basins for themselves, little by little, working patiently for hundreds of years. The weather was cold, but still and sunny. As he climbed, the sea at first made a blue strip beyond the cliff's edge on his right, then spread into a wide blue floor, three hundred feet below him, and all the width of it twinkling. Ahead and on his left all the moorland twinkled too, with the comings and goings of the birds. The wrens mostly went about their business—whatever that might be—in a sharp, practical way, keeping silence; but the frail note of the titlarks sounded here, there, everywhere.

Young John might have shot scores of them. But, as he headed for the old mine-house of Balmain and the cromlech, or Main-Stone, which stands close beside it—and these are the only landmarks—he did not even trouble to charge his gun. For the miracle was happening already.

It began—as perhaps most miracles do—very slowly and gently, without his perceiving it, quite trivially and even absurdly. It started within him, upon a thought that wren-pie was a foolish dish after all! His mother, who prided herself upon making it, did but pretend to enjoy it after it was cooked. His father did not even

pretend: the mass of little bones in it cheated his appetite and spoiled his temper. From this young John went on to consider, "Was it worth while to go on killing wrens and shamming an appetite for them, only because a wren had once informed against St. Stephen? How were these wrens guilty? And, anyway, how were the titlarks guilty?" Young John reasoned it out in this simple fashion. He came to the Main-Stone, and seating himself on the turf, leaned his back against one of the blocks which support the huge monolith. He sat there for a long while, puckering his brows, his gun idle beside him. At last he said to himself, but firmly and aloud:

"Parson and the rest say 'tis true. But I can't believe it, and something inside says 'tis wrong. . . . There! I won't shoot another bird—and that settles it!"

"Halleluia!" said a tiny voice somewhere above him.

The voice, though tiny, was shrill and positive. Young John recognised, and yet did not recognise it. He stared up at the wall of the old mine-house from which it had seemed to speak, but he could see no one. Next he thought that the word must have come from his own heart, answering a sudden gush of warmth and happiness that set his whole body glowing. It was as if winter had changed to summer, within him and without, and all in a moment. He blinked in the stronger sunshine, and felt it warm upon his eyelids.

"Halleluia!" said the voice again. It certainly came from the wall. He looked again, and, scanning it in this strange, new light, was aware of a wren in one of the crevices.

"Will he? will he?" piped another voice, pretty close behind his ear. Young John, now he had learnt that wrens can talk, had no difficulty in recognising this other voice: it was the half-hearted note of the titlark. He turned over on his side and peered into the shadow of the Main-Stone; but in vain, for the titlark is a hesitating, unhappy little soul that never quite dares to make up its mind. It used to be the friend of a race that inhabited Cornwall ages ago. It builds in their cromlechs, and its song remembers them. It is the bird, too, in whose nest the cuckoo lays; so it knows all about losing one's children and being dispossessed.

"We will give him a gift," chirruped the wren, "and send him about his business. He is the first man that has the sense to leave us to ours."

"But will he?—will he?" the titlark piped back ghostily. "One can never be sure. I have known men long, long before ever you came here. I knew King Arthur. This rock was his table, and he dined here with seven other kings on the night after they had beaten the Danes at Vellandruchar. I hid under the stone and listened to them passing the cups, and between their talk you could hear the stream running down the valley—it turned the two mill-wheels, Vellandruchar and Vellandreath, with blood that night. Even at day-break it ran high over the legs of the choughs walking on the beach below—that is why the choughs go red-legged to this day. . . . They are few now, but then they were many: and next spring they came and built in the rigging of the Danes' ships, left ashore—for not a Dane had escaped. But King Arthur had gone his way. Ah, he was a man!"

"Nevertheless," struck in the wren, "this is a good fellow, too; and a smith, whose trade is as old as your King Arthur's. We will prosper him in it."

"What will you give him?" asked the titlark.

"He is lying at this moment on the trefoil that commands all metals. Let him look to his gun when he awakes."

"Ah!" said the titlark, "I told you that secret. I was with Teague the Smith when he discovered it . . .

. . . But he discovered it too late; and, besides, he was



a dreamer, and used it only to make crosses and charms and womanish ornaments."

"It's no use to us, anyhow," said the practical wren. "So let us give it away. I hate waste."

"I doubt," said the titlark, "it will be much profit to him, wonderful though it is."

"Well," said the wren, "a present's a present. Folks with a living to get must give what they can afford."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not wise, as a rule, to sleep on the bare ground in December. But Young John awoke warm and jolly as a sandboy. He picked up his gun. It was bent and curiously twisted in the barrel. "Hullo!" said he, and peered closely into the short turf where it had lain. . . .

When he reached home his mother cried out joyfully, seeing his game-bag and how it bulged. She cried out to a different tune when he showed her what it contained—clods and clumps of turf, matted over with a tiny close-growing plant that might have been any common moss for aught she knew (or recked) of the difference.

"But where are all the birds you promised me?"

He held out his gun—he had promised no birds, but that mattered nothing. His father took it to the lamp and glanced at it; put on his horn spectacles slowly, and peered at it. He was silent for a long while. Young John had turned inattentively from his mother's reproaches, and stood watching him.

The old man swung about at length. "When did ye contrive this?" he asked, rubbing the twist of the gun-barrel with his thumb. "And the forge not heated all this day!"

"We'll heat it to-night after supper," said Young John.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the Church of Porthennis, up to twenty-five years ago, there stood a screen of ironwork—a marvel of arabesques and intricate traceries, with baskets of flowers, sea-monsters, Cherubim, tying the filigree work and looping it together in knots and centres. One panel had for subject a spider midmost in a web, to visit which smiths came hundreds of miles, from all over the country, and wondered. For it was impossible to guess how iron had ever been beaten to such thinness or drawn so ductile. But unhappily—and priceless as was the secret Young John Cara had chosen to let die with him—the art of it was frail, frail as the titlark's song. His masterpiece, indeed, had in it the corruption of Celtic art. It could not endure its native weather, and rusted away almost to nothingness. When the late Sir Gilbert Aubyn, the famous neo-Gothic architect, was called in (1885) to restore Porthennis Church—or, as we say in Cornwall, to "restroy" it—he swept the screen away. But this is the legend that remains.

Q.

## Reviews.

### COLOR BOOKS.

"**Siegfried**" and the "**Twilight of the Gods**." Translated into English by MARGARET ARMOUR. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

"**Tannhäuser**." Freely Translated in Poetic Narrative Form by T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGÁNY. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

"**The Blue Bird**." By M. MAETERLINCK. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. Illustrated by F. CAVLEY ROBINSON. (Methuen. £1 1s. net.)

"**Stories from Hans Andersen**." Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.)

"**The Idylls of the King**." By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated by ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.)

"**Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns**." Edited by WILLIAM MACDONALD. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT and R. PURVES FLINT. (Lee Warner. 10s. 6d. net.)

"**Patience**" and "**The Pirates of Penzance**." By W. S. GILBERT. Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net. each.)

"**The Pilgrim's Progress**." By JOHN BUNYAN. With Life of Bunyan by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, D.D. Illustrated by JAMES CLARK. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

"**Lorna Doone**." By R. D. BLACKMORE. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. (Chambers. 21s. net.)

"**The Personal History of David Copperfield**." By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.)

THERE now remain few departments of literature which the colored illustration has not invaded with its insidious guile, its power of making the old appear new, and the new newer. What wonderful magic it is, this power of renovation! How delightfully fresh seem these friends of all time, as they come to us attired in new and gorgeous raiment: the "Idylls of the King" resplendent in blue and gold; our old friend Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Lorna Doone" smiling at us from an embossed picture on a black cover; that big child, Hans Andersen, brimming over with the delightful fancies of his own eternal childhood; "David Copperfield" swollen to the size of a family Bible and beaming with health in a bright scarlet cover!

Friends also, if less familiar and less old, are M. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," whose acquaintance many of us made only last year; the Anglicised librettos of Richard Wagner's "Siegfried" and the "Twilight of the Gods"; and Mr. Rolleston's free translation of "Tannhäuser." We have reserved these last for a fresh paragraph, not only because they are less familiar and less old, but because in other respects their subjects, and to a great extent their illustrations, stand apart. Concerning Mr. Rackham's illustrations to "Siegfried" and the "Twilight of the Gods," there is not much to be added to what we wrote last year of his "Rhinegold" and "Valkyrie." One may pay a tribute, however, to the attractiveness of those pictured heroes and heroines who once more step upon the stage; to his fair Brünnhilde, his witching Rhine Maidens, his virile Siegfried, and noble Wotan; and not less to the grim grotesqueness of his Mime, the dwarf, and the *terribilità* of the giant-dragon Fafner. If anything, Mr. Rackham's conception is larger than in the previous volume; he appears to move more freely through the wild gloom of the legends, to be less confined by his own technique. And here, as before, he does not attempt to translate Wagner's music; he merely transposes from the musical medium to that of line and wash what is transposable, that is to say, a measure of its imaginative romance, wildness, and grimness, and, above all, its melancholy rhythm.

When one steps from Mr. Rackham to Mr. Willy Pogány, the difference is every bit as vast as the spiritual difference between the almost uncouth Scandinavian Ring of myths and the essentially German, essentially sentimental, legend of Tannhäuser. Mr. Pogány has elected, with the help of the typography of Mr. Rolleston's poetic narrative setting, to make a Book Beautiful; he has approached his work with the decorative care, if not the actual reverence, of the old illuminators. His pretty *fal-de-lals*, with more than a touch of Japanese daintiness in them, begin with the inside front cover and spread like a sea of gently rippling wavelets, in and out, round and about the text, till they end with the inside back cover. Now and again one is brought up by a real picture—a full-page plate—that checks the steady flow of decoration and sets going a train of purely pictorial reminiscence; a tenderly romantic landscape with figures reminds one of a Corot; and an interior with delicate flesh tones against a background of brown and rose and amber recalls an Orchardson. But in the main Mr. Pogány is the *illuminateur*; and very charming are many of his pattern designs, nor does the total effect lose by the skilful repetition of a motive, or even of a complete design here and there. Regarded as illustrations to "Tannhäuser," only one possible point of criticism suggests itself. It is that these decorative trifles, so airy, so joyous, so pleasing to the æsthetic sense, tend to keep our senses and our intellects perpetually where the illustration starts—in the Halls of Venusberg. They never permit us to get through the sentimentality of the romance to the deep human sentiment of Tannhäuser faring forth in quest of redemption. They keep us perpetually in a light and rather irresponsible frame

of mind, or would do so if it were not for a guilty memory, say, of the sonorous dignity of Wagner's Overture. It is, perhaps, Mr. Pogány's misfortune that we find it difficult to think of Tannhäuser without that Overture.

In "The Blue Bird," with Mr. Cayley Robinson's illustrations, we find what in our opinion is the most remarkable color book of the season. Here, if anywhere, was the illustrator fitted to his task by temperament and technical attainments; by a mind in sympathy with mysticism, if not actually mystical, and a pencil long practised in simple and refined forms and delicate gradations of color. M. Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy play appears to us to demand two essentials from an illustrator. He must not only enter into the riotous imaginativeness of childhood; he must understand its high seriousness. Mr. Cayley Robinson's art lends itself readily to this dual comprehension. Delving among the Italian primitives has given him a method that recalls in its tenderness and translucency the *fresco secco* painting of the fourteenth century, when the color was laid in flat tones upon the dry plaster surface; and it has given him also a purity of outline and a sense of form which, if they sometimes appear a little archaic, have the charm of its naive sincerity. A poetic earnestness is the keynote of these drawings. Mr. Cayley Robinson sports with us even less than does M. Maeterlinck; even the Dog, that most irresistible and pathetic of stage low comedians, is not without a comparative dignity. Every now and again the artist soars upwards and towards the purest lyrical poetry that color and form can render, notably in the drawing of "Fire and Water" (page 28), in the "Sleep, Night, and Death" (page 65) with its haunting flavor of Michael Angelo's sculpture, and in the wonderful moonlit picture of the graveyard with its sentinel cypresses. Or, again, what more daintily imaginative than "The Dawn of Day"—a vision of joyous *Amorini* and Blue Birds fluttering against the grey stone wall that has just caught the mysterious glow of the hardly risen sun? The magician owes much of his magic to his color which—contrary to what usually happens with subtle color—has suffered wonderfully little in translation. But putting color aside, his art is enough to remind us that illustration is not yet separated from high art by any unfathomable or even definable gulf.

Of several souvenirs still awaiting attention, the volume of "Stories of Hans Andersen," with illustrations by Mr. Edmund Dulac, comes most fittingly next, since it is allied in its appeal to serious childhood with Mr. Maeterlinck's play. Mr. Dulac, however, has nothing in common with Mr. Cayley Robinson; his art is complex and modern where the other's is simple and elemental, and, if any past age influences him, it is an age not earlier than the eighteenth century. Withal, there are few readers of the famous text who will not enjoy this edition. Mr. Dulac achieves, to begin with, a surface quality which, in its soft richness, approximates to that of fine porcelain. Then his color itself has the wealth and variety of a stained-glass window, he is not without humor, though he never burlesques, and his strong sense of decorative design is shown in everything he does. With an evenly-sustained talent such as his, it is difficult to particularise; but he is especially happy in the Chinese story of the Nightingale, and his romantic inspiration touches high water-mark in the drawings to "The Mermaid" who loved a Prince.

From the same publishers comes Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," with pictures by Miss E. Fortescue Brickdale. It seems to us that Miss Brickdale has hardly done herself full justice in her treatment of the Arthurian epic. Her pictures, as usual, are careful, scholarly, and medieval in the neo-Raphaelite manner; but the medievalism tends to hamper the inspiration, and the result is a certain over-insistence of the model. One feels that she has illustrated the fact without the spirit. Even so, her work is above the average, and her care for accurate detail enhances her claim on the attention of devoted Tennysonians. Illustrators of the fact who follow the book, and, while not unimaginative themselves, are not to be lured into the dangers of creative experiment of the highly-imaginative kind, are certainly in the majority. Messrs. W. Russell Flint and R. Purves Flint, in the selected "Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns," belong to this category, in that they have "piously followed in the poet's footsteps." Conceivably, however, this was the proper

way to illustrate Burns, as it would be to illustrate Wordsworth; the result, at any rate, is a pleasant series of landscapes, those by Mr. W. Russell Flint being full and vivacious in color, and characteristically independent in handling. We are glad, too, to find a selection of this artist's illustrations to Gilbert and Sullivan embodied in the pair of dainty green and gold volumes, "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance." And to the ranks of the "direct" illustrators belongs also Mr. James Clark, who has pictured Christian's adventures in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" with the naive circumstantiality, and an absence of preciousness in treatment, that are at least in harmony with the old author's theology.

We conclude with lighter stuff. Blackmore's sounding romance of "Lorna Doone," whose charm has survived the destruction of its historical basis, and which is still the companion of every good American who goes seeking truth on Exmoor, has been re-issued with color pictures and pen drawings by Mr. Gordon Browne. The black-and-white work is in a vast majority, and one feels, perhaps, that for this reason the book is less a color book in the strict sense than many others; and one feels it the more because the characterisation is stronger in the pen drawings than in the color pictures, and it is chiefly to the former that we owe the sparkling reminders of great John Ridd and his family and acquaintances, of Lorna, of Sir Ensor Doone, and of that imperishable villain, Carver. The color pictures, however, are careful and sumptuous in color, to fit a sumptuous history. As for the remaining book, the "David Copperfield" of Mr. Frank Reynolds, we have little but praise for the honest and skilful workmanship of the illustrator. One is at once put into a good temper by the discovery of Mr. Micawber as a frontispiece, and the mood lasts while one turns over these jolly pictures of Dickens's world, and notes how the artist has responded to its variations of humor and pathos. That he has been guided by tradition in his conception, cannot be gainsaid. But it is a pleasing tradition at any time, and at Christmas, which is also the time *par excellence* for Dickens, it is more pleasing still.

#### IN WARS AND WILDS.

- "Jim Davis." By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Jack Chaloner." By EDWARD FRASER. (Hutchinson. 5s.)  
 "Red Cloud." By General Sir WILLIAM BUTLER. (Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Elizabethan Adventurers upon the Spanish Main." By ALBERT HYAMSON. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Sir Walter Raleigh." By JOHN BUCHAN. (Nelson. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Pioneers in Canada." By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. (Blackie. 6s.)  
 "Pioneers in West Africa." By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. (Blackie. 6s.)  
 "The Sunset of the Heroes." By W. M. L. HUTCHINSON. (Dent. 5s. net.)  
 "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race." By T. W. ROLLESTON. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHAT would boys have done if everyone had always been a good citizen, had gone to work every day by tube or tram, and lived securely under the protection of the police and the municipal drainage system, with a stamped insurance card for sickness in his pocket and the chance of a week at the seaside every year? The supposition is too hideous to contemplate, and yet that is the ideal which social reformers hold before us. Appalling as the prospect is, unquestionably we are approximating to it. And again we ask, what would boys have done if this ideal of progress had been reached a few centuries ago? Or what will they do when it has long been reached a few centuries hence? Will the limited range of a vanishing past supply the boyish mind for ever? Consider how narrow that range is. Pirates, smugglers, Redskins, discoverers—these, with the occasional bloodshed of mutiny and savage warfare, are the only subjects of books for boys. Discoverers, Redskins, smugglers, pirates—we are far from saying they are bad subjects. We are willing to admit that no others are good. We only observe that they all belong to a vanishing past. There is no Continent left to discover; Redskins have disappeared into their happy hunting-grounds; smuggling does not pay under Free Trade; and jolly pirates have been transfigured



into Trusts and Empires. We look with apprehension to the future. There must surely come a time when the permutations and combinations of pirates and the rest, "taken together," as mathematicians say, will be exhausted. And what will boys do then? Will they be satisfied with tales about good citizens catching their trams or losing their insurance tickets? To us who were nursed in secret caves and boundless prairies, the coming change looks a little dreary.

But the change has not come yet. Here is Mr. Masefield, himself one of the pirate-kings of story-tellers, taking us back again to the dear old smuggling scenes along the coast of Devon. Here are the Night-riders, here the hidden caves, here the redcoats, hated and despised:—

"Then there came a general volley; pistols and carbines cracked and banged; a lot of smoke blew about the beach and along the water; the men shouted to each other; the soldiers cheered.

"In another ten seconds a battle was going on in the water all round us. The horsemen urged their horses right up to the sides of the luggers. The men in the water hacked at the horses' legs with their hangers; the horses screamed and bit. I saw one wounded horse seize a smuggler by the arm and shake him as a dog shakes a rat; the rider of the horse, firing at the man, shot the horse by accident through the head."

That is the proper smuggling narrative, and no one tells a story better than Mr. Masefield, for he has known the rolling main and curious men himself.

In a word of preface to "Jack Chaloner," Lord Roberts tells us Mr. Edward Fraser has written a healthy and useful story. By "useful," we think, the little Field-Marshal means something contributing to his beloved idea of universal national service in the Army or Navy. And, certainly, this is a fine long story of drilling and fighting by sea and land. It tells of the perilous and exciting days when "Boney" was awaited week after week along the South Coast, and it leads up by a gradual climax to the supreme event of Trafalgar. Mr. Thomas Hardy has made those days and those scenes along the coast his own, and no one will equal him in the art of imaginative treatment. But here we are given an excellent story, all the same; and it is set in a background of history very carefully prepared.

As Lord Roberts recommended Mr. Fraser to the future conscripts, so General Baden-Powell recommends "Red Cloud" to his dear Boy Scouts. We do not know at what period of his fine and generous career Sir William Butler wrote the book, but it is obviously founded on memories of that "Great Lone Land," which won him his first literary fame. It is an admirable account of life among the Sioux Redskins, and in the prairie wilds, when still they were the natural home of boyhood's romance and roving bison. On the very cover is the portrait of a bison that rends the heart. There he stands—so familiar, so extinct!—tragic as the Last of the Mohicans, whose prey and comrade he was! The vanished summary of half the world to three long generations of our youth!

The "Elizabethan Adventurers" bring us scenes more definitely historic. Mr. Hyamson has skilfully extracted the stories from the grand "voyages" of Hakluyt, shortening them here and there, but leaving the language unaltered. We have sometimes wondered the thing has not been done before, and perhaps it has been. At all events, it is done here in one convenient, though full and closely-printed, volume. We are told again of Hawkins and Drake, of Sir Richard Grenville, the Spanish Main, and the capture of splendid treasure. Here anyone may read the original stories of old heroism for himself, and even among boys there will always be many who like the real, hard narrative of reality better than the most exciting and highly-colored tales of imaginative art.

In Mr. John Buchan's "Sir Walter Raleigh" we are still among the great discoverers, and the book is a fine instance of the combined arts of history and fiction. No one writes of Raleigh with greater knowledge than Mr. Buchan, and he has thrown his narrative into a sound and unexaggerated form of imagination. In England, we think, there has always been a certain prejudice against Raleigh, for all his fame. He has been regarded as rather a futile and happy-go-lucky kind of hero, we hardly know why. But, in any case, no story could be more attractive to boys than his.

Sir Harry Johnston's two books on pioneers in Canada and West Africa are also filled with stories of real adventures. It would be hardly possible to find two volumes of greater interest to grown boys and girls who have the instinct of exploration and the love of keen and primitive life. Here we are shown the true basis of all our heroic tales of Redskins, savage chiefs, and unknown rivers. We are given the actual record of some of the greatest discoveries, and we find the real type of men who succeeded in carrying them out:—

"The bulk of them," says Sir Harry Johnston, who himself knows the meaning of an explorer's life so well, "were good fellows; a few were saints, a few were ruffians with redeeming features. Sometimes they were common men who blundered into great discoveries, which will for ever preserve their names from perishing; occasionally they were men of Fate, predestined, one might say, to change the history of the world by their revelations of new peoples, new lands, new rivers, new lakes, snow mountains, and gold mines."

The remaining two books of our selection throw back to ages when prairies and the Spanish Main were yet unknown. But the type of story is much the same, and the tales are still of pirates, discoverers, wars, and escapes by sea and land. In "The Sunset of the Heroes," Mr. Hutchinson tells not so much the tale of Troy itself as the after-life of some among the kings and chiefs, besides episodes that are not narrated in full by Homer himself. They were hinted at, and the tradition was well-recognised even in Homeric times; but the real stories, here collected again, were told in full only by later poets. And so, even to the grown-up scholar who has not travelled outside the usual lines of reading, there may be a good deal that is new in the book, and boys who are beginning to know the charm of Greek legends will be greatly assisted and pleased.

In "Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race," Mr. Rolleston has done the same kind of service for a wealth of tradition far less familiar to us than the Greek, though so much nearer akin. His work, however, is more scientific, and, in spite of its profuse and excellent illustrations, the volume can hardly be called a Christmas book for boys. It is, in reality, a history of the prehistoric Ireland which must be rediscovered from fragments and myths that have passed through the minds of later Christianised writers or poets. The volume opens with a most valuable account of Irish antiquities, races, and religion. Then follow brief narrations of the legends and epics with which the revival of old Irish poetry has recently made us familiar. It is not, as we said, "a book for boys" in the ordinary sense; but Irish boys will delight to possess it all the same, and if only the Anglo-Celts of this country would study it with equal affection—as they might well—we should have less talk of the "incompatibility of temper" between the peoples.

#### BEAST BOOKS FOR BOYS.

"**Rolf in the Woods.**" By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"**The Zoo Conversation Book.**" By EDMUND SELOUS. (Mills & Boon. 5s. net.)

"**Our Agreeable Friends.**" By F. G. AFLALO. (Chambers. 6s.)

"**Zoo Folk.**" By W. J. ROBERTS. (Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d.)

"**The Lion.**" By AGNES HERBERT. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

"**The Adventures of Jack Rabbit.**" By RICHARD KEARTON. (Cassell. 6s.)

"**The Wild Life of Our Land.**" By T. CARREERAS. (Partridge. 5s. each part.)

"**More Kindred of the Wild.**" By C. G. D. ROBERTS. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"**The Book of Baby Beasts.**" By E. J. DETMOLD. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

"**Pads, Paws, and Claws.**" By W. P. PYCRAFT. (Wells Gardner. 5s. net.)

For good or ill, and certainly not altogether for ill, the book that appeals first to the great majority of boys is one that has to do with scouting. No boy will take harm from Mr. Thompson Seton's new book. It is some way after the same author's "Two Little Savages," and will perhaps not get into the blood like our own immortal "Bevis." Rolf enters a trapping partnership with Quonab, an ideal red-skin, and his little dog Skookum. We are introduced, not only to the ways of animals and the typical scout business



From Hodder & Stoughton's CHRISTMAS LIST.  
**THE SEASON'S BEST COLOUR BOOKS**

**STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN**

With 28 Paintings in Colour by EDMUND DULAC.  
 Special Edition, 100 copies, £5 5s. net (only a few copies remain). Edition  
 de Luxe. £2 2s. net (all sold). Cloth, 15/- net

**THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF  
 DAVID COPPERFIELD.** By CHARLES

DICKENS. With 20 paintings in Colour by FRANK  
 REYNOLDS, R.I., the famous illustrator of Mr. Pickwick.  
 Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Cloth, 15/- net

**THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.** By

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. With 25 paintings  
 in Colour and numerous line drawings by HUGH THOMSON.  
 Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Cloth, 15/- net

**THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.** By

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. With 21 Paintings in  
 Colour by ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE.  
 Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Cloth, 15/- net

**THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.** By IZAAK

WALTON. With 30 plates in Colour by JAMES THORPE.  
 Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Cloth, 15s. net

**THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.** By PETER

BECKFORD. With 25 plates in Colour by G. D. ARMOUR.  
 Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net. Cloth, 15/- net

**THE ARUNDEL LIBRARY OF**

**GREAT MASTERS.** (1) VAN DYCK. By  
 Lionel Cust. (2) BOTTICELLI. By A. P. Oppé. With  
 25 paintings in Colour. Edition de Luxe, £3 3s. net each. Cloth, 15/- net each

**SOME · FASCINATING · BOOKS**

Books worth keeping & worth giving this Christmas.

**THE KEEPER OF THE ROBES.**

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. "Every woman will take pleasure  
 in Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's delightful memory of Fanny Burney with its most  
 interesting and sumptuously reproduced illustrations."—*Ladies' Field*.  
 Illustrated, 16/- net

**MY ROYAL CLIENTS.** By XAVIER

PAOLI. This fascinating volume by the "protector of Kings" is in great  
 demand. Illustrated, 12/- net

**LYRICS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.**

By HERBERT TRENCH. With photogravure portrait, 5/- net.  
 "'Deidre Wedded' sets Mr. French very high among the poets of his age; we  
 believe that it will come to set him high among the poets of any age."—*Nation*.

**THE LETTERS OF GEORGE  
 BORROW TO THE BIBLE SOCIETY**

Edited by T. H. DARLOW, M.A. A literary event. New light on  
 George Borrow's fascinating personality. 7/6 net

**IRISH RECOLLECTIONS.** By JUSTIN

McCARTHY. "Welcome alike to Students of literature and of Irish affairs."  
 —*Liverpool Daily Post*. Illustrated, 10/6 net

**A FARM IN CREAMLAND.** By

CHARLES GARVICE. A book for a Christmas present—or any other  
 time. "This idyllic book."—*Academy*. Illustrated, 7/6 net

**THE FEAST OF ST. FRIEND.** By

ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The Old Wives'  
 Tales," &c. Mr. Arnold Bennett's Christmas book. Boxed, 2/6 net

**HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, London, E.C.**

of wood-craft and tracking, but to the bare-handed arts of bow-making, the production of fire, and other never-failing wonders of the wild life. The story belongs to the days of the American War of Independence, and ends with a bit of real scouting, by no means so realistically written as the life of the trappers. Almost anywhere the author, who is Chief Scout of America, might have given us more detail; yet it is a live book, and full of the atmosphere of the woods he knows so well. It carries a stimulating picture of the Indian at his best, of his clean and simple outlook on life, the folk-lore of his race, and his reverence for the Great Spirit. "Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature, must call her sister awkward creature"; so Mr. Thompson Seton throws into the picture a few whites of the opposite quality. Even Skookum, the little dog, knows how to choose between them, though he is a fool about porcupines.

The Zoo yields every year many books. A good working guide round the Zoo is Mr. Roberts's "Zoo Folk." His modest word pictures, scarcely less than his photographs, recall last summer's joys; and the anecdotes with which he sprinkles his round of the cages help to add a fresh interest to our next visit. But the Zoo seems to have been hitherto almost a dull place, when Mr. Selous makes the animals talk in his "Conversation Book." As ever, the facts they tell us about themselves are true and interesting; as ever, their talk is interspersed with sparks of humor and remarks that make us think. Hughie tells the tiger that he has come to the Lion House to see him. "To the what?" asks the tiger, and his voice grates unpleasantly. "It ought, of course, to be at the least the Lion and Tiger House. It is one of the scandals of the age," says the tiger. "But let it pass. After all, what does it signify? There are so many." He proceeds to quote the "Field" and other authorities, to show that he is bigger than the lion, and more worthy of the kingship. Afterwards he condescends to tell Hughie something about man-hunting. All the other animals are equally entertaining.

In a comparatively skeletonised form, but very readably told, many lion and tiger stories are included in Mr. Affalo's "Our Agreeable Friends." But here are stories of the whole of animal creation, from Beethoven's musical spider to the fox that rids itself of fleas by backing into the water, and thus drowning them upward till they crowd a piece of wool held in his mouth and then flung away. Most of the stories are far more authentic than the last-named, and they throw a voluminous light on the mental side of the animal. They are certain to be of interest, not only to the child, but to every student of animal psychology. "The Lion" belongs to a series of "Life Stories" now well known and appreciated. It is a grandiloquent lion, with lapses into colloquialism; sometimes an obscure lion, one that carries easily a great deal of extra-leonine knowledge, but altogether a convincing and interesting lion. We cannot remember where the author got the story of a lioness that deliberately bit all the feet off a hyena and let it go, and we do not like the story as an indication of lion-character.

The "Adventures of Jack Rabbit" are crammed with incidents of English landscape, all manner of creatures giving up the beauties of their life history to the camera and the pen of our clever Keartons. They are very pleasantly strung on the trail of our scampering rabbit, and when such great people as the stoat, the adder, and the fox cross his path, notable adventures result. It is one of the best of the animal-novel type of book that Mr. Kearton has written. We need not say that the photographs are always first-rate. Mr. Carreras, one of our oldest and best-known pen-and-ink illustrators, uses that method throughout his excellent booklet on the pond, the wood, and other regions of "The Wild Life of our Land." They are the drawings of an accomplished naturalist, and often more satisfactory than most photographs. The young student who goes through these easy little volumes will have a good grounding in the observational side of natural history.

Mr. Roberts's "More Kindred of the Wild" takes us back to the more emotional side of animal study. He is ranging beyond the forests of temperate America, first to the tropic sea to show us the torpedo-like fury of the killer whale, later to the white north, that we may know the cares of a mother polar bear. There are also moving stories of

the fisher-weasel (very vividly told), the lynx, and others, to show that the hand of this popular writer has by no means lost its cunning.

We conclude with two large picture-books, which, however, are rather more than that. The name of the artist is the prominent one on the "Book of Baby Beasts." Its pictorial merit is notable, the babies being very delicately drawn, sometimes full of action and of engaging beauty. A lack of body in the coloring makes one or two of the pictures unsatisfactory, especially from the child's point of view. There is something a little Shepherdesque in the squirrel, the calf and the camel are too old, the kangaroo is a dwarf rather than a baby, the tiger is just short of perfection, but will no doubt prove a great favorite. The descriptions of the animals, by Miss Florence E. Dugdale, are worthy of the best of the pictures. The space available, with its generously large print, has been carefully economised, so that with very little reading we get a comprehensive view of each animal, and often an illuminating anecdote. In "Pads, Paws, and Claws" there is a good deal more reading, and it comes from the pen of an accomplished zoologist. It is quite a comprehensive treatise on sixteen groups of animals, with the title idea just so much kept in view as to give a touch of order and new food for thought. The artist, by taking some licence in the matter of skies, fruits, and other accessories, has produced a series of pictures of great effectiveness on their yellowish-brown mounts.

#### FOR GIRLS.

- "The Wonderful Garden." By E. NESBIT. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "The Secret Garden." By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. (Heinemann. 6s.)  
 "Penelope Intrudes." By KATHARINE NEWLIN. (Cassell. 5s.)  
 "The Harvester." By GENE STRATTON-PORTER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "A Girl of Distinction." By BESSIE MARCHANT. (Blackie. 5s.)  
 "Dorinda's Birthday." By CHARLES LEE. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)  
 "The Girls of Merton College." By L. T. MEADE. (Chambers. 5s.)  
 "Five of Them." By THEODORA WILSON. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)  
 "The Lady of Decoration." ANONYMOUS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "Joey the Dreamer." By HENRY OYER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "The Country Heart." By MAUDE EGERTON KING. (Fifield. 3s. 6d.)

"WHAT a pity there was no Oxo when father was a boy!" You know the fine advertisement—the splendid girl who speaks, the puny old man by her side. There is a pathos in it that many of us grown-up women feel when we look at the girls of to-day. "What a pity," we say to ourselves, "what a pity there was not this, that, or the other, when we were girls! What a pity there were no women's bicycles, no saddles astride, no hockey, no touring clubs, no suffrage questions! How much keener and finer and more self-sufficient we should have been! And, besides, what a much better time we should have had!" And about books we feel it too. Certainly, we liked our old books well enough. Or at least we acquiesced in them, just as a child acquiesces in the clothes that are stuck on it. Even if they are hideous and painful, the poor creature usually takes them as part of the order of nature—things to be endured in this vale of tears under the inscrutable decree of parents. "The Heir of Redcliffe," "The Wide, Wide World," "Daisy in the Field," and in various other places—we liked or accepted them all as the proper things for girls, while boys were given jolly "Dog Crusoe," "The Scalp Hunters," and "Midshipman Easy." We liked or accepted them, but how dull and sticky and slobbery a girl would think them now! Give them to your nieces, and see what they say! We have changed all that. Thanks to "E. Nesbit," Miss Evelyn Sharp, and a few other writers, we have changed it. Thanks, in reality, to an advance all along the line. And when we think of the difference, we sigh, "What a pity there was no Oxo when we were girls!"

Take these eleven books, picked up almost at random, except that they all looked good. There is only one that reminds us, even for a moment, of the bad old days, and even that is laid in a scene then incredible, undreamt of.

# SOME BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

"The productions of Messrs. Jack for this season are amazingly beautiful."

—Mr. C. K. SHORTER in *The Sphere*.



NOW COMPLETE.

## A HISTORY OF PAINTING.

By Haldane Macfall. With an Introduction by Frank Brangwyn. In Eight Volumes. Illustrated with 200 reproductions in colour of the world's most famous pictures.

- Vol. I. THE RENAISSANCE IN CENTRAL ITALY.  
 " II. THE RENAISSANCE IN VENICE.  
 " III. THE LATER ITALIANS AND THE GENIUS OF SPAIN.  
 " IV. THE RENAISSANCE IN THE NORTH AND THE FLEMISH GENIUS.  
 " V. THE DUTCH GENIUS.  
 " VI. THE FRENCH GENIUS.  
 " VII. THE BRITISH GENIUS.  
 " VIII. THE MODERN GENIUS.

Price 7s. 6d. net per volume. £3 net the set.

The Publishers have introduced an alternative binding, and can now supply any volume separately at 7s. 6d. net. These volumes form ideal gift books.

"... Never before has publisher offered so handsome an art volume to the public at so reasonable a price. Those who are interested in only one period of art are not forced to buy the whole eight volumes, although I doubt very much if there are many lovers of pictures who will not desire to possess the set after seeing Volume I."—HOLBROOK JACKSON in *Black and White*.



## THE BOOK OF DECORATIVE FURNITURE: Its Form, Colour, and History.

By Edwin Foley. With 100 reproductions in full colour from drawings by the Author, and 1,000 text illustrations; correlated

charts of British Woodwork Styles, &c., &c. 2 vols. cloth gilt, £2 10s. net the set.

"It is a handsome volume, and its beauty of colour alone raises it to a high rank among books of furniture. Mr. Foley's examples are chosen with great care, and are reproduced admirably. That he sets great store by them is shown by his elaborate descriptions of the plates. He has had the happy thought of combining into one design several articles, such as oakwork, tapestry, and architectural effects, the result being to produce a real picture rather than a mere example of cabinet work."—*Athenaeum*.



## ROSES.

By H. R. Darlington (Member of Council National Rose Society). "The Present Day Gardening Series." A practical book on Roses

for the Garden and for Exhibition. Eight plates, reproduced from actual specimens, in their natural colours. Boards, 2s. 6d. net. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. This Series is edited by R. Hooper Pearson, the Editor of the "Gardeners' Chronicle," and each volume has been entrusted to the most eminent expert of the day in his particular subject.

"Each volume is written by a high authority, or several high authorities, and contains eight very handsome coloured plates. The text gives directions for cultivation and propagation, and treats of hybrids, diseases, exhibitions, botanical characters, and everything connected with the plants on which a gardener can desire knowledge. They are marvels of cheapness and of the greatest value to the professional and the amateur gardener."—*Spectator*.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"No publishing house has done more for the young person's Book Beautiful than the Jacks."—*The Daily Chronicle*.



## HOME PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Original, Interesting, Simple and Effective. By various Living Writers. Cloth, 5s. net.

These plays are all original, and have not previously been published. They have been selected out of a very large number of manuscripts with a view to securing what is really suitable for acting by normal boys and girls. The plays are of all kinds, and instructive notes are given regarding preparation of costume, stage scenery, &c.



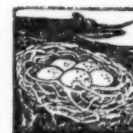
## EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF HOBBIES.

By Cecil H. Bullivant, Author of "Home Fun."

The Workshop at Home. Indoor Hobbies. Collecting. Outdoor Hobbies. The Keeping of Pets.

Profusely Illustrated. Large 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

"We can think of no hobby appealing to boys that is not dealt with in this bright, fat volume."—*Captain*.



## THE "SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN" SERIES.

Edited by Louey Chisholm. New Volumes with many Plates in Colour.

Gardens. Pictured by J. H. Kelman and Olive Allen. The Text by J. A. Henderson. A simple, practical, and beautiful gardening book for young people.

Stars. By Ellison Hawks.

"This volume presents the marvels of astronomy in so attractive a guise that many a grown-up might easily and profitably yield to its allurements."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Cloth gilt, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net per vol.



## THE STORY OF FRANCE.

Told to Boys and Girls by Mary Macgregor. Illustrated with 20 original drawings in colour, by W. Rainey. Square 8vo, picture cloth, and blue

cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

The author has the rare gift of interesting young people in history, her little book on "Stories of King Arthur's Knights" in the "Told to the Children" Series having reached a circulation of no fewer than 60,000 copies.



\* The £200 Prize Story for Boys.

## A NAVAL STORY

Of absorbing interest. Full of Fun and Adventure.

## CONTRABAND TOMMY.

A Tale of the Dreadnought Era. By Charles Gleig (late Lieut. R.N.). Illustrated by Murray Urquhart. Cloth gilt, 5s.

"We will wager that no better boys' book will be written this year."—*Spectator*.



## KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS.

Stories from the "Morte d'Arthur," and the "Mabinogion." Retold by Henry Gilbert.

With a series of 16 Original Coloured Drawings and Binding. Design by WALTER CRANE. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.



## PLUTARCH'S LIVES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Freely retold by W. H. Weston. With a series of 16 Original Drawings in Colour, by W. Rainey. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.



A Beautiful Edition, Illustrated by a New Artist.

## HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

Translated by H. Oskar Sommer. With a Series of 24 Original Drawings in Colour and Binding

Design by Cecile Walton. Large square 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

"Miss Cecile Walton has enhanced their charm by more than a score of really artistic and imaginative pictures in colour."—*Standard*.



## NURSERY

## RHYMES.

Selected by Louey Chisholm. 103 Illustrations in Colour, 200 in Black and White.

4to, artistically bound in cloth, 5s. net; also paper sides, buckram back, 5s. net.

"With pictures as free of fanciful rubbish, and as frankly and jolly juvenile as it is possible for pictures to be."—*Morning Post*.



## WONDER TALES OF OLD JAPAN.

By Alan Leslie Whitehorn. Illustrated with a series of 12 Coloured Illustrations by Shozan Obata. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

A collection of simple tales of old Japan, based on Japanese folk-lore.

London: T. C. and E. C. JACK, 67, Long Acre, W.C.; and all Booksellers.



But in the rest, what freedom there is, what adventure and high spirit, what equality, how little maudlin sentiment or moralising, how little worship of creation's lords! Among the lot we find books for all stages of life, except its helpless beginning and helpless end. There are three books for children of any age from eight, six for girls of any age from sixteen, and two that perhaps would best be relished after twenty. And when I call them books for girls, I don't wish to be "anti-man" or to bar the masculine out. Two may be more distinctly for us, but let boys and men read the others, and welcome. They will be the better for them all.

Girls and boys alike will, perhaps, most enjoy "E. Nesbit's" excellent story of "The Wonderful Garden." No matter how young you may be (over eight), or how old (under eighty), Mrs. Bland's books for children are a continual delight. To vary the old saying, "It is not what she says, it is the charming way she says it." The wit, the irony, and yet the childlike naturalness of it all—how delightful they make every page! I think there is no one except that other pioneer whom I coupled with her just now—no one else who quite commands the queer combination of tears with laughter—tears without sentimentality, and laughter never farcical. In this new book she has certainly given us of her best. It is a glorious story of children in an unknown manor, of imaginary magic, and the rescue of a hapless boy.

It is rather peculiar that Mrs. Burnett's "Secret Garden" is also a story of children in an unknown manor, of imaginary magic, and the rescue of a hapless boy. Also, that in both books India is the cause why the child or children are alone in these strange manors and gardens. Both these distinguished authors know that there is nothing so delightful, thrilling, or terrifying to children and to all of us, as a complete and sudden change of surroundings, the exploration of queer and hazardous places, the touch of mystery, and the call for concealment and escape. Mrs. Burnett's is, perhaps, rather the more serious of the stories, but for charm and adventure it would really be difficult to choose between the two. Take one scene where Mrs. Burnett's little heroine, fresh to Yorkshire after an Indian station, is thus addressed by a servant girl:—

"'It'll do thee good to wait on thyself a bit. My mother always said she couldn't see why grand people's children didn't turn out fair fools—what with nurses, an' bein' washed an' dressed, an' took out to walk, as if they was puppies!'"

"'It is different in India,' said Mistress Mary disdainfully.

"'But Martha was not at all crushed. 'Eh! I can see it's different,' she answered almost sympathetically. 'I daresay it's because there's such a lot o' blacks there instead o' respectable white people. When I heard you was comin' from India, I thought you was a black too.'

"'Mary sat up in bed, furious, 'What! you thought I was a native. You—you daughter of a pig!'"

The book is very beautifully illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson.

In "Penelope Intrudes," Mrs. Newlin gives a story that is also partly concerned with the rescue of a helpless male by a woman's wit and healthiness. Yes, it is certainly peculiar that where one always used to find the helpless, clinging girl, it is now the helpless, clinging or struggling male that is saved. Indeed, towards the end of the book, Penelope saves another helpless, hesitating, blundering creature from a far worse fate than sickness or oppression. For she is a fine type of American girl, coming like a wakening breeze into the rather stuffy atmosphere of an English home. Again the interest of a complete and sudden change, you see! But here we have advanced in age a little. It is a book for girls of sixteen and upward, and there is a good deal about love and various friendships or attachments, though none of the old-fashioned syrup and stickiness.

"The Harvester" is not merely about an American girl. The whole scene is American. It is set in the woods—perhaps the woods of Maine—and the hero is a sort of white Medicine Man, with a dash of Thoreau in him. It is a strange and unusual story, of special interest for its freshness. And it is a love story throughout—sometimes, one thinks, rather too much of a love story. One reads and reads and finds in it an attractive but rather baffling picture of American life, and, I suppose, of American love, on the edge of the ancient backwoods.

"A Girl of Distinction" comes rather near it in being

a story of life and love on the edge of the wilds; but it is much simpler, and more within the ordinary lines. Towards the end one is given a certain amount of legal plot and complexity; but the real value of the book lies in its rather pitiless, but accurate, account of life on the South African veldt and Karoo. Perhaps there is just a thought too much about galloping horses and furious ostriches. The whole book seems to gallop on horseback among kicking birds. But one could hardly find a truer or more vivid picture of ordinary South African life out upon some isolated, dirty, and uncivilised farm. I have been in many wild places of the earth, but I doubt if there anywhere exists a region where life can be more sordid, mean, squalidly barbarous, and at times more uncertain, than on the veldt. In the midst of this life a girl of high, artistic nature and ambitions is set by accidental fate, and the story of her existence there—well, it shows what an immeasurable road we have travelled from "The Heir of Redcliffe."

"Dorinda's Birthday" calls itself a Cornish idyll, and, like "The Harvester," it has a good deal about herbal medicines and country life. It moves on a lower social level, where people talk dialect, and, within narrow limits, it is an interesting picture of a way of existence not much known. Its danger is false sentiment, and a silly sort of prettiness like this:—

"When Dorinda spoke, you heard a gay thrush. When she laughed, it was the willow wren, whose joyous song trips up the scale and down again in an effortless sweet warble and vanishes imperceptibly on the air. When she stood, she was like a young poplar, liveliest and most upright of rooted things. When she walked, you looked every moment to see her break into dancing. When she ran—"

Sweet friend, for pity's sake forbear!

False sentiment is also the danger of "The Girls of Merton College." I have no doubt it is a pretty good account of a girls' college life. The illustration on the cover of a girl's eight, in which every single girl, except the stroke, is looking out of the boat, does not prove either the book or the illustration inaccurate. But though the subject seems so modern, there is a terribly old-fashioned air about it all. One finds quite a lot of good old priggishness and simpering, and patronising males who exclaim: "If only those clever girls would realise that they double their charms when they dress well!" as though to charm them were the first and accepted object of woman's existence! And then Mrs. Meade will insist on moralising her tale. She moralises it and moralises it, till one fairly yearns for unpunished and unrepentant vice.

"Five of Them" is a good children's story of a family's adventures in the Lakes. Again observe the delight of a sudden change of scene! And in "The Lady of Decoration," certainly there is change of scene enough; for it is the story of an American woman—a widow in a very unchastened state of mind—who went to Japan as teacher in a missionary school, in a mood far from missionary. The book is a series of her letters, which are very likely the actual letters written. They give an intimate description of Japanese life as the writer saw it, and the volume contains some excellent illustrations by a Japanese artist.

The remaining two books on our list are of a different character. They are neither "Christmas books" nor "Books for Girls," but serious, grown works that might be read by anyone at any time of year. "Joey" is an account of factory life in a great American city. There is plenty of humor and sympathy in it, and it ends with some relief; but it is a tragic "document," a tale of life as it appears to the great majority of men and women, boys and girls, in the huge industries of our civilisation, and all who have the courage to realise what that means should read it.

It is a shame to drag in "The Country Heart" just at the end, unless the end is the place of honor. Mrs. Egerton King has here collected a series of her short stories and sketches, admirable alike in irony, humor, and truth. Sometimes one is inclined to compare them with Mary Wilkins, sometimes with "Q." But they bear the stamp of a fine and distinct personality; sensitive, alert, and endowed with rare penetration. This also is not a book for one season, or for one time of life, but for any season and for any age, except, as I said, the helpless.

A WOMAN OF THE PERIOD.

## WILLIAMS & NORGATE

SECOND IMPRESSION NOW READY.

### SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE.

By Rt. Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, late Bishop of Ripon. In one medium 8vo, volume, with portraits. 15s. net.

"Not only those who enjoy his personal friendship, but the many who have listened to his eloquent preaching will read with pleasure this simple and often touching record."—*Daily Telegraph*.

### THE "FLOWER OF GLOSTER."

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON, Author of "Sally Bishop," "City of Beautiful Nonsense," &c. With Six Illustrations in colour and Seventy-four mostly from chalk drawings, drawn on the spot by W. R. DAKIN, who accompanied the Author in his wanderings. Most attractively produced in small 4to. cloth extra, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

"One of the most delicious wayside volumes we have ever read."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The illustrations are among the most charming I have seen in modern books."—*Westminster Gazette*.

WORKS BY THE EDITOR OF THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

### AMONG the IDOLMAKERS.

By L. P. JACKS, M.A., Dean of Manchester College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

### MAD SHEPHERDS: AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

"It seems to contract, after you have read it, into an intense and powerful lyric . . . full of the spirit of poetry."—*The Times*.

### THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT.

Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. A Book for Students of Bergson.

"The book is one which no philosophical student of to-day can safely do without."—*Westminster Review*.

"An intellectual and spiritual feast."—*Interpreter*.

"This most vigorous and original piece of work."—*Christian World*.

"Affame with a passion for liberty. Like a mighty wind, he goes sweeping on his way."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"A significant book . . . eloquent, imaginative, humorous. Philosophy here forsakes its usual 'grey in grey.'"—*PROF. J. H. MUIRHEAD, in Christian Commonwealth*.

"Written under an inspiration essentially the same as Bergson's, and will greatly help to the comprehension of his ideas."—*J. SOLOMAN*.

### THE WIFE IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

By ERNEST J. SCHUSTER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

### IMPORTANT NEW RELIGIOUS WORKS.

By Dr. RUDOLF EUCKEN.

### THE TRUTH OF RELIGION.

Now first translated into English from the Second and Revised Edition, with a Special Preface for this Edition by the Author.

Translated by Rev. W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D. (Jena). Forming Volume XXX. in Theological Translation Library. Large demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

By THE SAME AUTHOR.

### THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT. AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

By Prof. PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D.

### THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

Forming Volume XXXIV. in Crown Theological Library. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

By Rev. G. T. SADLER, M.A., LL.B.

### A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

**LONDON:** 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

## BLACKIE'S XMAS GIFT BOOKS.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW COLOUR BOOK BY FLORENCE HARRISON

### GUINEVERE & OTHER POEMS

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Illustrated with 24 Coloured and 12 Black-and-White Full-page Pictures, and decorative Headings and Tailpieces, by FLORENCE HARRISON. Large quarto, cloth gilt, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

### PIONEERS OF EMPIRE SERIES.

Edited by Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G. K.C.B.

**PIONEERS IN CANADA.** By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by E. Wallacousins, together with Maps and other Illustrations in Black-and-White. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

**PIONEERS IN WEST AFRICA.** By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by the Author, together with Maps, and other Illustrations in Black-and-White. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

### NEW BOOKS BY CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON.

**The Hero of Panama.** 6s. **Under the Chinese Dragon.** 5s. **Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout.** With a Commendation from Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. 3s. 6d.

### A COLOURED BOOKLET, POST FREE.

Messrs. BLACKIE & SON have prepared a Booklet containing particulars of Gift-books for Grown-ups, Boys and Girls, and Picture-Books for Young Children. This List, beautifully illustrated in Colours, on Art Paper, will be posted free to any address.

### A NEW SERIES OF ARTISTIC COLOUR BOOKS.

## BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND.

Fcap. 4to., bound in boards, with coloured panel; each Volume containing 12 Full-page Illustrations in Colour, 2s. each net; also bound in levant grained leather or smooth lambskin, 3s. 6d. each net.

The Following Volumes have been arranged for, with Illustrations by Mr. E. W. HASLEHUST:—

**Cambridge.** By NOEL BARWELL.

**Norwich and the Broads.** By WALTER JERROLD.

**Oxford.** By F. D. HOW.

**The English Lakes.** By A. G. BRADLEY.

**Canterbury.** By CANON DANKS.

**Shakespeare-land.** By WALTER JERROLD.

**The Thames.** By G. E. MITTON.

**Windsor Castle.** By EDWARD THOMAS.

**The Heart of Wessex.** By SIDNEY HEATH.

**The Peak District.** By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

**The Cornish Riviera.** By SIDNEY HEATH.

**Diokens-land.** By J. A. NICKLIN.

**Winchester.** Text by SIDNEY HEATH.

**The Isle of Wight.** Text by EDWARD THOMAS.

**Chester.** Text by CHARLES EDWARDES.

**York.** Text by GEORGE BENSON.

THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

### BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

3/6 EIGHTH YEAR OF ISSUE. 3/6

Handsome Volume of 192 Pages, with over 130 Illustrations, including 40 Full-page Pictures in full Colour by the best Artists. Picture boards, cloth back, 3s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

BLACKIE & SON, Ltd., 50, Old Bailey, E.C.



## FAIRIES AND FOLK-LORE.

- "The All Sorts of Stories Book." By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. (Longmans. 6s.)
- "Perrault's Fairy Tales." Newly Translated by S. R. LITTLEWOOD. Illustrations by HONOR C. APPLETON. (Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.)
- "Honey Bee." By ANATOLE FRANCE. A Translation by Mrs. JOHN LANE. Illustrated by FLORENCE LUNDBORG. (Lane. 5s.)
- "Queen Mab's Daughters." From the French of JÉRÔME DOUCET. Illustrated by HENRY MORIN. (Frowde. 6s.)
- "Wonder Tales of Old Japan." By ALAN LESLIE WHITEHORN. Illustrated by SHOZAN OBATA. (Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Italian Fairy Book." By ANNE MACDONELL. Illustrated by MORRIS M. WILLIAMS. (Unwin. 6s.)
- "Pinocchio: The Tale of a Puppet." From the Italian of C. COLLODI, by N. A. MURRAY. Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD. (Dent. 5s. net.)
- "Jack Goldie; or, The Boy who Knew Best." By CHARLES E. BROOKFIELD. Illustrated by A. E. JACKSON. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
- "Fairy Rings." By EDITH HOWES. Illustrated by FRANK WATKINS. (Cassell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Amabel and Crispin." A Fairy Tale Written and Illustrated by MARGARET CLAYTON. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Two to Nowhere." By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Illustrated by MORRIS M. WILLIAMS. (Unwin. 6s.)

At Christmas, Mr. Andrew Lang, sometimes supported by Mrs. Lang, is on the doorstep as punctually as the purveyors of other good things. In the volume under hand we are given a collection of stories, some of them true, some not quite so true, "hunted for and caught" in many books. They range from ancient Greece to the Château d'If and d'Artagnan's France, and all are excellently told. We note that one of the finest of Poe's stories has been re-written and condensed, and even receives a new title.

Mr. S. R. Littlewood writes a charming little preface to his translation of Perrault's "Fairy Tales," which is a most conscientious one. La Fontaine in verse, Perrault in prose—and what matters it where the first found his fables and the second his fairy tales? "Solar Myths," said Max Müller, of the tales, and indicated the remarkable likeness between the Sleeping Beauty and her Prince and the legend of Cupid and Psyche. "Is there a story worth telling in the world," asks Mr. Littlewood, "that cannot be transmuted into the eternal symbolism of Life and Death, Light and Darkness—facts which must have been as present to primeval man as they are to us, if not far more so?" But when La Fontaine's lion speaks, and Perrault's wolf enters on the immortal dialogue with Red Riding Hood, we merely think how perfectly true and proper it is.

Anatole France—as a fairy-man—is, if we should speak by the card, rather a long way off from Perrault; and, for all the amiable wishing of Mrs. Lane, "Honey-Bee" has no chance of joining company with Cinderella, Puss in Boots, Aladdin, and the others of the shining band. One may see and feel that here and there a little of M. France's peculiar and delightful fun has evaporated from Mrs. Lane's very competent English; but this is not so much. The whole story seems somewhat lacking in spontaneity, and there is even a certain flatness in it. It is as though M. France, glancing one day through Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," had said to himself: "Oh! yes. Tiny men, with long grey beards, hammering things with little hammers underground, and turning somersaults without laughing. All right—here goes!" King Loc's release of George is an adventure without a thrill in it; the ending is tame; and in no scene do we catch the real horns of Elfland. But the notable gift of the French for fairy tales is in abeyance. Certainly it has not been bestowed upon M. Doucet; "Queen Mab's Daughters" have no relish of their mother.

The folk-lore stories of Japan hold a promise of the rich and rare, but the ideal interpreter has yet to dawn on us. A Joel Chandler Harris strays into the cabin of Uncle Remus, listens awhile to that weird, barbaric, crooning dialect, and comes forth with a new golden book of humor, the strangest in literature, and a little ark of creatures more live and more taking to the fancy than Æsop's own. Mr. Whitehorn has sat against the Japanese fire-box, "listening to the various folk-lore stories of old Japan"; but these stories, as he has reproduced them, have shed their Oriental

virtues, and contain about as much enchantment as might cling to the stove of a plumber's kitchen in Camberwell.

Miss Macdonell has collected some forty of the stories that most Italian girls and boys are familiar with. "The tales told to the children are not very unlike the favorites of English nurseries and those you read in Perrault and in Grimm. There is a little difference of accent, that's all." As in many parts of Ireland, so also in Italy, the fairies are still very much to the fore, and will be propitiated, or they will know the reason why. And in Italy one is never sure who is and is not a fairy—your station-master, your guide, your chamber-maid! Do we not ourselves remember the pretty girl who brought our washing to the inn at Catania, and had the *jettatura*, or evil eye, and cast it on us, whereby we lost the key of the portmanteau? Miss Macdonell's sheaf is welcome. And here is "Pinocchio" again! We would that we were now to meet, for the first time, this most exquisite imp; but there are others who will do so, and they at least will know that Christmas is Christmas, and that when a puppet dies indubitably, it is not always a sign that he is indubitably dead.

Mr. Charles Brookfield's fairy-music has "cracks and pops and bangs" in it. As someone in the story says, "there's a shocking lot of Modernism about!" Modernism and myth are not of necessity at odds. Mr. Anstey weaves the spells of the "Nights" in a London suburb; Mr. Barrie might deposit the Sleeping Beauty in her bed with embroidered curtains in the middle of the Old Kent Road, and the policeman on duty would divert the traffic as a matter of course. But Mr. Brookfield has not quite got the twist of it. Did he rehearse the manuscript to the Beefsteaks? Perhaps he did so to the Lord Chamberlain, who said: "Why, you're the man I've been scouring Asia for! Too much 'Modernism' about! Well, I should think so. Look here, come and be Censor!" Thus, as it may have chanced, Mr. Brookfield, seeking laurels of Lord Spencer in one field, takes a bond of fate from him in another, and sets out to sift the morals of musical comedy and pull the devil of the new drama over his own coals.

"Fairy Rings" and "Amabel and Crispin" are nursery fare. Miss Edith Howes gets her young people over a great deal of ground, from the Maoriland Bush to the North Pole and elsewhere. There are fairies good and fairies bad in Miss Clayton's tale, and talking animals in both.

"Two to Nowhere" is fresh and fanciful and thoroughly amusing, and long enough to last a week of Christmases. Some parts of it should be especially pleasing to vegetarian children; but they must be real vegetarians, not like the little girl of our acquaintance who ate a ham sandwich on the sly at the party, and said (unconsciously quoting Lanigan): "Now I knows what's Swat!"

## ACTION AND ADVENTURE.

- "Kit of the Carabineers." By D. H. PARRY. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)
- "The Hero of Panama." By Capt. F. S. BRERETON. (Blackie. 6s.)
- "Danger Mountain." By ROBERT M. MACDONALD. (Unwin. 5s.)
- "Brother Scouts." By JOHN FINNEMORE. (Chambers. 5s.)
- "The Flying Boat." By HERBERT STRANG. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)
- "A Compleat Sea Cook." By FRANK T. BULLEN. (Partridge. 3s. 6d.)
- "Adventures Among Trappers and Hunters." By ERNEST YOUNG. (Sealy. 5s.)
- "The Old Fag." By ERNEST PROTHEROE. (Dent. 5s.)
- "The Doings of Dick and Dan." By Sir JAMES YOYALL, M.P. (Partridge. 3s. 6d.)

"MALBROUCK s'en va-t'en guerre." The line of the old French song might serve as a motto for any writer of boys' books who, with pen in hand, sets forth to conquer the world of adventure. Like Marlborough's, his is the rôle of a general in command. He must manœuvre his army of characters into action of some sort, preferably in foreign parts, and must get the best of them out of it again. He must provision them with the stores either of his personal reminiscence or of the British Museum Reading Room; and he must look carefully after their morals as well as their



## BELL'S NEW BOOKS.

**Dr. ROSE'S "PITT."**

William Pitt  
and National Revival.  
William Pitt  
and the Great War.  
By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D.

*Reader (elect) in Modern History, University of Cambridge.*

Medium 8vo, with Photogravure Plates. 18s. net each.

Dr. Rose's work contains the latest and most authoritative account of the events which led up to the Union, and is, therefore, of special interest at the present time. "The complete biography is, of course, the best and fullest that we possess." Dr. Rose writes with more knowledge and with greater detachment than any of his predecessors. It will receive a warm welcome from students as a serious, sincere, comprehensive, and well-balanced study of the facts and the forces of this momentous time.—*NATION*.

By the same Author.

**The Life of NAPOLEON I.**

Including New Materials from the British Official Records. Fifth Edition. With numerous Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. In Two Volumes, Large Post 8vo. 18s. net. Also a cheaper edition, without the Illustrations, 2 vols., 10s. net.

Each with 8 Colour Plates by W. RUSSELL FLINT, and Decorative Covers. Crown 4to. 3s. 6d. net.

**Favourite Savoy Operas.**

By Sir W. S. Gilbert.

Each containing the full Libretto of the Opera, revised by the Author.

**The Mikado.**

**The Pirates of Penzance.**

**Iolanthe.**

**Patience.**

"A source of sheer delight to the many who rejoice in Savoy opera. Mr. Russell Flint's illustrations are throughout in striking harmony with the spirit of the text."—*Athenæum*.

*Undoubtedly the Gift Book of the Season for Young People.*

**The Peter Pan Picture Book.**

The Story of the Play retold for Children by DANIEL O'CONNOR, with 28 full-page Colour Plates by ALICE B. WOODWARD.

New and Cheaper Edition of this popular book. Crown 4to. 35th Thousand. 3s. 6d. net.

**Jane Eyre.** By Charlotte Brontë.

With an Introduction by CLEMENT SHORTER.

Crown 8vo. With 8 illustrations in Colour, and 8 in Black and White, designed Title-page, Covers and End-papers. By M. V. WHEELHOUSE. 3s. 6d. net.

**The Adventures of Don Quixote.**

MOTTEUX'S Translation adapted. Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

Post 8vo. With 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour, and 12 in Black and White, designed Title-page, End-papers, and Binding. 5s. net.

**MASTERS OF LITERATURE.**

Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 3s. 6d. net each.

NEW VOLUME. JUST PUBLISHED.

**De Quincey.**

A Selection of the Finest Passages from his Works, Chosen and Arranged, with Editorial Connections and a Biographical Critical Introduction. By SIDNEY LOW.

Uniform with this Volume.

**Carlyle, Defoe, Emerson, Fielding, Scott, Thackeray.**

LONDON: G. BELL & SONS, LTD.,  
York House, Portugal Street, W.C.

## OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

**THE OXFORD BOOK OF GERMAN VERSE.**

Edited by H. G. FIEDLER. With a Preface by GERHART HAUPTMANN. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net. On Oxford India Paper, 7s. 6d. net.

Uniform with the Oxford Books of English, French, and Italian Verse.

**A HISTORY OF FINE ART IN INDIA AND CEYLON.**

By VINCENT A.

SMITH. With 5 Coloured Plates and 381 other Illustrations. Demy 4to. Extra Gilt. £3 3s. net.

**BYZANTINE ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.**

By O. M. DALTON. With 457 Illustrations.

Royal 8vo. Cloth. £1 18s. net. Morocco back, £2 2s. net.

**THE OXFORD SHAKESPEARE GLOSSARY.**

By C. T. ONIONS, a Member of the

Staff of the Oxford English Dictionary, on which the Glossary is based. 2s. 6d. net. On Oxford India Paper, 3s. 6d. net.

**THE ROWLEY POEMS.**

By THOMAS

CHATTERTON. Reprinted from Tyrwhitt's Third Edition. Edited with an Introduction by MAURICE HARE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. On Oxford India Paper, 7s. 6d. net.

**ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.**

Vol. II.

Jane Austen, A. C. Bradley—Richardson's Novels and their Influence, F. S. Boas—The Literary Play, C. E. Montague—Description in Poetry, A. Clutton-Brock—The Grand Style: An Attempt at a Definition, J. Bailey—A Yorkshire Folk-Play and its Analogies, F. W. Moorman—The Particle "ing" in Place-Names, H. Alexander.

Collected by H. C. BEECHING. 8vo. 5s. net.

**HISTORICAL PORTRAITS. Vol. II.****1600-1700.**

Chosen by EMERY WALKER. Lives

by H. B. BUTLER and C. R. L. FLETCHER. With Introductions by C. F. BELL. Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

**PEAKS & PLEASANT PASTURES.**

By CLAUD SCHUSTER. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

**OXFORD EDITIONS OF STANDARD AUTHORS.**

Crown 8vo, bound in cloth, gilt-lettered on side and back, 2s. per volume; or in paste grain, 3s. 6d. New padded binding, gilt edges, gilt design on side, 2s. 6d. net. And in various superior leather bindings.

**The COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.**

The text prepared by W. J. CRAIG; a General Introduction by A. C. SWINBURNE; Introductory Studies of the Plays by E. DOWDEN, and a new Glossary.

**SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON.**

With 16 Illustrations and 7 Maps and Plans.

**THE BOOK-LOVERS' ANTHOLOGY.**

Edited with Notes by R. M. LEONARD, Editor of "A BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE," and "THE PAGEANT OF ENGLISH POETRY."

**THE FULL RECOGNITION OF JAPAN.**

Being a Detailed Account of the Economic

Progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911. By R. P. PORTER. With Maps. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

**A YEAR of JAPANESE EPIGRAMS.**

Translated by W. N. PORTER. With Illustrations by K. ISHIBASHI. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

**THE DESIRE FOR QUALITIES.**

By S. M. BLIGH, Author of "THE DIRECTION OF DESIRE." Pott 8vo. 2s. net. Leather, 3s. net.

Clarendon Press Catalogue (160 pages) post free on application.

LONDON:

HENRY FROWDE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,  
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

morale. When the hour for joining battle has come, he should remember—though he does not always do so—that the safest entrenchments are within the lines of credibility.

"Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre," which we have already culled from its pages for a more general purpose, might well be an alternative title to Mr. Parry's "Kit of the Carabineers," for the story tells how Marlborough went to the war of the Spanish Succession, and how Kit went with him. Kit is a ward of a miserly and disagreeable uncle, Sir Jasper Dawnay, and his introduction to Marlborough is obtained during a private visit of the latter to Dawnay's house, which he rightly suspects to be the headquarters of a Jacobite plot. The boy, tired of his oppressive relative, follows the Duke to London, where he is able to frustrate a scheme for the assassination of King William, and, as a reward, obtains a commission as Cornet in the King's Carabineers. Accompanying the Army to Flanders, he is present at many of the historical events, from the Siege of Liège to the Battle of Blenheim, and is involved in less historical adventures, which bring him into conflict with the rascally Sir Jasper and his accomplices, now employed as secret agents for King Louis. In all this we recognise ancient and familiar properties; but the worth of the book is happily not dependent on these; its real interest lies in the narrative of the campaign in Flanders, which is an excellent example of the red-coat-and-glory school of historical fiction, with a feeling for the character and atmosphere of the Low Countries added to the stir and sparkle of its action.

In the world of boys' books the romance of industrial enterprise is recognised now-a-days as a theme equal in its possibilities to the romance of campaigns. Only, it would seem necessary that there should be interludes of bodily fighting; the boy hero cannot be perpetually employed in merely showing the brain ability, the moral force, the generosity, the anxiety to save other people's lives and property at the risk of his own, which belong to him of right before the story begins; in order to be complete, he has to go through the ordeal of actual physical combat, like any Arthurian knight, and a reasonable excuse has got to be found for making him do it. Thus, it is not enough for Jim Partington, the "Hero of Panama," in Captain Brereton's story, to save a man from drowning, a passenger train from dread disaster, and himself from attempted assassination by a fearsome Spanish desperado; he must perforce go and fight hordes of savages in the backwoods. From time immemorial ignorant savages have been the dupes and tools of European scoundrels, and as the wicked Spaniard had culminated a series of other offences by abducting Jim's little sister, Sadie, Jim of course was obliged to join the rescue party, and the *battue* of foolish savages was the inevitable result. We make no complaint—the rescue and the fighting are quite thrilling enough—beyond that attention is drawn away, rather too early and for too long, from the central scene: the works of the Panama Canal, which are sketched by Captain Brereton with enough vividness of description to make one wish for more.

We cross from Panama to "unexplored" (blessed word!) New Guinea, there to accompany Mr. Robert Macdonald and his merry men on their road to "Danger Mountain." He tells us how "Dandy," a "new chum" of seemingly tender years, wanders into the prospectors' camp in Esperance Valley, and is persuaded to remain as cook; how the party, urged thereto by reports of the approach of an interfering warden with ultra-humanitarian principles, whom they have never seen, trek for an El Dorado in the heart of the country; of their manifold adventures with natives, their individual and collective wiliness in deadly peril, and their narrow escape from sacred crocodiles; and how Dandy, a hero all through, finally reveals himself as the—but we will not spoil the reader's pleasure at the discovery. We fancy we recognise some of the queer birds who figured in this author's "The Moon-God's Secret" last year; at any rate, their society is quite as vivacious, and the story itself has the advantage of being a little less fantastic than the earlier one. Mr. Macdonald is a past master in inventing tight corners, but he never lets his reader grow depressed by the thought of dangers too great to be overcome; even when he suspends the bulk of his party just over the gaping mouths of the crocodiles, and

gives the order to cut the ropes that keep the bridge in position, we know that not one of them will suffer hurt. It is inconceivable that these light-hearted heroes who go, nay, positively skip, through horrors the mention of which would make a plain citizen shake, should have aught to do with injury or death.

We leave Mr. Macdonald's cheerful chapters for two Chinese stories. One of them, Mr. John Finemore's "Brother Scouts," is the tale of a patrol of Boy Scouts in the foreign settlement of a Chinese town, and especially of their leaders, Jack Burnett and Lew Standing, the latter an American. If we were merely in search of the Boy Glorified, we should have to go no further than this volume; for the young heroes in it veritably set the music to which all the other characters, Chinese and English, dance. The saving of some native children from death by drowning is but the *hors d'œuvres* to a feast of heroisms, including a well-meant endeavor to save the life and goods of a mandarin and his family beset by river pirates, the heroic defence of a mission-house against a blood-thirsty horde of anti-foreign Chinese, and the outwitting and unmasking of more than one yellow-skinned villain. The tale of Lew's abduction by the Chinese brigands, and his rescue after many vicissitudes of plot and counterplot, is one that will thrill every boy scout in this country. Moreover, some attempt is made at rendering the Chinese character with fairness—a rare feature in a book of this kind, wherein an author usually succumbs to the temptation to paint his Celestial either in too lurid or too fatuous colors.

This is the weakness of Mr. Herbert Strang's "The Flying Boat." We had hopes when, in his opening chapter, he introduces Mr. Ting to a British schoolboys' playground and makes him best them at their own sport; but Mr. Ting rarely comes on the stage during the rest of the book, and the Chinese officials at Weichow, whither Ted Burroughs goes with his wonderful amphibious craft to rescue his friend Errington, are so silly a set of simpletons that the ingenuity of the Englishmen, who outwit them, is seriously discounted. Then there is our old friend the malevolent German, working against British interests in general, and the two Britishers in particular—a being perversely wicked at the start, and (perhaps owing to the loss of his moustache) supremely incompetent at the finish. With only these rivals in the field, and with the hydroplane, which will fly when required, the English boys necessarily win through. The story, however, is not as convincing as many that this favorite writer has penned.

With the mention of Mr. Frank Bullen's "A Compleat Sea Cook," a further question—and a big one—as to boys' books suggests itself. In all the volumes we have dealt with so far, the boy heroes are moral boys up to a certain point: that is, they possess the "manly" qualities of courage, honor, and truthfulness, and, in spite of endless provocation, show a laudable reluctance to take human life unnecessarily; but of their spiritual or religious sentiments there is no overt mention. The authors leave it to be assumed that these exist, but they avoid reference to them with all the punctiliousness of the public schoolboy, who is afraid of talking religion lest he should be accused of "cant." In a word, one must take the religiousness for granted, and must square it, as best one may, with the brutal and ordinarily brutalising deeds with which the stories are mainly concerned. To what extent is this attitude necessary? Mr. Bullen evidently believes that it is not necessary at all. His story of Johnnie Royds, merchant-seaman and sea-cook, is the story of the conversion of a roystering, foul-mouthed lad into a deeply religious man, owing to the joint influence of evangelical exhortation and severe bodily affliction. In less able hands the tale might have become cant of the most maudlin type; but with his intimate personal knowledge of the sea-life he describes, Mr. Bullen has given it the strength and actuality of a personal experience, and, though it ends rather mournfully with the death of the convert, its absolute sincerity should commend it to the more thoughtful boy readers.

We have space only to glance at the capital stories which Mr. Young has collected for "Adventures Among Trappers and Hunters"—tales of endurance and adventure gleaned from many authors, and dealing with nearly every part of the globe; and at Mr.

**THE BEST NEW BOOKS**

A New Edition Illustrated in Colour.

**THE ROADMENDER.**

By MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

Eight Illustrations carefully reproduced in colours from Oil Paintings by E. W. WAITE. Mounted with Decorative Borders. The text entirely reset. Extra cloth, cover design in gold. Gilt top with headband. In box, Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Inland postage, 5s.

Also a Large Paper Edition, limited to 350 copies, printed on Imitation Hand-made Paper. The plates mounted on Japanese Vellum. Borders in Gold. Bound in White Buckram, in a Slip Case, 15s. net. Inland postage 6d.

A descriptive prospectus on application.

A popular book on Nice and its history.

**THE ROMANCE OF NICE.**

By J. D. E. LOVELAND.

Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 6s. net. Postage 5d.

An original volume of Travel impressions,

**A YEAR OF STRANGERS.**

By YOÏ PAWLOWSKA. (Mrs. Buckley.)

With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 5s. net. Postage 4d.

A critical appreciation of British rule in India.

**THE WEST IN THE EAST.**

By PRICE COLLIER.

The author of "English and the English" gives his candid impressions, formed during a tour through India and the East. The book is among the best sellers of the year.

7s. 6d. net. Postage 5d.

Wit and Wisdom from Dr. Johnson.

**"SIR," SAID DR. JOHNSON.**

Some sayings arranged by H. C. BIRON.

Demy 8vo, 6s. net. Postage 5d.

A Survey of the Creative Art of the World.

**THE WORKS OF MAN.**

By L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

Large Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Postage 5d.

"The best animal book of the year."—Standard.

**UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE**

A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds, by Charles Livingston Bull, illustrator of "The Kindred of the Wild," &c. With 50 Full-page Plates and many other Drawings from Life by the Author. 6s. net. Postage 5d.

**FICTION.**

By the Author of "An English Girl in Paris."

**NO SURRENDER. A Novel.**

By CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD. 6s.

A Novel of Indo-Burman Life.

**WHOLLY WITHOUT MORALS.**

By "SHWAY DINGA." 6s.

A Novel of Egypt and the Desert.

**THE BREATH OF THE DESERT.**

By H. CLAYTON EAST. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mrs. Glyn's longest and most dramatic work.

**THE REASON WHY.**

By ELINOR GLYN.

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Visits of Elizabeth," &c., &c. With a Frontispiece in colour. 400 pages. 6s. Second Impression

C. H. BROOKFIELD'S New Book.

**JACK GOLDIE: The Boy Who Knew Best**

Illustrated, Crown 8vo, 5s.

A Delightful Story of Child Life.

DUCKWORTH &amp; CO., Covent Garden, LONDON.

A List of Publications sent on Request.

**From Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD'S List.**

Fine New Novel by the Author of "Franklin Kane."

**TANTE**

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. 6s.

*Westminster Gazette*:—"This entirely fascinating and able novel, which marks a fresh stage in the development of one of the most remarkable writers of the present day."

*Bytander*:—"I unhesitatingly place it among the best six novels of the year."

By the Author of "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary."

**MORE GHOST STORIES.**

By Dr. M. R. JAMES, Provost of King's College, Cambridge. 6s.

**THE BRACKNELS.**

By FOREST REID. 6s.

*Manchester Guardian*:—"An admirable novel, from which one has had no ordinary amount of pleasure."

NOW READY at all Booksellers and Libraries.

**THE FRAMEWORK OF HOME RULE.**

By ERSKINE CHILDERS. Author of "War and the Arme Blanche," "The Riddle of the Sands," etc. 12s. 6d. net.

Memoirs and Letters of the Rt. Hon.

**Sir ROBERT MORIER, G.C.B.,**

from 1826-1876.

By his daughter, Mrs. ROSSLYN WEMYSS.

With Portraits. 2 Vols. 32s. net.

*Daily Telegraph*:—"Two well-filled volumes, packed with material of the very highest interest to the political student, commendably devoid of padding and decoration, and admirably frank in their comment upon the European history of the second half of the nineteenth century."

**FROM PILLAR TO POST.**

By Lt.-Col. H. C. LOWTHER, D.S.O. Fully Illustrated. 15s. net.

*Evening Standard*:—"We can only urge every one to beg, borrow, or steal the book and read it."

**MY LIFE STORY.**

By EMILY, SHAREEFA OF WAZAN. Fully Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

*Daily Telegraph*:—"This is a very remarkable book, and one that should interest alike those who are fascinated by the romance of reality, and those who are always glad to learn about other races from those possessed of intimate knowledge."

**MY ADVENTURES IN THE CONGO.**

By MARGUERITE ROBY. With numerous Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net.

"A brilliant exposure of humanitarian humbug."—VANOC in *The Referee*.

**THE WILDS OF PATAGONIA. A Narrative**

of the Swedish Expedition in 1907-1909. By CARL SKOTTSBERG, D.Sc., &c. With Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net.

*Athenæum*:—"It abounds in information: it is full of vivid impressions of scenery; and it is crammed with hairbreadth escapes and all kinds of disagreeable experiences."

**THE GREAT PLATEAU OF NORTHERN RHODESIA.**

By CULLEN GOULDSBURY and HERBERT SHEANE. With 40 pages of Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net.

*Birmingham Daily Post*:—"It is a book to read and a book to use. Whoever possesses it will have a compendium of knowledge about Northern Rhodesia . . . and, what is far more, he will have at hand a means by which he may himself live in Rhodesia without so much as moving from his own fireside. This is the charm of the book."

**BRITISH AND GERMAN EAST AFRICA.**

Their Economic and Commercial Relations. By Dr. H. BRODE. With a Map and Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

**THE ROMANCE OF THE HOLY LAND.**

By Dr. CHARLES LEACH, M.P. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

**A Memoir of the Very Rev. Edward**

Charles Wickham, Dean of Lincoln, and formerly Head Master of Wellington College. By CANON LONSDALE RAGG. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

**SOCIETY SKETCHES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.**

By NORMAN PEARSON. 12s. 6d. net.

*Morning Post*:—"As one reads these pages, the feeling that they convey the true spirit, the right atmosphere of the days that are now two centuries past, grows stronger and stronger."

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 &amp; 43, Maddox St., W.



Protheroe's entertaining school story, "The Old Fag," and Sir James Yoxall's "The Doings of Dick and Dan." In the former, the rivalries and sports at Brownfriars' School occupy most of the book; but when Jack Lorimer feels constrained to go seeking father and fortune in the Wild West, Mr. Protheroe follows him there, and after the requisite amount of adventure, brings him safely back. It is a good, sensible story. Sir James Yoxall writes for a rather younger class of reader, and writes vivaciously. Dick and Dan, representatives of two very distinct social classes, are turned astray in the world about the same time, meet, and join partnership in a series of adventures which end in the recovery of the pair by their natural guardians—Dick by his long-lost parents, Dan by his old friend and employer, Mumbo Jumbo, a black giant in the travelling showman's profession. There are several entertaining characters in the story, including a lion, and quite the most fearsome burglar it has ever been our luck not to meet.

## TWO ANIMAL BOOKS.

"The Wild Beasts of the World." By FRANK FINN. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Book of the Animal Kingdom." By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL. (Dent. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE animal is coming to be studied more and more from, if we may call it so, the psychical point of view. Its scientific relationship with nature has been more or less ultimately determined, and the new thing we wish to hear is something bearing on the animal's own outlook on life. Imaginative writers have, no doubt, often led us astray in this investigation, yet little by little we are accumulating facts that stand all tests and which help us to know our "little brothers."

Well grounded in ordinary science as Mr. Frank Finn is, it is his capacity for knowing the live animal as an individuality that has enabled him to give us this excellent book of the animal kingdom. His anecdotes relating to the chimpanzee add to what everyone knows already about that highly teachable ape, and prepare us to find glimmerings of the same intelligence in all the still lower animals. The expectation is justified abundantly so far as Mr. Finn is concerned. Every description, amply scientific as it is, is tinted by the author's personal knowledge of the living part of the creature described. It may be that his knowledge is largely a menagerie knowledge instead of a wild-life knowledge; but zoologists of a scarcely by-gone generation wrote rather from a wild-death knowledge.

Mr. Finn's descriptions are generally short and incisive. He presumes a general knowledge of the better-known animals, and has a good deal of useful information to give us concerning certain interesting species that have not been the subject of frequent writing. Thus, following upon an admirable painting by Miss Austin, he introduces the cobego in a lengthened description that makes us not only acquainted with, but enthusiastic about, a new friend. It is, as regards its parachute, an incipient bat, and stands in the book between the shrews, tenrec, and golden moles, and those better-known flying animals. We feel it with Mr. Finn as something like a personal grievance that the cobego, common as it is in its own haunts, has not been "long ago brought alive to Europe and exhibited in our Zoological Gardens."

Mr. Westell is an indefatigable editor. He has collected not only a series of admirable photographs and paintings, but a series of quotations from the works of men like Selous, Lydekker, Protheroe, Sanderson, and Frank Buckland, which are almost essential to an appreciation of many of our larger mammals. They are, of course, mostly anecdotal in vein, Mr. Westell having devoted himself with vigor to the plain description of his subject. We think that he has lost a good deal by forsaking the scientific order in presenting his mammals.

The essays are in many ways useful; at any rate, those which deal with such naturally sectional subjects as the mammals of Australia and animals with armor. But the arrangement does not make for the production of a book properly described by the title, "The Book of the Animal

Kingdom—Mammals." Neither does Mr. Westell's style make for the clearness of thought that should be the aim of those who write for the young. The illustrations have been chosen with care.

## GIFT BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

A GREAT merit of the Christmas publishing season is that, together with a crowd of new books, it brings us fresh and charming editions of many old favorites. Besides the expensive color books, with which we deal elsewhere, there are plenty of less pretentious volumes to which the buyer of Christmas presents may turn with advantage. Here, for example, are pleasant editions of "Tom Brown's School-days" and "Robinson Crusoe," published by Messrs. Dent (5s. each). The former is illustrated by Mr. Louis Rhead, and has an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells, while the latter contains pictures, made specially in the West Indies for the purpose, by Messrs. Louis and Frederick Rhead. Mr. Howells is not particularly happy in introducing "Tom Brown." He writes for American schoolboys, and, in commending the volume to a new generation of readers, he thinks it necessary to warn them not to imitate some of the manners and customs which Judge Hughes passed over without condemnation. This is all very well, but Mr. Howells's criticisms are out of place at the beginning of this classic of school-life. "Robinson Crusoe," on the other hand, has no unnecessary introduction beyond a few lines in which the illustrators explain their object in producing this edition. They have tried "to place before the reader, in the minutest detail, everything to make a complete and perfectly illustrated book, with numerous borders showing the flora, fauna, and tropical character of the scenes described, as well as to present an idea of the natural aspect of the island described as the scene of the story." The result is an edition which will tempt all who look at it to revive their memory of the surprising adventures of the famous mariner of York. Another attractive reprint is Southey's "Life of Nelson" (Gibbings, 7s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Mr. John Masefield, and designs by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Mr. Masefield reminds us that Southey's work began as a review of some biographies of Nelson, and though defective, partly because of Southey's imperfect knowledge of sea conditions and sea custom, and partly because of his trust in bad authorities, it "is now, as it has been for two generations, the chief source from which the national imagination, or idea, of Nelson has been created." As for Mr. Brangwyn's illustrations, we need only say that the subject is well suited to the temperament of that fine artist.

White's "Natural History of Selborne" is a book that needs no commendation, and we noticed a couple of weeks ago the fine edition, with illustrations by Mr. G. E. Collins, published by Messrs. Macmillan (10s. 6d. net). The same publishers send us "Stories from the Pentamerone" (15s. net), for which Mr. Warwick Goble has provided thirty-two attractive pictures. The tales have been chosen and edited by Mr. E. F. Strange, who has based his version on Taylor's English translation, which appeared in 1847. These fantastic Italian tales are full of charm, and they furnish suitable themes for Mr. Goble's decorative art. Mr. H. G. Theaker contributes sixteen colored drawings to the new edition of "The Ingoldsby Legends" (Macmillan, 5s. net), a cheap and attractive gift book, as are also "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," bound in one volume, with Tenniel's illustrations (Macmillan, 5s. net). Another edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is to be had from Messrs. Headley Brothers (5s.). The illustrations are by Mr. George Soper, and, though not up to the level of Tenniel or Mr. Rackham, they have charm and fancy. Two other reprints which the book-buyer should not neglect are Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "The Master of Ballantrae" (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net each). The former is illustrated by Mr. John Cameron, and the latter by Mr. Wal Paget.

A capital volume for girls, or for boys either, is "A Book of Noble Women," by Mrs. C. C. Cairns (Jack, 7s. 6d. net). It contains twelve biographies of famous women,

DR. HORTON says:—"It is hoped that all parsons and priests will read this book. It may be to them a great help in that fishing for men which is the object of their calling."



**JUST READY,  
1/- net.**

(By Post 1s. 3d.)

**THE ADULT  
SCHOOL PROCESS**

BY  
**Edward Smith, J.P.**

WITH INTRODUCTION BY  
**Dr. R. F. Horton.**

**THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.**

## SOME "R.T.S." GIFT BOOKS

**THE "COPPING" ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.** Being the authorised version, in clear long primer type, with references, Maps, Atlas Indices, &c. (Size of paper, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches.) With 100 Coloured Plates by HAROLD COPPING. Ordinary Paper Edition. (2 inches thick.) No. 1. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. net. No. 2. Superior French limp, round corners, gilt edges, 12s. net. No. 3. Persian grained yapp, leather lined, silk sewed, round corners, gilt edges, 21s. net. India Paper Edition. (1 1/2 inches thick.) No. 4. Rutland, yapp, leather lined, silk sewed, round corners, gilt edges, 25s. net. No. 6. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, round corners, 10s. 6d. net.

**A JOURNALIST IN THE HOLY LAND.** By ARTHUR E. COPPING. With 20 Coloured Plates and 48 Sketches in the Text, reproduced from Original Drawings by HAROLD COPPING. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

**THE CHINESE AT HOME; or the Man of Tong and His Land.** By J. DYER BALL, I.S.O., M.R.A.S. With Coloured Title-page and 7 Coloured and 16 Black-and-White Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

**CONGO LIFE AND FOLK LORE.** By the Rev. J. H. WEEKS, of the Baptist Missionary Society. (i.) Life on the Congo. (ii.) Thirty-three Native Stories as told round the Evening Fires. With 16 pages of Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

**A BOOK OF SACRED VERSE.** Chosen and Edited by PROFESSOR KNIGHT. Crown 8vo. On India Paper, lambskin or paste grain, gilt edges, 6s. net; or in cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

**THE CULTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.** By J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. Limp lambskin, 1s. 6d. net.

**THE ISLES OF SCILLY.** Their Story, Their Folk, and Their Flowers. Painted and Described by JESSIE MOTHERSOLE. Containing 24 Coloured Pictures, carefully reproduced from the Original Water-Colour Drawings. Fcap Quarto. Chastely bound in cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d. net.

**THE SUNDAY AT HOME ANNUAL.** 960 pages of Stories and other Interesting Reading. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

**THE HANDY NATURAL HISTORY.** By ERNEST PROTHEROE, F.Z.S. With Coloured Frontispiece, 32 Plates containing 136 Animals in Colour, 48 Plates containing 63 Animals Photographed from Life, and 32 Animals accurately Drawn, and 44 Illustrations in the Text. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

**EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.** By ERNEST PROTHEROE. With 5 Coloured and 62 other Illustrations, reproduced from Photographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net.

**THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL.** 768 pages of Stories and other Interesting and Informing Reading. Copiously Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 8s.

**THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL.** 832 pages of Stories, Adventures, Games. How to make fancy, amusing, and useful articles, &c. &c. With Coloured Plates and many other Pictures. Cloth gilt, 8s.

**US, AND OUR EMPIRE.** Miss AMY LE FEUVRE'S New Story for Boys and Girls. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

**London: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,  
4, Bouverie Street, E.C.**

Please Write for the New Illustrated List.

## From MR. ELKIN MATHEW'S LIST.

**JUST OUT. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.**

## ESSAYS and CRITICAL PAPERS

By LIONEL JOHNSON.

Edited by THOMAS WHITTEMORE.

Lionel Johnson was one of the original "Speaker" reviewers. A prominent critic writing at the time of Johnson's death, said "he was a scholar by instinct, a poet by longing, and a critic by profession." He further speaks of Johnson's "fine and enkindling critical work, the soaring idealism, the pertinent allusiveness, and the scholarly use of the best thought of the world that this rich mind employed to colour and illumine his grave theses."

**THE DIARY OF DR. J. W. POLIDORI,**  
1816. RELATING TO BYRON, SHELLEY, &c. Edited and elucidated by W. M. ROSSETTI. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

**MRS. ALFRED TRENCH.** By the Author of "The Views of Christopher." Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"Here is a little book of rare quality, temperament, and distinction—a book that is not afraid to look straight into the eyes of life, and has yet enough of human kindness and wisdom to close its survey in a spirit of sympathy and indulgence. It is a real book, a live piece of literature, a sincere picture of life."—Daily Telegraph.

**JACK B. YEATS. BEING A VIEW OF HIS PICTORIAL AND DRAMATIC ART.** By ERNEST MARRIOTT. Adorned with a Portrait of the Artist when a Child by his Father, and a CHART OF PIRATE ISLAND by JACK B. YEATS. Fcap 8vo. 1s. net.

**PROSPERO AND OTHER POEMS.** By WILLIAM GERARD. Author of "Dolcino: A Tragedy." Fcap 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**BALLADS AND VERSES OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.** By E. NESBIT (Mrs. Bland). Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

**POEMS.** By MARNA PEARSE. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. net.

**ART AND NATURE SONNETS.** By F. P. OSMASTON. With numerous full-page Illustrations in Photogravure and Woodcut by JAMES GUTHRIE. Medium 4to. 5s. 6d. net.

**SURVIVALS.** By R. CHARLES MOIR. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

**THE LONE TREK.** By DENYS LEFEBVRE (Syned). With Photogravure Frontispiece. Royal 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

**LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.**

Books for Christmas Presents to suit all Tastes.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

With Eight entirely New and Original Illustrations in Colour, and Facsimile of the Signed Preface from Charles Dickens' original MS.

Bound in Flexible Cloth Boards, Full Gilt Back, with Art Design in Colours, and Silk Register. 2s. net.

PRESENTATION EDITIONS: Limp Lambskin, with Silk Register, Gilt Top, 3s. 6d. net. Full Velvet, Persian Yapp, in choice Art Colours, Gilt Edges, with Blind Device and Gold Lettering, Boxed, 4s. 6d. net.

Limited Edition, printed on hand-made paper, handsomely bound in Vellum, Gilt Top, Silk Register, 7s. 6d. net.

**LONDON: ROBERT SCOTT, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.**

**KALOMERA,** The Story of a Remarkable Community

By W. J. SAUNDERS. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

**A GARLAND OF SHAKESPEARE'S FLOWERS**

Compiled by ROSE E. CARR SMITH.

With 66 Exquisite Coloured Plates, drawn by EMILY LEDBROOK, suitably bound in Cloth, Cover Design in Gilt. 3s. net.

"To the amateur botanist, or Shakespearean sojourner, few handbooks will afford greater charm than the pocket companion."

—Bookfinder.

**THACKERAY STUDIES**

By A. J. ROMILLY. Foolscap 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. net.

**BOOKLAND,** and some People we meet there

By GRACE LAMBERT, L.L.A. Foolscap 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. This volume introduces the reader to the great masterpieces of the world's literature, and the author specially calls attention to the chief characters depicted therein.

A FAIRY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

**SILVER LADY, A Fairy Tale**

By C. FLORENCE HAIRE. Foolscap 4to. Illustrated with 13 Full-page Plates in Colours, and seventeen Black and White Drawings by J. M. FARQUHAR. Illustrated Cover. 2s. 6d.

"Every child who is fortunate enough to get a copy of 'Silver Lady' will read it with exceeding enjoyment. The pictures are just the sort to captivate the child, whilst pleasing the artistic sense of the elders."—Daily Express.

Write for New Catalogue of Antiquarian and General Literature, post free.

**LONDON:**

**ELLIOT STOCK, 62 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.**



ranging from Queen Margaret of Scotland to Miss Dorothea Beale, written with unusual sympathy and no little literary skill. Mrs. Cairns acknowledges her indebtedness to former biographers of her heroines, but she tells each story from her own point of view, and, though she writes with a purpose, she is never dull. Her chapter on Catherine of Siena, for instance, gives us a vivid account of everyday life in the twelfth century, while those on Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, on Mrs. Siddons, on Rachel, Lady Russell, and on Vittoria Colonna, are good examples of the way to make history popular. The book makes an attractive addition to any library for young people. "The Story of Bayard" (Dent, 5s. net) is a biography of "the good knight without fear and without reproach" compiled from the old chronicles by Mr. Christopher Hare. The most valuable of these old sources is of course that of the Loyal Servitor, whose devotion to his master's memory was combined with a modesty that led him to suppress his own name. Mr. Hare has the right enthusiasm for Bayard, and his narrative will make boys realise what was best in the spirit of chivalry. Mr. Herbert Cole's illustrations include many reproductions of old portraits, armor, and coats-of-arms. Another historical book for young people is Miss G. E. Troutbeck's "Stories from Italian History" (Mills and Boon, 5s. net). The stories are for the most part drawn from the earlier periods of Italian history, and begin with Attila's attack on Venice in 452. Then follow chapters on Theodoric, St. Benedict, the Iron Crown, the Popes and Emperors, St. Francis of Assisi, and Florence, and the book closes with an account of French influence in Italian history. Miss Troutbeck tells the stories in a clear and simple fashion, and her book makes a pleasant introduction to the history of Italy.

\* \* \*

"The Romance of Australia," edited by Mr. Herbert Strang in "The Romance of the World" series (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), consists of extracts from writers about Australia, selected so as to give "a typical picture illustrating every phase in the history of Australia." It falls into four sections. The first, called "In Search of the Southland," is concerned with the early explorers, such as Luis de Torres, Tasman, and Captain Cook. Next we come to "The Early Settlers," and we have extracts showing the difficulties encountered in starting the Colony, the troubles with natives and convicts, and the romance of the goldfields. "Across the Island Continent" deals with exploration in Australia itself; and "Adventures in the Bush," gives pictures of exciting episodes in the squatters' lives. Mr. Strang has gathered some excellent material, and the volume is both attractive and cheap. The same publishers' "Cecil Aldin's Happy Family" (7s. 6d. net), has an amusing series of pictures in color, illustrating the adventures of a pig, a cat, a pair of rabbits, a dog, a duckling, and Mr. Aldin's inevitable puppy, who rejoices in the name "Forager." The letterpress is by Miss May Byron, and both text and pictures should prove a great source of amusement to younger children.

\* \* \*

It is a bold undertaking to rival Charles and Mary Lamb, and re-write for children the stories of Shakespeare's plays. Mrs. Alice Spencer Hoffman tries her hand at a score of these in "The Children's Shakespeare" (Dent, 7s. 6d. net). They are simply written, and, on the whole, Mrs. Hoffman emerges with credit from the undertaking. She includes a fair proportion of extracts in Shakespeare's words, but we prefer even a dingy edition of the Lambs' classic, though the present volume is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Charles Folkard. "Home Plays for Boys and Girls" (Jack, 5s. net), edited by Mr. Cecil Bullivant, is less ambitious and more successful. Mr. Bullivant has gathered together a large number of simple plays by living writers, and prefaced them with some useful instructions about scenery, costume, and so forth. Any children who care to give a dramatic performance for the entertainment of their fellows and elders, will find Mr. Bullivant's volume ideal for their purpose. Mr. Bullivant is also responsible for

Every Boy's Book of Hobbies," issued by the same publishers, at the same price. It deals with "The Workshop at Home," "Indoor Hobbies," "Collecting," "Outdoor

Hobbies," and "The Keeping of Pets," and we do not believe there is a boy alive whom it could fail to interest, or who would not obtain from it many valuable hints.

\* \* \*

Few modern fairy stories can challenge comparison with the old favorites, and we fear that Mrs. Constance Armfield's "Sylvia's Travels" (Dent, 6s. net) does not belong to the number. Still, variety has always a charm, and Mrs. Armfield's book, with its excellent illustrations by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, will certainly give a great deal of pleasure. It tells of a little girl who was fond of animals, and who was taken by a Magic Bird among the Hobby Beasts. Sylvia met with many surprising creatures there, until the familiar whistle of her father, the wood-cutter, chased away the Magic Bird. "All Hail!" (Humphreys, 21s. net) by the Baroness Freda Knoop, is a more serious volume. It is a commentary on the Bible, written in simple language, intended as "a serious attempt to help older children, and even adults, to understand the Bible." It is beautifully illustrated with colored pictures from the Old Masters. Mr. John Lea's "Marvels of Man's Making" (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.) gives a good description of great engineering achievements, such as the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, the Forth Bridge, the Severn Tunnel, the Manchester Ship Canal, and the Nile Dam at Assuan. It ends with an account of the marvellous Peterboro' Ship Lifts in Georgia, which enable vessels travelling from Georgian Bay to Montreal to be lifted sixty-five feet in three minutes. For smaller children, a good volume is "Nursery Rhymes" (Jack, 5s. net), chosen by Miss Louey Chisholm, with pictures by Mr. F. M. Blaikie. It contains a comprehensive selection of classic nursery rhymes, humorously illustrated.

\* \* \*

Among other reprints deserving of notice are Hawthorne's "A Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net), bound in one volume, with colored plates and decorations by Mr. Maxfield Parrish; Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net), with a large number of illustrations in color; Mr. J. M. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net), illustrated in color by Mr. A. C. Michael; Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" (Kegan Paul, 5s. net), with fresh pictures by Mr. J. R. Monsell; and a charming collection of small half-crown volumes, entitled "The Watteau Series of Choice Little Books," published by Mr. A. L. Humphreys. These latter include Byron's "Love Poems," La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," an anthology of "Posies and Kisses," and Blake's "Songs of Innocence." From Messrs. Bell there comes a new edition, with illustrations by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse, of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" (3s. 6d. net). It has an introduction by Mr. Clement Shorter, who identifies several of the characters with their prototypes, and pronounces the book to be "one of the great novels of English literature, taking its place among the indispensable books wherever imaginative literature is considered."

\* \* \*

WE give a list of the Annuals, without which Christmas would lack much of its charm for young people. Messrs. Cassell publish "The British Boy's Annual" (5s.), "The British Girl's Annual" (5s.), and "Cassell's Annual" (3s. 6d.). Messrs. Wells Gardner issue that perennial joy, "Chatterbox" (3s.), "Sunday" (3s.), "The Prize" (1s. 6d.) and "Leading Strings" (1s. 6d.). The last-mentioned is intended for babies, and printed in large type, with an abundance of pictures. "Herbert Strang's Annual" (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net.), keeps up the reputation which this Annual has already won. It has stories by Mr. Strang, Captain Gilson, Mr. J. Owen, and others, and a variety of articles on subjects of interest to boys. The Religious Tract Society have "The Boy's Own Annual," "The Girl's Own Annual" (8s. each) and "The Sunday at Home" (7s. 6d.), all firmly established favorites. From Messrs. Blackie comes "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.), and from Messrs. Partridge "Partridge's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) both excellent.



# BEST BOOKS FOR PRESENTS

**LATER LETTERS OF EDWARD LEAR.** Edited by LADY STRACHEY of Sutton Court. With 2 Coloured and 24 other full-page Illustrations and many Drawings in the text. Demy 8vo, cloth, 15s. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "These letters undoubtedly give an interesting glimpse of a singularly attractive character."—*The Scotsman*.

**MARTIN LUTHER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.** By ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT, D.D., Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Illustrated. Cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "A singularly comprehensive and impartially written biography of the great Reformer. . . . Contains many interesting illustrations."—*Glasgow Herald*.

**MASTERS OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM.** A Study of Personal Forces. By T. H. S. ESCOTT, Author of "Society in the Country House," &c. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "Mr. Escott has performed his task right well; journalism at last has found its fitting historian."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**INDIAN AND HOME MEMORIES.** By Sir HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I. With 21 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "The book deserves a place alongside the most successful autobiographic records of this season."—*Morning Leader*.

**PILGRIM LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.** By SIDNEY HEATH, Author of "The South Devon and Dorset Coast," &c. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "Much and curious learning has gone to the making of this highly informative volume, whose scope includes pilgrim customs, costumes, inns and itineraries, hermits, shrines, holy wells, and, indeed, everything that concerned the Medieval devotee."—*Glasgow Herald*.

**GOOD CHEER. THE ROMANCE OF FOOD AND FEASTING.** By F. W. HACKWOOD, Author of "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England," &c., &c. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 24 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "Packed with curious and interesting information, gathered from innumerable sources, and covering every imaginable branch of the subject."—*Truth*.

**THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS.** By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. With 50 Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings by CASTAIGNE, TADEMA, &c. Demy 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "In this volume the Italian historian describes the position of women in the Roman world, and illustrates what he has to say by vivid character sketches."—*Standard*.

**MY CLIMBING ADVENTURES IN FOUR CONTINENTS.** By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S., Imperial Russian Geographical Society Medallist, Author of "Siberia: A Record of Travel, Climbing and Exploration," With 74 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "There can be no question of the magnitude of Mr. Turner's achievements."—*The Spectator*.  
 "The 70 odd plates which Mr. Turner includes in his bracing book afford a vivid panorama of mountain sights."—*Observer*.

**THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. NEW AND OLD TRAILS.** By ARTHUR P. COLEMAN, Ph.D., F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club of Canada. With 3 Maps and 41 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "This is a valuable contribution to Alpine literature."—*The Times*.  
 "Should be read by anyone who enjoys true stories of pioneering in travel."—*The Scotsman*.

**ON HORSEBACK THROUGH NIGERIA.** By J. D. FALCONER. With 32 Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "A remarkably candid, well written, and convincing account of investigation by a skilled traveller in one of the most recent acquisitions of the British Empire."—*Morning Post*.

**MY TROPIC ISLE.** By E. J. BANFIELD, Author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber." With 31 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "I have not for a long time read a book of more varied and vivid natural history interest, or one written in a more cultivated and delightful style."—*Truth*.

**FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN.** By HARRY A. FRANK, Author of "A Vagabond Journey Round the World." With a Map and more than 75 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]  
 "The delightful record of an unconventional traveller in perhaps the most romantic region of Europe."—*Morning Post*.

**ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN.** By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With 5 full-page Illustrations in Colour, and 100 full-page Plates, together with Tables of Marks. Cloth, 42s. net. [Inland postage 8d.]

"Accompanied by a wealth of exquisite illustration, Mr. Hayden's story of this unique porcelain is at once useful to the connoisseur and of great interest to the layman."—*Truth*.

**FAIR AMERICANS.** By HARRISON FISHER. With 68 Plates. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

Few artists are better known for their drawings of beautiful women than the American, Harrison Fisher. In this book is collected his more recent work in colour and black and white.

**THE STORY OF FRENCH PAINTING.** By CHARLES H. CAFFIN, Author of "How to Study Pictures," "The Story of Spanish Painting," and "The Story of Dutch Painting." With 40 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 4d.]

Mr. Caffin's books are indispensable alike to the student of art, and to the general reader.

**CHATS ON POSTAGE STAMPS. A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR THE COLLECTOR.** By FRED. J. MELVILLE, President of the Junior Philatelic Society. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 5s. net. [Inland postage 5d.] Write for particulars of Unwin's "Chate Series" of Practical Guides for Collectors.

"Ought to find a place on the shelf of every collector."

—*Glasgow Herald*.

"We congratulate Mr. Melville on a remarkably good guide."

—*The Academy*.

**THE MAN-MADE WORLD.** By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, Author of "Women and Economics." Cloth, 4s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 4d.]

"A most stimulating book. Mrs. Gilman deals some of the heaviest and most adroit blows 'menkind' has had to sustain for many a long day."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

**TOLSTOY.** By ROMAIN ROLLAND, Author of "Jean Christophe." Cloth 5s. net. [Inland postage 5d.]

This illuminating book is not a personal biography nor a piece of literary criticism, but a psychological study of Tolstoy.

*The Bookman* says:—"No finer single volume about Tolstoy has been written than this."

## BOYS' BOOKS.

**DANGER MOUNTAIN.** By ROBERT M. MACDONALD, Author of "The Secret of the Sargasso." With a Coloured Frontispiece and 12 other Illustrations. Cloth, 5s. [Post free.]

"A truly absorbing yarn."—*The Outlook*.

"A capital boys' book, which tells of adventures in unexplored New Guinea."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

**THE CAPTAIN'S CHUM.** By ROSS HARVEY. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 12 other Illustrations. Cloth, 5s. [Post free.]

"A school-yarn which deserves the adjective 'ripping,' which most boys will apply to it."—*The Academy*.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

**THE WORLD'S BEST FAIRY STORIES.** Translated by T. FRANK. With 23 Coloured Plates. Crown 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d. net. [Inland postage 5d.]

These stories have been gathered from all parts of the world, and combine to form a collection particularly delightful on account of its variety.

**THE ITALIAN FAIRY BOOK.** By ANNE MACDONNELL. With a Coloured Frontispiece, and many Illustrations in Red and Black. Cloth, 8s. Uniform with "The Welsh Fairy Book." [Post free.]

"We hope that all children who love fairy stories, and, of course, all nice children do, may become possessed of this volume."—*The Globe*.

**TWO TO NOWHERE.** By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, Author of "Billicks." With 12 Illustrations. Handsomely bound in Cloth, 6s. [Post free.]

"Will rank among the most popular of Christmas books."

—*Sunday Times*.

"Mr. Adcock's humour is delicious, his fantasy delightful."

—*The Throne*.

**M. A. B. (MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS.)** An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, full of interest for Book-lovers. The December issue contains the following (among other) articles:—Tendencies in Modern Fiction: A £5 5s. Prize Essay—The American Brain—More Lear "Nonsense." Subscription 1s. per annum (Post free).

**NOTE.**—A Specimen copy of the December issue will be sent gratis to any reader of this journal on receipt of 1d. Stamp for postage. Address, The Publisher, "M.A.B." 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

**IMPORTANT.**—Write for a copy of Mr. Fisher Unwin's illustrated catalogue of Books for Presents, sent post free to any address on application.

**T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.**

# XMAS PRESENTS FOR ALL TASTES

Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7/6 net.  
**THE SURGEON'S LOG.**  
 Impressions of the Far East  
 By **J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM.**  
 Fully Illustrated.  
 "The real salt sea."—*Chronicle.*

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12/6 net.  
**THE ROMANTIC PAST**  
 By **RALPH NEVILL,**  
 Author of the "Merry Past," &c.  
 "Glistening with anecdote and entertainment."—*Telegraph.*

Second Edition. Large Crown 8vo. 7/6 net.  
**THE FRENCH IDEAL**  
 Essays on  
 Pascal, Fenelon, Lamartine, and Buffon  
 By **MADAME DUCLAUX,**  
 Author of "The Fields of France," &c. With 4 Portraits.  
 "Subtle, illuminative, imaginative."—*Standard.*

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10/6 net.  
**IN THE HEART OF  
THE VOSGES**  
 By **M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,**  
 Author of "Unfrequented France," &c.  
 "The author is skilled in making the most of the natural  
 graces of these scenes and of the associations that make  
 them interesting."—*Scotsman.*

A VOLUME OF DICKENS

THE ONLY AUTHORISED

IS ALWAYS

A

WELCOME

XMAS

PRESENT

FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

In  
2 Vols.

## THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

By **JOHN FORSTER**MEMORIAL EDITION, with 500 Illustrations, Selected and  
Edited by **B. W. MATZ**"Superbly produced."—*Daily Graphic.*

25/- net.

EDITIONS

ARE THOSE

PUBLISHED

BY MESSRS.

CHAPMAN

AND HALL

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12/6 net.  
**THE SISTERS OF  
LADY JANE GREY**  
 By **RICHARD DAVEY.**  
 Author of "The Nine-Days' Queen," &c.  
 "Of compelling interest."—*Madame.*

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10/6 net.  
**CASANOVA & HIS TIME**  
 By **EDOUARD MAYNIAL.**  
 TRANSLATED BY **ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.**  
 "A fascinating work."—*Express*

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 15/- net.  
**DAUGHTERS OF EVE**  
 By **W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE,**  
 Author of "Seven Splendid Sinners," &c.  
 "More crowded with incident and passion than any novel."—*Scotsman.*

**THE ROMANCE OF THE  
SEASONS**  
 By **F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.M.S., F.R.P.S.**  
 With a series of 51 unique illustrations from  
 Photographs. Crown 8vo. 6/- net.

### CHARLES DICKENS IN AMERICA

By **W. GLYDE WILKINS.**

Fully Illustrated.

Demy 8vo, 7/6 net.

### WOMAN AT WORK

A STUDY OF THE DIFFERENT  
WAYS OF EARNING A LIVING  
OPEN TO WOMEN.By **M. MOSTYN BIRD.**

Crown 8vo, 5/- net.

### PHASES OF DICKENS

THE MAN, HIS MESSAGE, AND  
HIS MISSIONBy **J. CUMING WALTERS.**

With a Portrait.

Crown 8vo, 5/- net.

## NEW FICTION.

### AS FLOWS THE RIVER

By **Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS.**"Remarkable delicacy and warmth of  
colour."—*Morning Post.*

### MAYFIELD

By **VINCENT BROWN.**"It is impossible to give  
sufficient praise."—*Morning Post.*With  
Coloured  
Portrait. 5/- net.

### LETTERS OF A SPINSTER

By **WINIFRED JAMES.** Author of

"Letters to my Son," "More Letters to my Son," &amp;c.

"Perfectly charming."—*Tatler.*

### THE ROUNDABOUT

By **GLADYS MENDEL.**Author of "The Straight Road."  
"Of unusual depth."—*Globe.*

### "THE BEES"

By **M. ELLEN THONGER.**"A delightful and charm-  
ingly told story of child-  
hood."—*World.*

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL LTD.

